APPOINTMENTS: Librarians — Public and University — Personal

IMPERIAL COLLEGE

DEPARTMENT OF MINING AND MINERAL TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARIAN required to take charge of departmental library. Previous library experience is essential, preferably in a scientific or technical library. Pleasant personality, intelligence and initiative will be valued as highly as formal qualifications. Commencing salary within the range £1,000 to £1,260 with the possibility of further advance.

Applications with details of age, education and experience, should be sent to Professor M. G. Fleming, Head of Department of Mining and Mineral Technology, Imperial College, London, S.W.7, as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY OF LETHBRIDGE

Advertisement

The University of Lethbridge Library will have the following positions open for graduate librarians on or before 1st April, 1968:—

(1) TWO GENERAL CATALOGUERS (2) SERIALS LIBRARIAN (3) REFERENCE LIBRARIAN to administer government documents collection.

The present salary scale for the above positions (subject to revision with effect from 1st July, 1968) is $6,800 to $8,950.

Allowance will be made for appropriate experience. Normal fringe benefits. This is a new university in the process of planning a permanent campus. The size and facilities of the library will develop rapidly during the next three years.

Apply to D. J. Wick, Chief Librarian, University of Lethbridge, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

More **LIBRARY** appointments, other vacant appointments and classified advertisements appear on preceding pages

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

CENTRE FOR URBAN STUDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment of RESEARCH ASSISTANT-LIBRARIAN for a new one-year postgraduate course on URBANIZATION IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES.

Salary range: £780 to £1,260 per annum; initial salary up to £1,025 per annum. Degree preferable. The Librarian will be in charge of a small library, and expected to help with bibliographic work.

Applications by 1 January to Secretary, Centre for Urban Studies, Flaxman House, Flaxman Terrace, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON LIBRARY

Vacancies for LIBRARY ASSISTANTS (age 17-24) on the salary scale £540 by £40 to £940 (subject to review at £740). G.C.E. Advanced level, typing ability or experience in a library will be taken into consideration in fixing initial salary. Good holidays; luncheon facilities.

Applications in writing to Goldsmiths' Librarian, University of London Library, Senate House (B/TL), W.C.1.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

(University of London)

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required as soon after 1 January, 1968, as possible for vacancy in the Cataloguing Department. Candidates must have a good honours degree and professional training or a higher degree. Salary on scale £1,105 by £75 to £1,180 by £60 to £1,420 by £50 to £1,470 (bar) by £90 to £1,920, plus £60 London Allowance.

Applications, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be received by the Registrar, Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London, E.1, by 4 December, 1967.

BOROUGH OF MANSFIELD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPOINTMENT OF BRANCH LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians and those who have passed the Part II Examinations of the Library Association for the above POSITION at a salary within the Librarians' Scale (£820 to £1,415 per annum). Consideration will be given to providing the successful candidate with housing accommodation should this be necessary.

Application forms are obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Clerk's Office, Carr Bank, Mansfield, and must be returned by Friday, 8th December, 1967.

S. W. R. CHRISTMAS, Town Clerk, Carr Bank, Mansfield.

BOROUGH OF MANSFIELD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPOINTMENT OF SENIOR ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians with experience in Lending Library and Gramophone Record Library duties for the above position at a salary within Grade A.P.I (£1,035 to £1,365 per annum). Consideration will be given to providing the successful candidate with housing accommodation should this be necessary.

Application forms are obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Clerk's Office, Carr Bank, Mansfield, and must be returned by Friday, 8th December, 1967.

S. W. R. CHRISTMAS, Town Clerk, Carr Bank, Mansfield.

BOROUGH OF MIDDLETON

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SENIOR ASSISTANT. Librarian's Grade (£820 to £1,280).

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above post from suitably qualified persons. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience.

The appointment will be subject to the N.J.C. Scheme of Conditions of Service, and to the passing of a medical examination.

Middleton is situated 6 miles N.E. of Manchester, and has a population of 60,000. There is a central library, one full-time and one part-time branch library, and a new full-time branch is almost completed.

Duties of the Senior Assistant can include that of Readers' Adviser, cataloguing, preparation of publicity material, relief in the Reference Library, &c.

Applications, with the names of two referees, must be received by the Borough Librarian, Central Public Library, Middleton, Manchester, not later than Monday, 11th December, 1967.

FRANK JOHNSTON, Town Clerk.

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BURGH OF MOTHERWELL AND WISHAW

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

with responsibility for children's work. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for this post.

Salary Scale:—£1,055 to £1,435 per annum.

Applications, with the names of two referees, to Librarian, Motherwell Public Library, Hamilton Road, Motherwell, on or before Friday, 1st December, 1967.

URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL OF NORMANTON

LIBRARIAN

(A.P. 3/4 £1,250 to £1,665)

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN required. Housing offered. Essential car allowance £40; appointment may be within the grade. It is the intention of the Council to retain the library service.

Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, to the Town Hall, Normanton, by 27th November, 1967. Two referees.

R. O'DONOGHUE, Clerk of the Council

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

BRANCH LIBRARIAN, Beeston, A.P. III/IV.

LIBRARIAN, County Architects Department, A.P. III.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, Sherwood Region, A.P. III.

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN, Newark area, A.P. III.

Chartered Librarians should apply for further particulars and application forms to County Librarian, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

A. R. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

SCIENCE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Duties will include supervision of a growing periodicals section, and work in one of the three subject divisions of the Library. Candidates should have a good honours degree. Professional qualifications and appropriate library experience will be additional recommendations. Salary will be within the range £1,105 by £75 to £1,180 by £60 to £1,300 (bar) by increments to £2,270.

Forms of application and further details, returnable not later than 9th December, from the Registrar.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH

EDUCATION COMMITTEE

PORTSMOUTH COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

TRAINEE LIBRARIAN

Administrative and Professional Division Trainee Grade £365 to £1,060 per annum. Commencing salary according to educational standard, experience and age.

Details and application forms, obtainable from Registrar, College of Art and Design, Hyde Park Road, Portsmouth, returnable by 6th December, 1967. (Post No. 112.)

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOLIHULL

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

Required to expand and develop the reference service in a rapidly expanding County Borough, population 107,000.

A Chartered Librarian with experience of reference work would attract A.P. Grade III, or someone with reference experience and Part II of the professional examination would attract A.P. Grade III, until elected to the Register.

Send applications to me, with names and addresses of two referees by 30th November.

JEAN H. PATERSON, F.L.A., Borough Librarian,

Central Library, Solihull, Warwickshire.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the following POSTS on A.P. II/III (£1,020 to £1,435).

MOBILE LIBRARIAN, Frome.

MOBILE LIBRARIAN, Yeovil.

ASSISTANT TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN.

Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. This is an opportunity to join a staff of over 50 chartered librarians serving a population of 420,000 in one of the most pleasant parts of Britain. Lodging allowance and payment of removal expenses in approved cases.

Further details and application forms from the County Librarian, County Library, Mount Street, Bridgwater, Somerset.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a post of LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the main Library. Preference will be given to applicants with Library qualifications and/or experience. Five weeks' annual leave. Placing on salary scale rising to £940. Applications to the Librarian, Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London, E.1, by Monday, December 4.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for Library in this Regional College of Higher Technology. Salary scale £1,285 by £55 by £55 by £65 by £80 to £1,520. Candidates should be qualified librarians with some experience of a technical library.—Form of application, for appointment and further particulars obtainable from the Secretary, Borough Polytechnic, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

BBC requires a CATALOGUER in its REFERENCE LIBRARY based in London to take charge of a small unit responsible for the classification and cataloguing of all material added to the Library. Essential qualifications: applicants must be Chartered Librarians with appropriate cataloguing and classification experience; and should be able to supervise staff. Salary £1,520 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) by £70 to £1,670 (including £70 London Weighting). Write for application form (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 67.G.390.TLS) to Appointments Department, BBC, London, W.1, within five days.

HINCKLEY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.—SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Applications are invited for the above new post at the Central Library. Salary within the special grade for Librarians (£820 to £1,220 per annum) according to qualifications and experience. Applications giving full details together with the names and addresses of two referees should reach the Librarian, Central Library, Station Road, Hinckley, Leicestershire, by 5th December, 1967.

INSTITUTE OF CANCER RESEARCH, ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL.—JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for Chester Beatty Research Institute Library, Fulham Road, S.W.3. Duties based on Lending Library routine but will be varied. Experience in scientific/medical library useful. Salary according to previous experience and qualifications in range £400 to £780 per annum.—Apply with names of two referees to the Secretary, 34 Sumner Place, S.W.7, quoting ref. 304/11/18.

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL. KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE. COUNTY LIBRARY. Herne Bay Branch Library. ASSISTANT-IN-CHARGE, Mobile Library, required. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians and from those completing Library School in December. Salary within Grade for Librarians £820 to £1,355. Point of entry on scale will depend on qualifications and experience. Particulars and application forms from the County Librarian, Kent County Library, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom applications should be returned by 5th December.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT. — Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience for the post of Education Librarian to be responsible for the library service in the committee's schools and in certain of the colleges. Salary A.P. V (£1,665 to £1,865 per annum)—Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 1st December, 1967, may be obtained from the Director of Education, Civic Centre, Barras Bridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (NE1 8PU).

Public and University Appointments

CANADA

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH invites applications for openings in LITERATURE, at various levels starting July 1, 1968.

Candidates should write to the Head of the Department stating qualifications and experience, together with the names of at least three referees.

Anticipated minimum annual stipend: Professor, $17,500; Associate Professor, $13,000; Assistant Professor, $9,500; and such additional benefits as removal grants, portable pensions, and group insurance and medical plans.

Typical teaching assignment, 9 hours a week, mid-September to mid-April.

Bibliography

Reviews and advertisements are on Page 1116

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN

DE BEERS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the Chair of English Language, to become vacant at the end of 1968. The salary scale is R6,000 by R300 to R7,200 per annum (R2 equals £1).

The successful candidate will be required to direct the work of the language side of the Department of English, and to organize and conduct classes in English Language and Medieval English Literature at undergraduate and postgraduate levels, principally in the Faculty of Arts. He will also be asked periodically to assume the Chairmanship of the Department of English as a whole.

The applicant should indicate fully the aspects of the subject he is qualified to undertake.

Applications should state age, marital status, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress, and should give the names of three referees whom the University may consult.

Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary-General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment, travel allowance on appointment, and further information about the department should be obtained) not later than 31st January, 1968. A third copy of the application with a recent photograph and medical certificate should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY OF EAST AFRICA

MAKERERE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE—UGANDA

APPLICATIONS invited for (a) LECTURESHIP or (b) ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP in DEPARTMENT of ENGLISH. Preference given to applicants who have undertaken postgraduate studies and who have special interests in one or more of the following fields:— The Novel; 20th Century Literature; African Literature; 19th Century Literature; Theatre Arts; Language Study in relation to practical criticism; or Spoken English including Language Laboratory methods. Salary (a) £1,350 to £2,230 p.a. (b) £1,125 to £1,245 p.a. Salary supplemented in appropriate cases under British Expatriates Supplementation Scheme in range £265 to £410 p.a. F.S.S.U. Family passages. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 7 January, 1968, to Inter-University Council, 33 Bedford Place, London, W.C.1, from whom particulars are available.

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS of SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS to take charge of Cataloguing Departments of the University libraries in Jamaica and Trinidad respectively. Minimum of 5 years practical experience, preferably with Library of Congress system and interest in modern developments in classification and cataloguing theory and practice essential. Candidates must either be graduates with A.L.A. or F.L.A. or equivalent or F.L.A. or equivalent. Reading knowledge of Dutch, German or Portuguese advantageous. Salary £2,000 to £2,650 p.a. Child allowance; F.S.S.U.; family passages.

Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees as soon as possible by persons living in the Americas and Caribbean area to Registrar, University of the West Indies, Kingston 7, Jamaica, and by all others to Inter-University Council, 33 Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Particulars obtainable similarly.

Typing

DUPLICATING, Typewriting, Tapes and Dictabelts, Photocopies.—Sybil Rang, 21 Heath Street, London, N.W.3. HAM. 5329-0504.

EXPERIENCED LITERARY TYPIST, highest references, 4s. a 1,000 words.—Miss Thayre, 9 Grenville Road, Rustington, Sussex.

MANUSCRIPTS, Theses, &c., typed and stencilled; typing also undertaken; items 3s. for 1,000 words and copies 6d. —Telephone No. TUDOR 5058 after 6 p.m.

PETER COXSON, Literary & Academic Typing & Duplicating, 36 Drayton Place, S.W.3. 584 5506.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating. —Mrs. Bird, Flat 3, 12 Alexandra Terrace, Exmouth, Devon. Tel. 4347.

TYPEWRITING, 3s. 6d. 1,000 words.— C. Rymond, 7 Marriot Close, St. Paul's Cray, Orpington.

TYPING, accurate, quick, efficient service. MSS. novels, &c. 7s. 6d. 1,000 words. Carbons 1s.—Mrs. Bay, 65 Marlowe Road, Seaford, Sussex.

Other Vacant Appointments

LONDON BOROUGH OF WALTHAM FOREST

WALTHAM FOREST TECHNICAL COLLEGE

SLIDE TECHNICIAN required Tech Grade 3 (£820 to £1,020 plus London Weighting) in the School of Art. Duties include making, mounting and issuing of slides and care of other reference material. Interest in art and history essential. Photographic and/or cataloguing experience an advantage.

Application forms from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Walthamstow, E.17. Closing date 29th November, 1967.

WEST END BOOKSELLERS require a female order clerk; knowledge of current publications and experience in Library supply work preferred; good salary and conditions; L.V.s, &c.—Phone 734 3600.

Appointments Wanted

HISTORIANS, authors, &c. Similar appointment is sought by mature woman after 13 years as personal and literary assistant to Naval Historian and linguist. Used to hard work, travel and care of health and welfare of employer.—Write Box S.184, The Times, E.C.4.

YOUNG Librarian with editing and production experience seeks responsible editorial position with lively publisher. Not London. Offers ?—Write Box S.183, The Times, E.C.4.

For Sale and Wanted

ANY LEARNED and scientific periodicals in all languages wanted.—H. PORDES, 529b, Finchley Road, London, N.W.3. HAM. 9878.

AUTOGRAPHS.—Top cash price paid for letters and documents of famous people.—Send for free brochure on "How to sell your Autographs". Charles F. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y.

IMMEDIATE CASH PAID for original letters or literary manuscripts of noted British authors. Any period. Private collector, 2664, East Glenoaks, Glendale, California, U.S.A.

JOHN MASEFIELD ITEMS: Private Collector will buy autograph material, inscribed presentation books, contributions to periodicals and ephemera. No unsigned books please.—Details to Advertiser, Blyth House, 9 Hammers Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. Tel.: 01-959 1089.

WANTED, Setton "History of the Crusades" Volume One; Babcock and Krey; "History of Deeds Done Beyond the Sea" by William of Tyre. Write Box S.190, The Times, E.C.4.

WANTED, in good condition, copy of "Special Operations: France", Pub. c. 1964, H.M.S. Send offer to Box S.181, The Times, E.C.4.

WANTED: the following volumes of the Turgenev complete works being published in the Soviet Union. Sochineniya Volume XI; Pis'ma Volumes III and IV.—F. Collins, 196 Headington Road, Oxford.

Charity Christmas Cards

1967 UNICEF Christmas cards. Write for full colour leaflet and buy to help the world's children: UNICEF (Appeal No. 31), 133 Regent Street, London, W.1.

ELDERLY INVALIDS FUND, 6 designs from 3s. to 14s. per dozen. Overprinting extra. Colour brochure from 34 King Street, E.C.2. Monarch 0877.

HEART CARDS BUY RESEARCH into Heart Disease, the biggest killer disease today. Send 3d. stamp to British Heart Foundation Appeal, Room 79, 57 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, for Coloured Christmas Card Brochure.

HELP up to help the children by sending donations to the Sailors' Children's Society, Newland, Hull.

PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED children are cared for by The Shaftesbury Society. —Please send stamped addressed envelope for Christmas leaflet, or cards and gifts, 112 Regency Street, London, S.W.1.

Educational

STUDY AT HOME.—Postal tuition for G.C.E. "O" and "A"; London University degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D.) and Diplomas. Courses in Classical and Modern Languages and Literature.—Prospectus from R. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Dept. T.M.1, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Established 1894).

Services

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating even short runs, even when illustrated —and at what speed!—William Kempner Ltd., 30 Brooke Street, E.C.1. CHA. 3588.

Personal

WRITING, quiet reading and study—The Gladstone Memorial Library is a unique foundation: an arts library with comfortable board residence.—Details gladly sent: St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, Chester.

POEMS published: Breakthru Magazine, —Ken Geering, L/Densburn, Lindfield, Sussex.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA 1946-67. A special 20 page illustrated history of the RPO. From 70 Wigmore Street, W.1. Price 2s. 6d. or 3s. including postage. Special rates for school music departments.

ALONE AT XMAS ?—Men and women required to complete lively, romantic, mixed house parties U.K. and abroad. 4 days from 14gns. Stamped addressed envelope. — Travel-Go-Round, Dept. XTL, 65 Judd Street, W.C.1. Tel. TER. 7500. Member of ABTA.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club— 300 double and single rooms £5 per week, part-board.—12 Parkhill Road, East Croydon, London. Tel. CROYdon 2634.

Galleries and Exhibitions

PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS of litho graphs by Armitage, Arp, Butler, Chadwick, Kokoschka, Kitaj, Lin, Moore, Nolan, Piper, Richards, Sutherland, Tilson) daily 10 to 5; Saturdays 10 to 12.—Marlborough, New London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Admission free: open weekdays 10-5 and Sundays 2.30-6. Current exhibitions include: The Classic Art of Japan and Calais in The XVI Century.

FURNEAUX GALLERY, 23 Church Road, Wimbledon. Special Exhibition: Oils including Blamey, Donald Blake, Jenny Conke, Fitton, Keith Shackleton, Speer, Thorp, Helen Wilson. Nov. 10-Dec. 2, 10-5.30 (including Saturdays).

JEAN STRAKER'S ACADEMY of Visual Art in Soho Square, a rendezvous since 1951 for photography, drawing and freethinking dialectic.—For membership apply: Studio House, 12 Soho Square, London, W.1.

THE FULHAM GALLERY, 361 New King's Road, S.W.6. Opening Exhibition daily 10-6 (not Sat.) of paintings, poster poems, drawings, ceramics, sculpture, collages.

SOUTH LONDON ART GALLERY, Peckham Road, S.E.5. South East London Art Group, 25th November-16th December. Weekdays 10-6; Sundays 3-6. Free. The Southwark Collection of original Prints may be seen on Mondays-Fridays between 10-1 and 2-5 p.m. Saturdays by appointment.

SOTHEBY & CO.

Telegrams, Abinitio, Wesdo, London

Telephone, 01-493 7242

34-35 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MONDAY, 27th NOVEMBER

VALUABLE PRINTED BOOKS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, the property of SIR FERGUS GRAHAM, BT., K.B.E.; THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; THE HON. DAVID BRUCE, the late H. C. DRAYTON, ESQ., MRS. D. ASHWORTH, and other owners, comprising incunabula and continental books, including St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* Sweynheym and Pannartz, 1468, Antoninus's *Summa Confessionum* c. 1470, Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*, Ulm 1473 and Zaragoza 1494, Rolewinck's *Fasciculus Temporum*, 1481, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, Brescia, 1487 and José de Casanova's *Arte de Escrevir*, 1650; English books, including Capgrave's *Nova Legenda Anglie*, Wynkyn de Worde, 1516, *The Floure of the Commaundements of God*, Wynkyn de Worde, 1521, *A mirroure for Magistrates*, 1610, and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* 1766; atlases, including Blaeu's *Grooten Atlas*, 1662-65, Jansson's *Theatrum*, 5 vol. 1657, Lafreri's *Tavole Moderne*, 1553-85, Ortelius's *Theatre of the Whole World*, 1606, Saxton's *Atlas* 1579 and Speed's *Empire of Great Britain*, 1611; Natural History including Berlese's *Cammellia*, 1839-43, Mrs. Bury's *Hexandrian Plants*, [1831]-34, Catesby's *Natural History of Carolina*, 1754, Elliott's *Birds of North America*, [1866]-69, Jacquin's *Florae Austriacae*, 1773-78, Le Douly's *Hortus Floridus*, [1792]-99, Levaillant's *Oiseaux d'Afrique*, 1805-08, Merian's *Insects de Surinam*, 1771, Redouté's *Les Liliacées*, 1801-16 and *Les Roses*, 1817-24 and 1835, and Thornton's *Temple of Flora*, 1807; an autograph manuscript of John Milton; letters and documents from the papers of Sir Joshua Reynolds, including an important series of letters of Samuel Johnson and autograph drafts of Frances Reynolds's *Recollections of Dr. Johnson*. Catalogue. 12 plates, 5s. (by post 6s. 6d.).

TUESDAY, 28th NOVEMBER

BIBLIOTHECA PHILLIPPICA. NEW SERIES: MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPTS (Part III). FORTY-TWO MANUSCRIPTS OF THE SEVENTH TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, from the Celebrated Collection formed by SIR THOMAS PHILLIPPS, Bt. (1792-1872), including Hippolytus *Liber generationis*, with another Biblical Chronicle, stichometric lists and two works by St. Augustine, North Italian, from the Abbey of Nonantola, 10th century; Bede *De natura rerum*: Plato *Timaeus*, in Latin, and other works, Bavaria, Abbey of Niederaltaich, written by Abbot Ellinger of Tegernsee, second quarter of the 11th century; *La Vie des Peres* and other poems; *Estoire del Saint Graal, Merlin*, France, late 13th century; a register of letters of Pope Innocent VI for the year 1361, Avignon, c. 1361; Dante Alighieri *La Divina Commedia*, Venice (?), 1363; *Le Roman de Renart*, Northern France, beginning of the 15th century, *The Craft of Venery*, chess problems, in English and a Latin treatise on heraldry, written by John Porter, M.P. for Worcester, c. 1450; *Flores Historiarum*, mid-13th century, from Byland Abbey with a list of the Abbey's relics, and Philippo di Vadi *De arte gladiatoria dimicandi*, Tuscany, 1482-1487, the dedication manuscript to Guidobaldo da Montefeltre, Duke of Urbino. Catalogue, 33 plates, £1 16s. (by post £1 16s. 6d.).

MONDAY, 4th DECEMBER, and following day

THE CELEBRATED COLLECTION FORMED BY SIR MAURICE PARKER, of Manchester, OF THE NOTORIOUS NINETEENTH CENTURY PAMPHLETS, AND OTHER IMPORTANT WISEIANA, MANUSCRIPT AND PRINTED, together with the property of JOHN CARTER, ESQ., C.B.E., GRAHAM POLLARD, ESQ., and MRS. R. W. CHAPMAN, comprising an almost complete run of the notorious forgeries, including the Reading "*Sonnets*", Tennyson *Morte D'Arthur* 1842 and one of the three known copies of the counterfeit edition of Matthew Arnold *Alaric at Rome* 1840; a massive assemblage of Thomas J. Wise's private printings, including many proof copies, with a high percentage of presentation copies, often of special association interest; the only recorded copy of the first issue of the first edition of Wise's *Verses*, 1882, presented to his closest friend; a virtually complete collection, with many presentation copies, of Wise's extensive output of bibliographies and catalogues, including manuscript material, and corrected proofs; a substantial section of printed books, autograph letters and other material, documenting the exposure of the forgeries, 1933-1945; an extraordinary collection of letters to and from Wise, and other correspondence—H. Buxton Forman, Edmund Gosse, C. Fairfax Murray, Richard Curnett, Richard Curle, C.B. Wilkinson, R. W. Chapman, Walter Partington, Herbert Gorfin—illustrating Wise's activities as book collector, book-dealer, editor, publisher, propagandist, pirate and forger. Catalogue, 1 plate, 5s. (by post 6s. 6d.). *A few copies of this catalogue, interleaved in stiffened covers with the prices list bound in, will be available on application after the sale, price 15s. (or $2.50) post paid.*

Books and Prints

JOLLY'S of BATH

SALE of the BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, and AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, &c. From Various Houses in and Around Bath, including:

LETTERS from W. L. Bowles; Thomas Holcroft; Florence Nightingale; William Wilberforce; David Livingstone; T. B. Macaulay; Mary Cowden Clarke; John Bright; Thomas Woolner; Charles Murgan; Aldous Huxley; Alfred Noyes; John Galsworthy.

Scientists, Musicians, Sculptors and Painters, Authors, Statesmen, Naval and Military, relating to the Crimea, Africa.

BOOKS on Gardening, Science, Geography, Sport, Art, Greek and Latin Classics, Travel, Religion, Genealogy.

BOOKS with Engraved Maps and Plates, Limited Editions, Old Christmas Cards and Photographs, Billheads, Bookplates, First Editions and Two Exchequer Tallies. Books on the Shetlands and Orkneys, Lancashire, especially Liverpool and Manchester, Bath, including some rare pamphlets.

The Consequentia by Ralph Stende, Venice, 1493, also a fine portrait in oils of Mrs. Fermor friend of Alexander Pope and heroine of "The Rape of the Lock" —by Kneller.

SALE FRIDAY, 8th DECEMBER at 11 a.m.

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Mexican tiles, second half of the seventeenth century. From *Tiles: A General History*, reviewed on page 1124.

THE CRITIC AS MAN

MANY "SERIOUS" CRITICS of literature—and academic inflation along the lines of least resistance has made the profession grotesquely overcrowded—are specialists and technicians, chiefly concerned with taking in each other's washing. Those who write for all responsibly interested readers about the literature which seems to them of real significance and universality, recording their impressions and elevating them (at least by implication) into laws—this also not undermanned body might be said to fall into two categories. There are the numerous critical personae, and there is the much rarer type of true critical personality.

* * *

The first kind are essentially autors, playing the part of the Critic as Critic. They may have much to offer that is of value. They can start a fashion or create a cult; suggest a new way of looking at a problem of literature or a single work; revalue the reputation of a neglected school. But their critical persona remains just that. Their image and stance is deliberately self-studied, so that it is lacking in any real flexibility—we see the critic sheltering behind the manner he has made his own—and he is subject to worldly pressures and calculations which may erode the interior without altering the mask. Who are the true personalities of criticism at any given moment must always remain a matter of debate; but it can be argued that F. R. Leavis is most certainly one, and that the late C. S. Lewis was another. Lewis on Spenser or Shelley is as revelatory as Leavis on Conrad or Mark Twain; for in both cases we engage, in amity or repugnance, with a unified intelligence, a complete being. Their judgments and values—not always poles apart, though drawn from a very different experience of and confrontation with literature—are unreservedly open to us. Two very different sensibilities—yes—but both unmistakable examples of the critic as man.

The issue is not ungermane to a central theme—almost, indeed, a unifying theme—in the latest collection of Leavis's papers, *Anna Karenina and Other Essays*, written as they were over a number of years and in varying contexts: prefaces, addresses, abrupt explosions of exasperation—like that against a hapless American editor of D. H. Lawrence's *Letters*—or on the occasion of the trial of Lady Chatterley. But the function, the duty, the responsibility of the critic—these are touched on again and again; these are the preoccupations that are recurrent without being obsessive. Two successive essays in particular reveal them: that on "Johnson as Critic", reprinted from *Scrutiny*, 1944 vintage, and a more recent piece from *Commentary* on "T. S. Eliot as Critic". The juxtaposition is telling, and a quotation from the opening of the Johnson essay will serve to open our analysis of its significance:

> When we read him we know, beyond question, that we have here a powerful and distinguished mind operating at first hand upon literature. This, we can say with emphatic conviction (the emphasis registering the rarity), really *is* criticism. The critic knows what he means and says it with unescapable directness and force ("deliberately, not dogmatically"), and what he says is clearly the expression of intense and relevant interest.

There are grounds for making the connexion (needless to say Leavis doesn't himself imply it, and not through false modesty, which could in itself have connived at such an implication) between this awareness of Johnson's critical strengths and those which Leavis has himself unfailingly displayed. With both critical centres we remain uncompromisingly in touch. The man is there, unprevaricated and unconcealed; with all the familiar grouches, the prejudices, the rigour that can harden without excuse to a patent unfairness; above all, the downright directness of assumption as of observation. With neither Johnson nor Leavis do we ever feel that qualification is a means of protecting the critic himself: it is always directed to the actual nature of the work examined, never to equivocating the status of the examiner. The critic as man is not self-regarding; the critic as actor necessarily is. It is this which earns Leavis the right to a searching appraisal of T. S. Eliot's status and pretensions as a critic.

* * *

He begins by recalling the decisive influence of Eliot's criticism in its day, and the fact that the poetry won attention to it—such poetry, it was naturally supposed, argued both a fine and a radical intelligence which deserved the greater respect the more persuasively it seemed able to formulate a contemporary philosophy of poetry in such seemingly precise and impersonal terms. But to Leavis it is this very impersonality which is suspect, because it suggests not the true expression of an exploring consciousness but the playing of an already calculated part. On "Tradition and the Individual Talent" Leavis has this to say:

> The trenchancy and vigour are illusory and the essay is notable for its ambiguities, its logical inconsequences, its pseudo-precisions, its fallaciousness, and the aplomb of its equivocations and its specious cogency. Its offered compression and its technique in general for generating awed confusion help to explain why it should not have been found easy to deal with. Yet the falsity and gratuitousness of its doctrine of impersonality are surely plain enough.

Leavis goes on to comment on the speciousness of the famous analogy of the platinum shred, the impersonal catalyst around which "in a finely perfected medium, special or varied feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations". An instance of the technique for "generating awed confusion", for what exactly does Eliot mean ? He cannot in fact mean anything very much, Leavis implies, because he will not enter into direct communication with us and exhibit himself, warts and all. These subtle

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hints and "pseudo-precisions" slide backward and out of our scrutiny (the detailed ways they do so have been analysed by several dissatisfied customers, notably Frank Kermode) because it is in the nature of critical language that they cannot stand up without the emphatic coexistence of an asserting and determining personality. And in such matters meaning *is* personality—neither more nor less.

Leavis's objections here seem fundamental and unanswerable. He scarcely needs to adduce Lawrence (though he does) to make both the specific point against the nature of Eliot's critical approach, and the more general one against the notion of artistry as self-concealment, as the deliberate attainment of "impersonality". It is not unendearing that as Eliot grew older and more famous, the mask became less important to him, as a defence for his privacy and (the two are oddly related) for the kind of literature he preferred. He could become worldly without subterfuge and pompous instead of judicially deliberative. As he himself put it:

> The difference between being an elder statesman
> And posing successfully as an elder statesman /
> Is practically negligible.

Leavis is well aware that Eliot was not deceived by himself:

> If as a critically articulate admirer of his achievement one pointed out this state of affairs to him, he might meet one's demonstration with something—oh I or a very refined and subtle equivocalness, of course—in the nature of a wink.

Yet Leavis is as severe as Dr. Johnson would have been with some corresponding duplicity. In another essay, "Towards Standards of Criticism", he contrasts the cloistered rigour of *The Calendar*—a forerunner of *Scrutiny*—with the adjustable worldliness of its contemporary, *The Criterion*. And it would probably be generally recognized today that the case here holds. Though they may not necessarily be acceptable *en masse*, the standards of the clique which is not socially compromised must and should win out over those of the coterie that is so compromised. It may have Ronald Bottralls at the top, but it will not have to make room there for a drawing-room of Hugh Walpoles.

* * *

Critical standards, however, are not in themselves literature; and Leavis's blind spot has always been his refusal to recognize the way in which literature—even the greatest—may be richly and inextricably compromised with the world and worldly standards. The nurturing and discerning intelligence may be none the less divided, chameleonic, contradictory. Whole man himself, and revering whole men (Lawrence), Leavis requires that all permanently valuable writers should be whole men likewise. The trouble is they often aren't—at least not in his sense—for we can make a distinction between the demand that a great writer should be fully *present* to us, should reveal the nature of his gift fully to our understanding; and the demand that his whole being, resolutely and harmoniously "in possession of its experience", should be flowing the same way, should be "a conduit of urgent life" to quote Leavis's uncompromising but — in its metaphorical enthusiasm—perhaps rather less than rigorously delineative requirement.

* * *

Leavis infers that Eliot's whole achievement is compromised by the inadequacies which his criticism reveals, and by its unconsciously transmitted orthodoxy of the world he chose to inhabit and make his own:

> Hardly unconscious—certainly not unconscious; but how conscious of being, as I have put it, critically annulled and a mere transmitter? It is perhaps to distinguished mind being in question) the most disquieting aspect of the conventionality we are contemplating that we should be left unable to say.

Surely there is a surprising obtuseness here, and one that Leavis might have done better to avoid by recording his own personal incomprehension of Eliot's case, rather than suggesting that it is an enigma to us all, an enigma suggesting a hollow man. "It is unpleasant", says Leavis, "to have to entertain this kind of suspicion, but there is no escaping it". And yet need we really be so disconcerted by it? Isn't it rather an aspect of the complex nature—and in particular the transplanted nature—of one who, for all the shortcomings of his critical persona, will continue to be thought of not as a great critic (to Leavis, one must add, a kind of greatness second to none) but as a great poet? Eliot's poetry reflects some of the poses that in his critical writing convey an appearance of blandness and ossification: yet in his poetry they are (and the parallel of Yeats is relevant here) alive and at work, revealing the nature of a poet's mind and allowing it to be understood by us in the living and personal sense in which great poetry must be understood.

It is worth noting that Leavis says nothing about Arnold, the stylistic presence behind Eliot's persona of judicious and authoritative lawgiving; and this may be because he is reluctant to admit the effect of an influence which he approves upon a manner which he does not, Arnold, like Leavis, was a true critical personality, but such personalities cannot be passed on: only their mode of expression can be. And both Eliot and his fellow-countryman Lionel Trilling took up, in their different ways, the crutch of Arnold's critical style. But whereas Trilling makes no bones about the inheritance, and the ease in skimming over generalization which it gives him, Eliot sneered at the kinds of non-meaning which Arnold's style so equably proliferates, and yet reproduces them for his own very different purposes and positions. Arnold himself had no corresponding critique of "impersonality", but the manner he developed put him often in hazard of meaning less than he seems to mean, and it is this characteristic which is transmitted, along with the technique of generalization and persuasion.

* * *

This engagement over critical standards, and with other modes of criticism, is the most absorbing aspect of the present collection; but scarcely less so are the essays on single novels, on *Anna Karenina*, on two of Conrad's masterpieces, on *The Europeans*, *What Maisie Knew*, and *Adam Bede*. Most valuable of all, because most directly and confidently convincing, is the introduction written for an edition of Mark Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, whose status as a masterpiece—and a neglected one—is triumphantly established by Leavis's demonstration of its success at a sophisticated level of literature, complementing the equal success of *Huckleberry Finn* at the level of "the folk mind".

The essay on *Anna Karenina* emerges naturally from the pointers indicated in *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist*: and yet makes an unexpected and penetrating use of Lawrence's own comments to suggest how and why the limitations of his view indicate the novel's real significance and stature. Lawrence and Frieda saw themselves as exponents of the viability of the Anna and Vronsky situation, of "how to be happy though livanted (*sic*)".

> Why, when you look at it, all the tragedy comes from Vronsky's and Anna's fear of society. They couldn't live in the pride of their sincere passion, and spit in Mother Grundy's eye. And that, that cowardice, was the real "sin". The novel makes it obvious and knocks all old Leo's teeth out.

Leavis comments:

> It is astonishing that so marvellously perceptive a critic as Lawrence could simplify in that way, with so distorting an effect. What the novel makes obvious is that, though they might live for a little in the "pride of their passion", they couldn't settle down to live *on* it; it makes it plain that to live on it was in the nature of things impossible: to reduce the adverse conditions that defeated them to cowardice is to refuse to take what, with all the force of specificity and subtle truth to life, the novel actually gives.

That is certainly true, and Leavis goes on to press—with delicacy—the point that though Lawrence, unlike Vronsky, was a true artist, and hence could never feel like Vronsky in the same situation, "disorientated, vaguely lost", his later work does unmistakably reveal traces of the kind of loss which Tolstoy was so profoundly concerned with—a loss of the sure sense of what life requires of those who bring upon themselves its most common but committing responsibilities.

Could he have written *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, written it as the vehicle of that didactic earnestness, if he hadn't lost his sense of what normal human life was like? The pamphlet, *Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with which he followed the book up, implicitly admits the criticisms—makes it; for the emphasis that, writing in ostensible vindication of the notorious novel, he now (with some inconsequence, one would think) lays on marriage and the family.

This shows what limited Lawrence's view, and hence how the novel conveys, in all its multifariousness, the timeless relevance of a moral—and not a specifically sexual and social—situation. It is this situation—the engagement of two supremely realized individuals with their environment, and the exploration of how the loss of that environment relates to their need for it, relates to the question of what life requires of such a couple, as well as what they require of life—it is this which produces Leavis's verdict: "One of the great European novels?—it is surely *the* European novel". It triumphantly justifies, that is, Lawrence's claim that the novel is "the highest form of human expression so far attained", and that "art speech is the only speech". Not, of course, in the sense Henry James failed to find "art" in Tolstoy, but the art which Tolstoy's supremacy gave to his whole embodiment of the novel, and gave also to its form. What Leavis says about Lawrence in another essay—"not a stylist, a master of perfect expression, and, if form means anything worth bothering about, of form"—could apply *a fortiori* to Tolstoy.

In his pointed and trenchant way Leavis comes to the same kind of conclusion about *Anna Karenina* that John Bayley, from a different approach and in a more detailed study, also arrived at in *Tolstoy and the Novel*. And this unanimity is significant, because it militates against the view—still current in some quarters—that *Anna* is not only a novel flawed by its discursiveness and its double theme, but a novel whose conclusions are subject to revision and even to partial irrelevance in the light of new ideas about sexual liberation and the new status and identity of women. In fact (as Bayley demonstrates) the novel's two or three massive strands are more closely and almost claustrophobically interwoven in each successive draft of Tolstoy's plotting; while the specific limitations and strictures of society never localize themselves into a meaningful (and all the more so if unmeant) criticism of *mores*, as opposed to *La morale dans la nature des choses*. Tolstoy's immensely comprehensive and cunning worldliness, more emphasized by Bayley than by Leavis, disinfects his treatment from the kind of *outsiderness* which Lawrence, with his own case in mind, assumed for the artist as social image, intuition and visionary. And there is the further point, which the detailed study of the Russian novel in its context drew more attention to, that the theme of freedom and responsibility of wanting "freedom for young alone", is a preoccupation of many Russian nineteenth-century literature in Pushkin and Dostoevsky as well as in Tolstoy.

* * *

Leavis's ultimate distinction as a critic lies in his unerring sense of how in what forms and with what inventions—the pressure of creative intelligence shows itself in the writers he admires. In his essay on *The Shadow-Line* he suggests, with a wealth of telling quotation, that we are most aware of this intelligence in Conrad when we are closest to him as a personality, when he wakes his sometimes over-elaborate fictions to his most decisive themes.

> *The Shadow-Line* is clearly something Conrad *had* to write. It comes out of experience that was intimately and urgently personal; when we read it we can't doubt that.

This goes to the heart of the matter in two ways, for it not only reveals what is central about *The Shadow-Line* but what is potentially lost in the pondered narrative aspects of novels like *Chance* and *Under Western Eyes*, where we experience a want of felt communication with the full strength of the creative mind.

It is in his sense of where to look for that creative intelligence, fully "in possession of its experience", that Leavis can often surprise us most, and by surprising us shock us into radical rethinking. When he quotes Johnson's comment on Swift as "naturally rough to his dogs licks and . . . a master that few could bear", he indicates how we gloss over failures of humanity in Swift which we do argue, ultimately, some failure of the kind of intelligent sympathy Leavis most reveres. It reminds us of a similar touch of suggestive economy at the end of his essay on Swift in *The Common Pursuit*—"We do not find Swift remarkable for intelligence if we think of Blake". It is from this combination of acuteness and consistency that we learn from Leavis as we do, all the more so because he is continually refining his impressions and reconsidering the same topics.

HOME THOUGHTS

ROY JENKINS: *Essays and Speeches*. Edited by Anthony Lester. Collins. £2 2s.

Among politicians it is vastly easier to be distinguished as a writer than as a statesman: the competition is virtually non-existent. If he were a fraction as good as he is, Roy Jenkins would still be outstanding in that league. He made his mark as a writer at half the age when most politicians keep their one date with the muse for the purpose of grinding out their routine memoirs. He reached the front rank as a statesman while still in his forties. The double achievement must have struck a powerful blow at the lingering idea that any pronounced literary gift tends to go with an unassiduous and unpractical nature.

That could never be said of Mr. Jenkins, whose administrative stamina and combative love of detail must be obvious at once to anybody who watches him in action at Westminster, or who reads his account in this collection of the struggles a backbencher has to go through to steer home a private member's Bill as controversial as his own about obscene publications. Characteristically, this piece is not obsessed with Mr. Jenkins and his efforts; there is much to learn in it about pressure groups, Westminster obscurantism in general and the whole (usually foggy) field of backbench private enterprise. He has the gift—rare in politicians and journalists alike—of being assertive, even aggressive, without egotism.

This valuable political miscellany is more worth an index than many books so provided. Perhaps it was modesty that omitted one. More likely, the author is too busy now to bother with things like that. We are not lucky enough, if that is the word, to live in an era like Campbell-Bannerman's, when there was a Cabinet meeting for five days after the Boer ultimatum because of the Channel storm. Such a fastidiously slow rhythm would scarcely do for Mr. Jenkins, though last most politicians look back sadly to those Opposition years when there was so much more time to think and write.

Many of the thoughts—like those from the earlier brink, about going into Europe—are still relevant. He can admirably summarize both personality and achievement, as in the pieces about Dalton and his friend Hugh Gaitskell. In view of the long rush of events one would hope the book for dating far more than in fact it does. It is a serious indictment when he remarks that one can mate when he remarks that one can mate Foreign Secretaries of the Curzon and Bevin had enough personalities to what he remarks that in the to impress civil servants by being unlike them as possible) is almost be thinking forward to as well as back to Bevin.

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Hailed by Mordecai Richler in the New York Review of Books as "the most lucid account of a sad history for the non-specialist that I have read anywhere", Edmund Wilson's book highlights the social and cultural conflict between the English and French speaking peoples of Canada, drawing examples from such writers as Morley Callaghan and Marie-Claire Blais, and prominent non-literary figures such as Archbishop Charbonneau.
Illus. 36s



The Sheppard Press (P.O. Box 15 James Street, London, W1) have now published a third in a series of directories to second-hand and antiquarian book dealers, one: *European Booksellers* (25s.) lists dealers in twenty countries, including Russia. They are listed first geographically, alphabetically and finally by specialty. Details are given in French or German.

Memoirs

AUSTRALIAN ATTITUDES

ROBERT MENZIES: *Afternoon Light. Some Memories of Men and Events of Central Power in the Australian Commonwealth.* 384pp. £2 2s. 198pp. 30s. Cassell.

Successful autobiographies whatever their form—diaries, memoirs, essays—call for literary skill, and should be itself, they need to be spiced with wit or other graces to command attention. Sir Robert Menzies is a magnificent after-dinner speaker, and a very competent broadcaster; unfortunately the style that suited him on such occasions is not much changed, and it palls long before the end of 384 pages. But style is less important if subject-matter is exciting, and the events narrated seem significant to the reader. Naturally enough memoirs are often in fact apologias, even if, with the wisdom of hindsight, their author recognizes and admits occasional errors of judgment. This is reasonable and proper; but they will have scant appeal if one does not care tuppence about their author's career, or if he refuses to say anything about it except what is already common knowledge and has been more fully discussed elsewhere. To go beyond this certainly demands "revelations", which some people seem to think improper; but though on occasions these may be interesting only as gossip (even so, they may be amusing or shed a valuable sidelight on their subject's character) and though there are occasions when secrets, state or personal, must be kept, the autobiography is surely a failure if it neither illuminates important public events, nor helps to answer the question about its author and subject—why did he behave in such-and-such a way? or, more succinctly, what made him tick?

* * *

To such a question the autobiographer's answer is not necessarily the correct one; but this is of little moment if he has helped others to find it. Sir Robert's professed object is, as he puts it, to come to "the assistance of tomorrow's historian", by making available to him the "*first hand impressions*" of those, like himself, "concerned in the world drama" and who have known some of the actors in it; in this way he will help the historian "to see his human beings 'in the round', and to form something like a balanced judgment of great events".

In this matter, Sir Robert's ideas of "what history is", and of the character and work of the historian, seem at times contradictory. He is ready enough to point a finger of scorn at the work of academic scholarship (this is curious perhaps in one whose contribution to the expansion of university facilities in Australia will be remembered as one of his great achievements as Prime Minister, though it is perhaps explicable in terms of the "intellectuals'" frequent criticisms of many of his other policies), yet one gets the impression that he would welcome their praising his activities. Though Menzies is rightly anxious to disavow the idea of a "verdict of history", he writes as if in due course the "objective historian" (who is he?) will come to deliver a judgment which, if less fallible than that of duties (against whose activities in civil cases he makes, in chapter 15, a reasoned and interesting plea), might perhaps have judicial authority, binding and definitive at least overruled by a learned and authoritative court of appeal. Whatever the exact task of the historian, the question remains, will he, when he comes to recount and analyse any of the events which are discussed, find that these memoirs help him much? and will they so fulfil Menzies's purpose in writing?

Regrettably, the answer is very often because a compound of well-told stories, admirably suited for television or a newspaper article, as many readers and viewers will have already discovered, of limited value to the historian (as well as being of limited interest to the general public). Naturally, as the Prime Minister of a minor power, he has less to say than those more directly and frequently concerned with events of world importance; but he is extremely sparing on what would be of interest to the historian. He writes at length on "My Suez Story" as a staunch supporter of the policy of the Government of the United Kingdom; but except for the fact that it was at three o'clock in the morning that he was asked to act as Chairman of the Committee appointed in August, 1956, to discuss the nationalization of the Canal with Nasser, little that is new emerges and the whole story is told on a superficial level. Compare this with Lord Avon's *Full Circle*. Not only did he give an insight into the motives of the policy-makers of the nations from the viewpoint of one who was an important member of this group, but he also published documents which would otherwise have been "secret" for many years—and the same sort of comment may be made of many (though by no means all) of the political autobiographies that appear from time to time.

If portions of Sir Robert's subject matter are necessarily less exciting than those of many of his contemporaries, it is all the more regrettable that he has not recounted more fully his role in those events of perhaps less world-shaking importance in which he did play a major part. What he might have been able to do is suggested by his account of "the revival of liberalism" in Australia, though even here the "historian of the future" would have welcomed more. Menzies's personal account of his contribution to political life in Australia since 1949 would surely be worth having even if it would have had more interest in Australia than overseas; as it is, the author's self-denying ordinance on his activities at home in the past twenty years deprives his book of most of the value he apparently hoped it would have.

His justifications for this exclusion are singularly weak. The story "cannot be compressed into a single essay". Why should it?—a volume on this subject would be more interesting than what is here. "I could be found lacking in objectivity." Of course I—and what would be the harm of that? He is certainly not "objective" on Suez, but "tomorrow's historian" can deal with an autobiographer's biases in due course. Sir Robert has apparently forgotten his expressed purpose in writing.

* * *

More interesting, because he does go more fully on record, are the chapters on the Commonwealth. Here Sir Robert's views on what are the proper functions of the Prime Ministers' Conferences and on the role of the Crown, if not entirely unknown (for few of the opinions of a man of Sir Robert's eminence can be wholly concealed for long), are fully elaborated, and we are given an interesting exchange of letters between Menzies and Dr. Verwoerd in 1960. On the other hand his sketches of former Prime Ministers of Australia and the United Kingdom, and of ex-Presidents of the United States are extremely superficial. We learn that Dame Pattie never forgave Sir Earle Page for his grossly unfair attack on her husband in 1939; though Menzies had him as a colleague again, but we are told nothing else about Sir Earle or about Sir Arthur Fadden, though here, while avoiding personalities if need be, Menzies could be expected to have something of interest to say. His reminiscences of Churchill are less tedious, though they suffer from an excess of "story-telling" and a minimum of discussion on matters of moment.

Equally superficial is the chapter on Australian relations with the United States in which, rather than discussing the real problems involved, Sir Robert indulges in a lengthy excursus on details of the American constitution, well known to anybody knowledgeable on international affairs, and quite irrelevant to his stated theme. He ignores the vexed questions of American investment in Australia and the trade relations between the two countries. He quotes extracts from the Anzus and Seato treaties, which are well known and readily ascertainable, but says next to nothing of the motives and hopes of his government in signing them. Was the Anzus treaty in 1951 *originally* a safeguard against Japanese or Communist aggression? Perhaps Sir Robert has forgotten, and would like us to forget; but he raises neither this question nor the strong objections of Sir Winston Churchill to British exclusion from the pact—on which one might expect him to have something to say. Likewise he writes barely a word about Communist China (currently Australia's best customer for wheat 1) nor about his general attitude to the peoples and nations of Asia who were winning their independence in the postwar era, despite the frequent criticisms which have been made about his indifference to them. Possibly these criticisms are misplaced; but one would have expected some comment on these subjects, unless one assumes that the absence of all mention of Asia in this book, like the virtual absence of reference to the United Nations, is indicative of the contempt in which its author holds both.

Finding the real reason for Sir Robert's "selectivity" in his subject matter, his omission of so much both of internal politics and of Australia's own foreign policy, which he could tell us so much about, and the inclusion of so much of little interest or what he was less concerned with, must be guesswork; but if not due to laziness, possibly his emphasis on the "world-stage", where his role was small, to the exclusion of the domestic one, where his part was important, arises from a conception of himself as a world statesman, rather than as simply an important minister of a minor state. This may be only "speculation", but since the book leads at least one reader to this conclusion it provides evidence of an interesting facet of Menzies's character—which seems to appear even in the "diversionary" chapter on cricket—though perhaps one could say it was suspected before! But whatever the reason, this selection (and the book's omissions) greatly detracts from the interest of the "memories" and all in all it is unlikely that the future historian will learn much from them.

Central Power in the Australian Commonwealth consists of lectures given at the University of Virginia, printed as delivered, with all the asides and addresses to the chair that formed part of them. They would be much improved by a little editing, but all the same they offer an admirable guide to the complexities of Federal-State relations in Australian constitutional law. Though Menzies, perhaps not surprisingly, is inclined to overlook some of the strength of the states' case, and the debilitating effects on their independence which their financial dependence on the Commonwealth government involves, his survey, spiced with personal anecdote, offers an excellent introduction to some of the problems of a federal government, problems which it seems are not always fully appreciated in the United Kingdom and other "unitary" countries.

The Middle Age of African History edited by Roland Oliver (105pp. Oxford University Press. 13s. 6d.), first appeared earlier this year as a series of broadcasts on the B.B.C. The contributors are mainly young scholars, in the "new wave" of African historical research. They cover the subject both by country—for example, the rise of the Benin kingdom, and the rise of the Akan—and by reference to general trends—the impact of the slave trade on West Africa, for instance. Professor Oliver, who has done more than most to encourage the study of African history, contributes a short chapter on historical research methods in Africa and on the changing emphasis of the past decade, notably the speed with which the colonial period has receded from the consciousness of independent Africa".

It is a pity that there are no biographical notes on the contributors.

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Collecting

ON THE TILES

ANNE BERENDSEN AND OTHERS: *Tiles.* Translated by Janet Seligman. 286pp. Faber and Faber. £8 8s.

In 1901 there appeared *Geschichte der europäischen Fliesen-Keramik* by R. Forrer, the earliest modern work dealing fully with floor and wall tiles. In 1904 W. J. Furnival published *Leadless Decorative Tiles.* The next comprehensive book did not appear until 1939, when A. Lane completed his *Guide to the Collection of Tiles* in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Up to now, there have been only these three books devoted exclusively to tiles of varied origin. It is surprising that more attention has not been paid to tiles, which for a long time have been among the few items available to collectors of modest means. England is very fortunate in this respect, as nearly all types of tiles were collected and treasured at various times. The result is that today there appear on the antiques market not only English tiles (long underestimated) but also Spanish *azulejos*, Dutch delft, German stove tiles, Turkish tiles from Isnik, Persian lustre tiles, and even such items as Spanish medieval slabs or Italian Renaissance pavement tiles—long rarities in the countries of their origin.

The recent work by Anne Berendsen and others is the most lavishly illustrated book on the subject so far. It gives a full survey of the origin and early history of tiles in the Middle and Near East, their developments in the Middle Ages in Europe and the immense step forward when the tin-enamel technique spread from Spain to Italy and subsequently throughout Europe. The most comprehensive chapters are those dealing with Dutch tiles, their forerunners in Antwerp and their influence throughout Europe. The chapter on Italian Renaissance tiles is tantalizingly short and the English delft tiles are given barely two pages of text. An excellent bibliography points to further material obtainable elsewhere.

In some ways this book is rather exasperating. It is profusely illustrated in full colour, half-tone and line blocks, but there is no list of illustrations. Tiles from various sources related by technique, origin or time of execution are grouped on one page but the degree of reduction varies for different tiles, and hardly any sizes are given. Most of the coloured illustrations are satisfactory; many are excellent, but one or two are very poor.

In the chapter on English delft tiles there are four pages of illustrations of Dutch tiles; the English delft tiles are illustrated some seventy-six pages later and placed within a chapter dealing with methods of production of Dutch tiles. The grouping of footnotes in an appendix may be expeditious for the printer but it is doubtful if such an arrangement benefits the reader.

Tiles is perhaps the best work available covering such a wide field. The illustrations, occupying nearly half of the 286 pages, are the backbone of the work and it is to the credit of the publishers that some colour plates are hand-mounted on individual pages or fixed within the text, a custom which has almost disappeared from current publications.

Oxford University Press announce that the Mrs. Foster Watson Memorial Award for 1962-67, an award made every five years for the best work of scholarship and of general interest to be published by a member of the staff of the University College of Wales during that period, has been presented to Brian E. Porter, who recently published *Britain and the Rise of Communist China.*

ANATOMY OF TASTE

NIELS VON HOLST: *Creators, Collectors and Connoisseurs.* Translated by Brian Battershaw. 405 plates, 32 in colour. Thames and Hudson. £8 8s. 400pp.

The German edition of this book was noticed at length in the *TLS* of December 8, 1961. The English publishers have certainly taken to heart the reviewer's strictures on the book's design, for it is now a handsome production with nearly 450 illustrations, carefully selected so as to be directly related to the text. The "innumerable misprints" of the German edition have been ironed out in translation, and there is now a lengthy bibliography.

The English edition of the book has been considerably revised and expanded. *Künstler, Sammler, Publikum* (the title has a slightly different flavour in German) was begun thirty-five years ago as a study of art collecting in Frankfurt. It has gradually swelled to become an "anatomy of artistic taste from antiquity to the present day". Frankfurt itself, one of the earliest centres of the art auction trade, is mentioned only eleven times in the index.

Herr von Holst has read very widely in the course of his studies, and his card-indexes have evidently been crammed with valuable, amusing and out-of-the-way information. But the author, and Sir Herbert Read in his introduction, both claim that it is something more complex than a mere history of taste. Sir Herbert asserts that Herr von Holst has made the first "investigation . . . of the instinct that compels certain people in every age to collect". This is a very high claim. Whether the analysis of such a complex psychological, economic and social phenomenon is ever capable of investigation except in a limited field of time and among a small circle of like-minded collectors is exceedingly doubtful. For remoter periods, for instance, the material simply does not exist. And even when evidence is available the author sometimes birks some real issues.

Thus, writing of the collecting of English eighteenth-century portraits in the 1870s and 1880s, he merely remarks that when Gainsborough's dubious portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire fetched £10,500 at auction in 1876 "Sir Richard Wallace now placed a few English portraits to his collection". Leaving aside the fact that Wallace inherited all his English eighteenth-century portraits, this implies that the outstanding collections of such paintings formed at this period—by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild or Edward Guinness (later the first Earl of Iveagh) for instance—were compiled by rich men seeking status symbols and that they could have been assembled at any earlier or later period in the same spirit. The facts are quite different. At that period the full economic effects of the repeal of the Corn Laws began to be felt by the English landed aristocracy for the first time. It was this which induced them to part with their family portraits in quantity for cash. Before this date such collections as those at Waddesdon and Kenwood simply could not have been bought together, and a century later it is almost inconceivable that two collections of equal quality could be assembled in the same field even by the wealthiest tycoons.

In spite of his "numerous visits" to London, the author is weaker on collecting in England than in any other country. A special word of praise is due to the numerous illustrations both in painting and in photography of the interiors of museums and private collections of the past and present (even the Guggenheim museum in New York is included). These rarities are among the most fascinating documents for the history of taste. Display is as much a manifestation of taste as the choice of objects displayed. Every museum should take general photographs of its galleries whenever they are rearranged. Over a century they would provide a unique conspectus of changing taste. The Hermitage at Leningrad, almost alone among museums, has been enterprising enough to issue a booklet of this instructive character.

HARDWARE

P. E. CLEATOR: *Weapons of War.* 224pp. Robert Hale. £2 2s.

ROBERT J. NEAL and ROY G. JINKS: *Smith and Wesson, 1857-1965.* 360pp. Yoseloff. Distributors: W. H. Allen. £8 8s.

In *Weapons of War* Mr. P. E. Cleator surveys the evolution and historical significance of weapons and armour from the Stone-Age axe to the hydrogen-bomb. He has attempted a task that even a scholar who had spent a life-time studying the history of arms and armour and the art of war would find daunting. His bibliography omits nearly all the standard modern works and although the general outlines of his survey are fairly sound, it contains numerous errors of detail, especially about the periods before the present century. Many of the line illustrations are of indifferent quality, and some, which have been taken from late secondary sources, are even misleading.

If it were not for these defects the book would provide an admirable introduction to its subject for the general reader wishing not to become involved in a mass of technical detail.

Smith and Wesson, 1857-1965 is written by specialists for specialists. It surveys in great detail all the firearms produced by one of the most famous American gunmaking firms from its foundation in 1857 until 1945. About 100 models are described and illustrated (with some 300 photographs including a number of X-rays). Very full information is also given on serial-numbers, years of production, patents and patent date markings, and on catalogues and other publications issued by the firm. This is the first book of its kind dealing with Smith and Wesson firearms and so exhaustive is its treatment that it is likely to remain the only one. In spite of its high price, therefore, it is an essential purchase for all serious students of the history of firearms in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

STIRLING WORK

GRAHAM HUGHES: *Modern Silver throughout the World, 1880-1967.* 256pp. Studio Vista. £5 5s.

A new period of silversmithing began around 1880 but although there is a considerable literature in the form of articles about exhibitions or the work of this or that artist, no writer has hitherto attempted a comprehensive visual review of modern silver. In a work of this sort the quality of the illustrations is all important and nearly all of the 480 (including twelve in colour) are first class. The area covered is less global than might be expected from the title since outside Europe only the United States is discussed. On the other hand, the author has found it necessary to include electroplate, pewter and stainless steel.

The Art Director of the Goldsmiths' Company is, of course, well qualified to discuss the economics of modern silversmithing and emphasizes the manner in which artists have generally learnt to reconcile themselves to modern methods of production instead of regarding them, with horror as was usual at the beginning of the period. The attempt to build up intimate pictures of the artists has led to the inclusion of irrelevant gossip: artist A. has had four wives, the grandson of B. became a Spanish admiral, while C. has a passion for motors and motor-bicycles.

The biographies of important firms and artists contain much useful information which is often difficult to come by elsewhere. They include, however, some firms which do not really qualify while leaving out others which do.

Turning to the illustrations the Scandinavian contribution has been well selected and is representative. The treatment of the English artists, both dead and alive, is less satisfactory. The work of the late R. M. Y. Gleadowe, who was certainly one of the most brilliant designers of the period between the wars, is spared only three illustrations. Of the living British artists one is accorded fifty-two illustrations while fourteen others share sixty-nine between them. The work of others mentioned in the bibliographical section is unillustrated. None the less, no one who opens this book can fail to be impressed by the work which has been produced within recent years.

HANGINGS

M. J. DUNOIS: *Curtains and Draperies.* 252pp. Batsford. £6 6s.

To treat this strangely old-fashioned book as a serious contribution to the study of the decorative arts would be unkind, even though its author seems to intend it as a corrective to twentieth-century ignorance of traditional design. In spite of its modern layout it has something of the faded elegance of a keepsake album of the last century for, wherever possible, the "models furnished by earlier centuries" seem to have been taken not from the original prints but at second hand from nineteenth-century interpretations of them in woodcut or lithography. Some have become so illegible in reproduction as to have the most marginal value as documents on historic textiles and their use.

The accompanying text has the same old-world character. In the Louis XVI period "soft, light materials with unobtrusive patterns were chosen for interior decoration and colours were more restrained than in the previous reign". If this was credible half a century ago, it is no longer so to a generation which has seen the wallhangings of Marie-Antoinette's bedchamber at Versailles, removed in 1949 at Lyons to match exactly the original incredibly brilliant colouring and almost strident pattern. Such textiles, or the crushing magnificence and royal blues of the dining-room at Choiseul's bedroom as shown in the Bharenberghe's miniatures, must inevitably appear unbearably vulgar to the average client of a modern interior decorator wanting "something in the Louis Seize style". And that is, of course, for the use of modern decorators that the book and its numerous modern drawings for curtains and "grapes" in various patterns and styles are really intended. For these the book will doubtless be useful. Their clients boasting that "my new bedroom is in the Louis Seize style" will be unlikely to come across enough knowledgeable enough to object to the rude words at the old chestnut "whatever makes you think so?"

LEFT LUGGAGE

From Marx to Wilson

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Published December 4th

THE YEAR'S WORK IN ENGLISH STUDIES: VOLUME XLVI

Edited by T. S. Dorsch, M.A., and C. G. Harlow, M.A.

Published for the English Association. This volume covers the year 1965. 45s. net

John Murray

Fiction

AT ANOTHER DISTANCE

ARTHUR MILLER: *I Don't Need You Any More* and other stories. 240pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

MURIEL SPARK: *Collected Stories I.* 359pp. Macmillan. 30s.

As a short-story writer, Arthur Miller suggests, an author is less immodest than he is as a dramatist. Plays are aggressive, stories more personal and familiar so that the author is not so much a performer, as impersonator.

But there is no end to masks: the one we put down only leaves the one we have on. The problem is, therefore, not one of sincerity. . . . No single form can do everything well; these stories are simply what I have seen at another distance.

This is from the elusive preface (called "About Distances") to his collection of nine stories. He notes an unexpected continuity: one persistent theme is that of conflict between discipline and spontaneity. While most stories here require a smaller number of "impersonations" than plays demand (usually the author need imitate only one person, narrator or "hero"), one of them, "The Prophecy", takes on a little too much, so that it is like a long and complicated novel which the writer has cleverly abridged. A young author called Joseph Kersh is criticized by a supposedly psychic old woman for writing works which are "a bit over-constructed"—an accusation which could be used against Miller himself, in this very story.

Another recurring element is Joseph's reaction to the old woman's strictures: "He did not like her. Women ought not to criticize. She was repulsively ugly." Upon Joseph's entry into this house of women, his immediate reaction was:

Women discovered alone must have been talking about sex. He had believed this since his childhood, when his mother's bridge parties had always gone from screaming hilarity to matronly silence as soon as he appeared.

The same concern may be noted in his 1961 prizewinning story, "I Don't Need You Any More". This strong story sets down the author's demand for tradition, for family history, for Europe. Americans of Italian descent set the example—enviable to the Jewish character in "Monte Sant' Angelo". A Navy fitter may boast a grandfather, "a throwback to some giants of old whose wit and ferocity had made them lords in Calabria, chiefs among the rocks". (This story, "Fitter's Night", is remarkable also for using tellingly the idioms of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, for making descriptions of manual work interesting and for extending to Englishmen the infuriating patronage of racial tolerance.) The linking of muleness and tradition runs through a graceful vernacular monologue, "Glimpse at a Jockey".

The men are scared, did you see it where you been around? Nobody knows any more where he begins or ends, it's like they pied maps and put Chicago in Latvia. They don't allow nobody to die for loyalty any more, there's nothin' in it to steal.

This kind of feeling—that there is "a proper place" for everyone—is apparent in his concern for wild horses ("The Misfits") and even for fish: "They'll live to a ripe old age and grow prosperous and dignified. . . . And see their children grown up!"

Some stories seem too "plotty" and play-like. Others are pure anecdote, like the funny Jewish story "Fame", about an American playwright depressed by seeing his face (like a mask) on the cover of *Time*. The last story, "A Search for a Future", eloquently combines the compelling themes in an account of an over-disciplined actor whose old, dying, spontaneous father escapes from the hospital. (There is an evident resemblance here to Elia Kazan's recent novel.)

I think my father is like a man in love, or at least the organism inside him is. . . . It makes me feel as I used to when I started, when I thought that to be a great actor was like making some kind of gift to the people.

So it is, of course—like being a good writer. These stories are certainly personal.

Muriel Spark keeps her distance. Cleverer than Arthur Miller, she seems to have coolly considered every idea he could ever have and would sweat to express. In her excellent collection only one story has not been previously published, "The Playhouse Called Remarkable"—an allegory of her chaste, lunar approach to fiction and other arts. It seems that earth-people had no sort of art, save for a monotonous chant of "tum tum *va*" until some visitors arrived from the moon to set up a playhouse called "Remarkable". Even now, when the monotony and horror of "tum tum *va*" take hold of people, earthly artists rise up and struggle to proclaim the virtue of the remarkable things that are *missing* from the earth. Muriel Spark's narrators and heroines are very conscious of what is missing. They remain apart, self-possessed as if the self was the very soul of alienation. They demand restriction, protection even from what they think good.

In the stories of southern Africa, the amoral, self-regarding, aesthetic way in which the recurring heroine prefers Africans to white settlers has a refreshing similarity to William Plomer's *Turbott Wolfe*. These are cooling tales. No categories are taken for granted:

Mrs. Overend told me the story of how she rescued him from lunacy. It is true she had prevented his being taken to a mental home for treatment.

Very precise. That is as far as it is possible to go, with certainty. Among "common" people, the narrator feels a kind of pity but realizes that "like the pity we expend on monkeys merely because they are not human beings, this pity was not needed".

The narrator is always "secure in her difference from the rest". The heroines have to safeguard their privacy, until they learn "to lead a double life and listen to people ambiguously". They are pleased to find themselves accidentally breaking a general rule, thus proving to be "a different kind of neurotic from the rest". Some categories are acceptable: "Her eyes were small and fixed ready for humour, for she had decided to be a spinster and do it properly." These women are rarely angry; they are tolerant and merciless. The nubile schoolgirl is not offended by the optician's advances; she stabs his hand, carefully, with a hat-pin—as a small boy in a cinema might casually stub out his cigarette on a pederast's creeping hand. These stories are all funny; some are concerned with the supernatural and all have a ghost-story atmosphere, far removed from the natural world of human contact. This distance accounts for the incongruities which govern the author's humour.

THE MOVING FINGERS POINT

WITOLD GOMBROWICZ: *Cosmos.* Translated by Eric Mosbacher. 168pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 30s.

To charm with monotony, with deliberate irritation, is a rare ambition, rarely achieved. The sensation of reading Witold Gombrowicz's surrealistic novel recalls that of being tickled by someone who does not know when to stop. Some kinds of music, like Satie's, have a similar effect; so do certain kinds of cinema. In Godard's *Une Femme Mariée*, there is an infuriating sequence for two hands rubbing, pressing, almost squelching on each other. Gombrowicz makes his narrator write about the hand of his landlady's daughter for about three pages, in this vein:

Sometimes her third and fourth fingers touched; sometimes such embryonic movements developed into real ones, as when she touched the tablecloth with the tip of her finger or pressed her nail into it. . . . She might have been a great country full of internal movements that remain impossible to apprehend, except partially, no doubt.

To make matters worse, next to Lena's hand on the tablecloth is resting her husband's—that erotically abhorrent abomination, that remarkable object that was charged with tension, with her little hand". What did it mean? To decide, merely to determine physical possibilities, as if they might objectively make sense on their own? To make any difference? The insatiable twaddle drones on, like a very finger squeaking relentlessly on glass. He must have written "this hand" on children's slates with the same pedantic tongue protruding solemnly.

Yet the little hand started out so well—"small, relaxed, the colour of white coffee, warm and yet cool". It was not expected that the hand should become as troublesome as Katasin's mouth, which is prolonged to one side for about a millimetre, imparting a darting, gliding, reptilian motion to her upper lip which warms and excites the new lodger to feel "a kind of obscure transition leading straight to her bed, to gliding, creeping sin". The atmosphere is of an unexpectedly hot northern summer. People walk along dustily hedged country roads and the reader senses that they are overdressed, sticky and tickled by hairs. A hanged sparrow is found in this rustic labyrinth and, later, a piece of wood hanging from a tree. The narrator decides he had better hang the cat.

Hanging and I were one . . . I too wanted to be myself. Who wanted syphilis for instance? No one, of course, and yet the syphilitic wanted to be himself. It was easy to say he wanted to get well again, but it was like saying "I don't want to be what I am", it didn't ring true.

The translator (from French and German versions of the Polish) deserves much credit for a use of language which conveys a mood of glee, sensual equally about landscape and sexual matters. Among mountains, the refreshed narrator—"a decipherer of still life"—looks at the patterns of the view and at the large bird overhead: "Its not being a sparrow made it a non-sparrow and it was connected with the sparrow by virtue of this." Further on, a cassocked priest sits on a stone by the roadside. "I was reminded of the teapot, this priest was just like the teapot."

Lena's father irritates by humming "tri-li-lilee" to punctuate his deliberately fatuous conversation. When offering unwelcome and ill-informed weather forecasts, he adds: "I'd be prepared to take a solemn oath on it by all that I hold most dear." (His style recalls that of Solyony in *Three Sisters.*) He does methodical things on the tablecloth, arranging bread pellets in line. Challenged by the narrator, who calls him a filthy swine, the father explains that his habits are called "berging".

Ha, ha, ha. Berging the berg . . . Discreet and solitary bamberging under my wife's and daughter's eye.

He is "cooking a snook at the world". The narrator's room-mate is off work, because he gets on his employer's nerves, with his fish-like face. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the narrator should need room to swing a cat. The connexion is clear, everything connects—much to his regret. Rather like Siegfried Sassoon, seriously discussing his memoirs, he complains of natural order, cause and effect, the cosmos.

Born as we are out of chaos, why can we never establish contact with it? No sooner do we look at it than order, pattern, shape is born under our eye.

He too is cooking a snook at the world. A good snook it is, too, quite a flourish, the left hand (like a teapot) extending the thumb as nearly as possible in line with the little finger, no doubt.

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Medieval Literature

WHO WAS MALORY?

WILLIAM MATTHEWS: *The Ill-Framed Knight.* 259pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 12s. 6d.
BERAM SAKLATVALA: *Arthur: Roman Britain's Last Champion.* 221pp. David and Charles. 35s.
SIR THOMAS MALORY: *King Arthur and his Knights.* Edited by R. T. Davies. 271pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.

Professor Eugène Vinaver's suggestion that the name Malory, French *Malorei*, is "a nickname meaning ill-framed" gives Professor Matthews's book its splendidly punning title and at the same time establishes his bias, for he is one of many readers who find it hard to accept the "moral paradox" that such a work as *Le Morte D'Arthur* should have been written by so disreputable a person as Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revel. Kittredge's characteristically over-confident statement that the Warwickshire man is the only Thomas Malory who meets the requirements for authorship is seriously questioned by this sceptical inquiry. A new candidate, Thomas Malory of Hutton and Studley in Yorkshire, is put forward, but because he is not known to have been a knight-prisoner the evidence Professor Matthews adduces in support of him is less persuasive than the doubt he succeeds in casting on the other Malory's qualifications.

The moral paradox itself, while providing a motive for wishing to disqualify the Warwickshire claimant, hardly constitutes a reason for doing so, and Professor Matthews's arguments based on it will probably convert only the converted. Other readers may rest on the proposition that since human inconsistency is limitless, one may not rule out bad behaviour on the part of good writers; and some may see in the *Morte's* athletic, do-it-yourself chivalry a reflection of just such a temperament as that of the old disturber of the peace. Far more telling is Professor Matthews's interpretation of the historical evidence: of this he has made a vigorous reinvestigation, in the course of which he has turned up some relevant documents hitherto unknown or ignored. According to his well-reasoned argument, it seems unlikely that the Warwickshire Malory was in prison after 1461, as the author of the *Morte* must have been. It also seems unlikely that an inmate of Newgate, which was one of four prisons where Malory spent time in the 1450s and in which it has been assumed he was incarcerated in the 1460s, would have been permitted to have access to the nearby Greyfriars library for his "French books"; or that the library would have contained them. Such objections, and others like them, are not overwhelming when taken singly, but taken collectively they make an impressive case.

The most ambitious and perhaps most disappointing part of Professor Matthews's book is the linguistic analysis of the two surviving texts of the *Morte*. That both Caxton and the Winchester manuscript contain northern forms and words has always been recognized, but never before have the implications of this fact been so industriously explored. Unfortunately, while it seems safe to say that Professor Matthews has proved that the author was a "northern" man, it cannot be said that he has ruled out a Warwickshire man. The linguistic conclusions are based on a greater faith than many philologists would share in the precision attainable by Middle English dialect studies, while Professor Matthews himself sometimes treats important matters of time and space rather haphazardly. For instance, in casting doubt on the ability of a mid-fifteenth-century Warwickshire man to read the alliterative *Morte Arthure* (paraphrased by Malory), he cites Trevisa's 1387 joke about the difficulty to southerners of Yorkshire speech and then observes that Trevisa lived "only sixty miles southwest of Newbold Revel". But Newbold Revel is not much more that sixty miles from the Yorkshire border, and there is no more reason for associating its speech with Berkeley than with Hampole. Indeed, Warwickshire is usually assigned to the west midland dialect area, from which came the poems of the *Pearl*-group, whose vocabulary fits all Professor Matthews's criteria for "northern". No genuinely literary documents have survived from late medieval Warwickshire, and the two principal witnesses to the dialect are both of doubtful relevance to the present problem: the two Coventry plays were written in 1534, while the Coventry Leet-Book would hardly be expected to share Malory's chivalric, often poetic vocabulary. Nor does Professor Matthews make sufficient allowance for the influence that the large number of popular poems originating in the "north" during the later fourteenth and earlier fifteenth centuries may have had on literary language in general and especially in the border counties. He does note that *Piers Plowman*, despite its relatively southern origin, "contains much of the old vocabulary found in northern alliterative verse", but he explains this as "partly a matter of alliterative tradition, and partly, as the present writer suspects, because Langland was influenced by northern alliterative verse". If this was true of Langland, why might it not have been true of Malory of Newbold Revel, who was born farther north?

Yet despite many disagreements with its individual arguments, one must praise this book for its intelligence, learning, and lively provocativeness. Professor Matthews may well have provided the initial impulse to a movement that will ultimately unseat from his throne an involuntary pretender.

If Malory is hard to pin down, his titular hero is even harder. Beram Saklatvala's book seems an attempt to provide the details for the bird sketch of Arthur with which Collingwood concluded his *Roman Britain*. Since no new evidence is available, the author proceeds by fitting into a large pattern various bits of history, pseudo-history, philology, folklore, and pure fiction. The sheer ingenuity of the enterprise has its own fascination, but ultimately the reader comes to feel so divorced from reality that he would trade the whole glittering mosaic for one or two irrefutable facts. One's confidence diminishes when one is told (on the same page) that "in the last episode of Malory's story, Launcelot and his followers follow Mordred and oppose Arthur", and that Malory is "unlikely" to have invented the story of Launcelot and Guinevere "totally".

Mr. Davies has made a sensible and readable abridgment of the *Morte* which should be useful to teachers who wish their students to read more than just a book or two of Malory but cannot demand the whole. Inevitably, some of Malory's special flavour evaporates when the work is boiled down; as with Spenser, his divagations are intrinsic to his art.

EARLY DUTCH

Reynard the Fox and other Mediaeval Netherlands Secular Literature. Edited and introduced by B. Colledge. Translated by Adriaan J. Barnouw and B. Colledge. 194pp. Leyden: Sijthoff. London: Heinemann. 35s.

Medieval Netherlands literature has long been unfamiliar in England, even though the cultural and commercial ties between the two countries were well developed in the medieval period. Brother Edmund Colledge, who recently translated some Netherlands religious literature, has now produced a volume in the same series containing secular material.

A thorough investigation of the relationship between medieval Netherlands and English secular literature still remains to be made; and it may be that many points of contact have not been uncovered simply because of the ignorance of the Netherlands medieval contribution on the part of English medievalists. And even if such a study should reveal few startling results, the comparison of the two medieval literatures would be stimulating since writers there faced the same problem as English ones, namely, how to unite their own literary inheritance with French themes and styles; for as Brother Edmund remarks: "Nowhere . . . had the interpenetration of Romance and Germanic culture been deeper than in the southern Netherlands".

The major work in the volume is a translation of the earliest poetic version of *Van den Vos Reinaerde* by Professor Barnouw. The translation imitates the rhymed metre of the original. Generally it skips along, though the price one must pay is in such rhymes as *hi galy* and *wyf / Pont Martha stirred sharp eye* (sic). We are not told which text was used for the translation, but it is a composite one which contains readings from both the manuscripts of the earlier poetic version and from the later version in style the translator seems occasionally to have relied upon Caxton, whereas at other times he has drawn upon modern idiom, such as *it's a fix* and *brath*, so that the resulting English is somewhat mixed. This is neatly shown in the expression *ere he quit*. The translation has to some extent destroyed the subtle balance between the animals and the animal world by referring, for example, to Bruin as a "wretched man". Although they behave like humans, the animals always remain animals; and the humour springs precisely from this dual quality in their portrayal. It is a pity to spoil it.

Only the Reynard translation has a bibliography; but incredibly enough the most recent entry in it is from 1927. It is almost as though translation and bibliography had been tucked away in a drawer for the past forty years, and had been printed now without revision or modernization. The bibliography is not only out of date; it is too extensive for this book. It would have been better for Brother Edmund to have listed a few references for each work translated, as he did in his last work in this series. As it is now, the interested reader will not know where to turn upon completing this volume. At the least he could have been referred to Professor Theodoor Weevers's *Poetry of the Netherlands*. Also, some of the views expressed in Professor Barnouw's introduction to Reynard are outmoded. His statement that the poem was written by a member of the burgher class who hated feudal arrogance and prerogative is corrected by Brother Edmund in his general introduction. The poem could well contain more literary parody than social comment.

Brother Edmund's translations are all in prose, and they vary from such courtly poems as "Walewein" to the *abele spelen* like "Nu Nooh" ("Say that Again"). The dramatic pieces and "Karel ende Elegast" are translated in their entirety, but "Walewein" is represented by selections. The translations are workmanlike and convey the sense quite adequately, they contain none of the idiosyncrasies found in the Reynard translation. Yet the tone of the originals is naturally more difficult to recapture in a prose translation, though Brother Edmund's translation of "Lancelot" can well stand comparison with the

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THE BALLADS OF SIMS

By Arthur Calder-Marshall

I'd rather be that drowned harlot than the beautiful Countess May.

GEORGE R. SIMS. What distant bells, if any, does the name tinkle today? It resonated in my childhood, like the names of Robert Blatchford, Artemus Ward, Robert W. Service, in their separate ways popularly clanging, but hollow, all sound but no fury, no content. Yet in the heyday, during the last decades of the nineteenth century, George R. Sims was accepted as one of the immortals, like that improbable trinity Longfellow, Tennyson and Swinburne, with a leasehold on Parnassus in perpetuity. The name still has currency. Many more people know it than could certainly state any one thing that he wrote, except perhaps "Christmas Day in the Workhouse". He is almost fabulous, like Robin Hood, but without a fable.

This is a pity, because in the second half of the nineteenth century when most radicals were prickly, eccentric and unpopular, Sims was bohemian, warm-hearted and wildly popular. He was born on September 2, 1847, the year of what for him was the significant anniversary of the defeat of Charles II at the battle of Worcester. His mother, a Worcester girl, was aged eighteen, his father a year older. They loved one another and they loved him. Tolerance ruled in the family. When George's grandfather, a Chartist, marched on London, he was met by George's father, a Special Constable, and as it was pouring with rain they went home and had high tea, cooing over young George.

George's father had a good business as a merchant, in which his son was allowed the liberty to work during office hours, without being chastened for his journalistic scribbling and his staying out half the night.

My Life, Sixty Years of Bohemian London was begun "at the suggestion of my friend the editor of the *Evening News*, in the first hour of the year 1916" with Zeppelins overhead. Like every book he published it was a collection of newspaper articles. It has no style, no shape. It is the *causerie* of a man who has lived richly from assignment to assignment until his late sixties. His memory had gone over the past quarter of a century, but his early years, though episodic and anecdotal, were precious. One can picture the old man illuminating the dreary months of blacked-out London with the recollection of "a gayer London by night than the twentieth century has ever known. Long after midnight certain streets of the West, and notably the Haymarket, were packed with a roystering mob seeing life."

George R. Sims loved "seeing life". At the beginning of his career, still living at home at Hamilton Terrace, he would go to his father's office at 8 a.m., pop out to see his editors at lunchtime, go home and work after the office was over and then on to the Cremorne and other night spots until 3 a.m. He must have been a charmer. He left his father's office four or five times, but could always come back to do some bookkeeping. Though his father was a "Sandemanian", of a non-conformist sect, it did not matter if George arrived back with the milk. The family liked the theatre and their son was mixing with actors, managers and editors at the Unity Club. There he found a friend and patron in John Thomson, at that time dramatic critic of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

To Thomson Sims showed a poem, called "Jack's Story", which he had written in imitation of "Jim Bludso", a vernacular ballad written by the American Colonel John Hay. Hay's "Little Breeches" shows his folksy pragmatic approach to spiritual problems. It begins:

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful of things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring

and ends with some hard practical work by Angels, which the author endorses

And I think that saving a little child,
And fetching him home to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

Colonel John Hay (1838-1905) was no illiterate. A lawyer who became Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to Abraham Lincoln and served as Ambassador to England and Secretary of State, he was following Bret Harte and Mark Twain in using American dialect to cut away from literary English. The ballads of George R. Sims, therefore, are one of the earliest examples of the influence of American literature on English.

John Thomson liked "Jack's Story" and had it set up for the *Weekly Dispatch*. But the editors found it too daring and it was taken by Ambrose Bierce to the United States and published in the *San Francisco News Letter*. It was the first of the series of what later became known as "The Dagonet Ballads". Dagonet was a pseudonym which George R. Sims used when he worked on the *Referee* of which John Thomson became first editor. For these ballads Sims was paid a guinea. "They were never put forward by me as poetry, but were intended for reciters who wanted something dramatic. I generally wrote them on the Friday night, posted them at 3 a.m. and went to the office on Saturday afternoon to correct the proof." (Today we are inclined to think of the speed of life, but no copy posted at 3 a.m. Saturday morning would arrive before the first post on Monday.)

Before George R. Sims made his reputation as a ballad-writer he had, via one of his poems, achieved success on the stage. It happened this way. One afternoon, walking from St. Albans to London, he fell in with a young man and his wife, tramping to London in search of work. "The darkness fell as we tramped along, and, as we came to Highgate, the lights of the City were just visible in the rather misty darkness. 'Look Liz', exclaimed the man eagerly to his wife as he stretched out his hand towards the city, 'paved with gold', 'Yonder are the lights o' London'." That night he wrote the poem "The Lights of London Town", which was later set to music by Louis Diehl and became a popular ballad piece. And from this he developed the melodrama *The Lights o' London*, which Wilson Barrett produced at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, with wild success.

During the 1880s and 1890s George R. Sims was the most successful playwright (or perhaps one should say stage-writer, since he was often working in partnership with others and adapting from the French). Ignoring Somerset Maugham in his autobiography, he claimed to have been the only dramatist having four plays running concurrently in the West End, with the exception of J. M. Barrie who had equalled that record, but had not also had seven plays concurrently on tour.

Despite this enormous theatrical success (which he combined with assiduous journalism and series of articles on *How the Poor Live* and *Horrible London*), it is unlikely that Sir Laurence Olivier will ever feel called on to revive any of his numerous plays. He was a prodigious worker, producing among other things the first English translation of *Les Contes drolatiques* anonymously for Chatto and Windus. It was one of his less successful ventures (though he pocketed his £75 outright payment).

Chatto published the book complete and unabridged at 12s. 6d. with 425 illustrations by Gustave Doré. It was a beautiful book, made for a drawing room table or a school prize. Seeing the cover, a Midland headmaster chose a dozen copies for prize day. "John, are you mad?" asked his wife, and via the bookseller a blistering letter arrived at Chatto's. Almost by the same post came a stinker from Ruskin, whose encomia on the art of Doré could be taken to refer to *Les Contes drolatiques*. The book was withdrawn from the Chatto list and the stock disposed of to the United States.

Today George R. Sims is known chiefly as a ballad-writer. "In the Workhouse, Christmas Day" has achieved a curious immortality. Sims regarded himself as a radical and "Christmas Day in the Workhouse" (as it came to be known) was denounced, when it first appeared, as "a mischievous attempt to set the paupers against their betters". Sims was proud to announce in 1916 that he had recently read in obituaries of a well-known social reformer that it was reading this ballad which "started him on his ceaseless campaign for old age pensions, a campaign which he lived to see crowned with victory". Sims did not live to hear Billy Bennett turn it into a comic music-hall turn; or the numerous extrapolations popular at smoking concerts.

Sims was recognized as a fellow-balladist by Bret Harte, who remarked when he visited England that he "wanted to know 'Dagonet' more than Tennyson or Browning or Gladstone or anybody". It was perhaps a desire welcomed by Gladstone, Browning and Tennyson.

Sims had a genius for plunging *in medias res*. Who could read the first line

Billy's dead and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell:

without wanting to know macabrely more? Less dramatic but as titillating is the beginning of "An Old Fool (A Fashionable Conversation)":

"Dear me!" cried the Duchess; "Ha

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ha!" laughed the Earl,
While the Marchioness turned up her delicate nose
('Twas an aquiline feature not easy to curl),
And the rest of the guests gave a chorus of "Oh's!"

Sims, the champion of the underdog, was against the various establishments of aristocracy, wealth and professional piety. This is most frequently and powerfully expressed in death-bed monologues such as "Told to the Missionary", which starts

Just look 'ee here, Mr. Preacher, you're a-going a bit too fur;
There isn't the man as is livin' as I'd let say a word again her.

She's a rum-look'in' bitch, that I own to, and there is a fierce look in her eyes,
But if any cove sez as she's vicious, I sez in his teeth, he lies.

Soh! gently, old 'ooman: come here, now, and set by my side on the bed;
I wonder who'll have yer, my beauty, when him as you're all to's dead.

The word "bitch" was shocking in Victorian society even when used literally—and here few can be certain at the outset that the dying gallant is not, albeit crudely, defending his savage-looking doxy, until two lines later.

Is a cove to turn round on his dog, like, just 'cos he's goin' to die.

Though this ambiguity is cleared up, it gives place to one even more daring in the next two verses, where the word is used again.

Give it us straight now, guv'nor,—what would you have me do?
Think of my soul? I do, sir.
Think of my Saviour?—Right!
Don't be afeard of the bitch, sir: she's not a-goin' to bite.

and

And it's thinkin' about that story, and all as He did for us,
As makes me so fond of my dawg, sir, specially now I'm wus;
For a-savin' o' folks who'd kill us is a beautiful act, the which
I never heard tell on o' no one, 'cept o' Him and o' that there bitch.

When as a young man Herbert Beerbohm Tree made his first success by reciting "Told to the Missionary" he altered the word "bitch" to "dog", thereby spoiling the build-up to the story of how when, while the missus was dyin' wi' fever, the dying coster was called on to pay a dog licence which he couldn't afford.

. . . I takes her the follerin' Sunday down to the Grand Canell.
I gets her tight by the collar—the Lord forgive my sin!
And, kneelin' down on the towpath, I ducks the poor beast in.

She gave just a sudden whine like, then a look come into her eyes
As 'ull last for ever in mine, sir, up to the day I dies.

And a chill came over my heart then, and thinkin' I heard her moan,
I held her below the water, beating her skull with a stone.

You can see the mark of it now, sir—that place on the top of 'er 'ed—
And sudden she ceased to struggle, and I fancied as she was dead.

I shall never know how it happened, but goin' to loose my hold.
My knees slipped over the towpath, and into the stream I rolled.

Down like a log I went, sir, and my eyes were filled with mud,
And the water was tinged above me with a murdered creeter's blood.

At this point the conclusion can be guessed. The bitch comes back to life and saves her master from drowning and the poem ends,

When the Lord in His mercy calls me to my eternal last pitch.
I know as you'll treat her kindly—promise to take my bitch.

By Sims's own admission, these ballads were composed on Friday nights and through the early hours of Saturday morning, dashed off in a single session. I imagine him drinking with his bohemian friends early on a Friday evening, more silent than usual as the inspiration began to seep into his veins and then going home to start "The Matron's Story".

She was drunk—mad drunk—was Molly, the night that I saw her first:
I'd seen some terrible cases, but hers was the very worst.

This refuge had just been started for the daughters of night and sin,
And I was the matron here, sir, on the night that they brought her in.

Molly's drunken madness and the start of the midnight service occupied a couple of verses and then there was need for dramatic action (and perhaps a tot of inspiration). Molly "picked up a brass-bound hymn-book and aimed at our chaplain's face; / It cut him across the cheek-bone, and he uttered a cry of pain." In the dust-up which followed, having "kicked like a beast at bay", Molly suddenly reeled forward, and "still as a mouse, she lay"; this brought the fifth verse and beginning of the sixth to a climax:

And the same sort of mark we noticed was on hers and the chaplain's face,
What a fist had done for Molly the hymn-book had done for him.

The chaplain, "only a young beginner", unlike the missionary afraid of the coster's bitch, thought only for her.

"Poor lass, may the Lord forgive her as I forgive her too!"

Mad Molly left the day she was well
"—with never a word
Went back to the awful outcasts with whom such women herd."

At the refuge came news that she was dead.

Five years later (after, I suspect, another tot) "one night went our faithful priest/on a mission of love and mercy to an awful place down East". "He had entered that filthy alley and spoke God's Word aloud./ Till the people swarmed around him in a thick and threatening crowd/ . . . When a well-aimed brickbat struck him full on his hatless head/. . . Then he turned quite sick and giddy, and felt himself dragged along./ And a door was slammed in the faces of the threatening, murderous throng."

Needless to say it was Molly, who had recognized the chaplain by his scar and had called the "slops" to explain which Sims put the footnote "The police. The word originally backslang, 'ecilap' - has passed into the ordinary argot of the street". The priest was rescued, but then the crowd kicked at her prostrate body till the red blood stained her gown. She was brought to the refuge, apparently dying, but recognized by the scar on her face. And here came the surprise for an audience now inured to any Sims poem ending with a dying gasp:

Died? No, she didn't: we saved her—she's matron here under me;
That's she—and ah, here comes the chaplain—now *both* the scars you can see.

And often we tell the story,
how the Lord in His tender grace
Saved a life and a soul together,
all through a scar on the face.

It is 2.30 a.m.. I imagine. George R. Sims pours himself a nightcap as he reads through his copy, glowing with pleasure at the boldness of casting the chaplain's cheek open with a brass-bound hymnbook, aesthetically satisfied at the symbolic symmetry, certain of the success of his verse with friends of his will make from this, reciting it at their benefit nights. Knowing that incidents were not uncommon of impassioned priests breaking into East End clubs and brothels proclaiming the Word of God, he adds the last exclamation mark, seals his letter and, finishing his nightcap, goes out to catch the 3 a.m. post.

We read George R. Sims today, if at all, for the comedy of his ballads. Yet they appealed to an immensely wide audience. He was not the last of the Public Poets of the nineteenth century. There followed Kipling, Newbolt, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and later Wilhelmina Stitch.

After a lapse, public poetry has surfaced again. In bookshops, clubs, pubs and even the Albert Hall poets give tongue. I wonder if our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will respond to bob cobbing's alphabetical sound poems which end with his

Ziska zither zloty zenithal
Zen zeppelin zarathustra zebo . . .

as immediately as to Sims's Molly Jarvis O'Morley

'Twas in this way it happened: Her husband,
a horrible brute of a chap,

Was arrested for smashin' her skull with a mop and half killing the babe in her lap.

100 WHITAKERS

From a Special Correspondent

THE 1968 *Whitaker's Almanack*, which comes out next month, is the one hundredth edition, and on the back of the jacket is reproduced the only known photograph of the man who started it, Joseph Whitaker. He looks truly Victorian: stern, bearded and substantial, but it would be very fanciful to deduce from his face the fierce concern for facts which shaped and abetted his career as a publisher.

Whitaker was born in 1820 and his father was a silversmith, but he was connected with books right from the start of his working life. After a short time at Adlard's Bookshop in Bartholomew Close he went to Parker's in Oxford, where apparently he learned the contents of all the publishers' catalogues off by heart, a feat more certain to gratify the customers of a scholarly bookshop than any mere courtesy. Parker's eventually sent him to London, to open and manage a new branch in the Strand, and it was in London, in the 1850s, that he set up as a publisher.

To start with most of what he published was theological, but in 1856 he became part-time editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, whose famous correspondence pages he ran personally, disguised as Sylvanus Urban, while in 1858 he started *The Bookseller*, the present journal of the book trade. The *Almanack* itself can only have taken shape slowly but, inevitably in his mind, because all this time Whitaker was keeping a commonplace book, made up of newspaper cuttings, questions and answers from his own and other contemporary magazines, manuscript notes likely to be of use to him in the future and extracts from many different sources, such as Government Blue Books.

It may well have been the expense of his considerable family—he had sixteen children—that finally persuaded Whitaker to share all his assembled facts with the nation at large, since *The Bookseller*, though extremely successful, was not enough to support him. But he was not a man to use the title of Almanack frivolously and in order to justify it he applied to the Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airey, who liked the idea of popularizing astronomy in this way and lent him a member of his staff to prepare the tables that still appear as the first item of each *Almanack*.

The first *Whitaker's Almanack* appeared on December 10, 1868. Thirty-six thousand copies had been subscribed before publication, which suggests a vigorous piece of marketing, and the original printing order of 30,000 had to be increased several times. This first edition contained 363 pages and had an index of 1,100 entries; the 1968 centenary edition has 1,222 pages and an index of 22,000. But, over a century of regular growth, the basic conception of the *Almanack* has not changed, any more than the framework round which it is built. The publishers have been much helped by all the many people who have written in with suggestions about new inclusions; one letter that had a particularly prompt result was from Bernard Shaw, who complained, after the death of his wife, that there was no list of crematoria—one was included the following year.

The appearance of his *Almanack* did not put an end to Whitaker's involvement with other publishing interests. Through *The Bookseller* he helped, for example, to bring about the Net Book Agreement and establish price maintenance in the book trade, while in 1871 he was one of the few Englishmen to enter Paris after the siege, having helped to organize a fund for the relief of Parisian booksellers. Whitaker died in 1895.

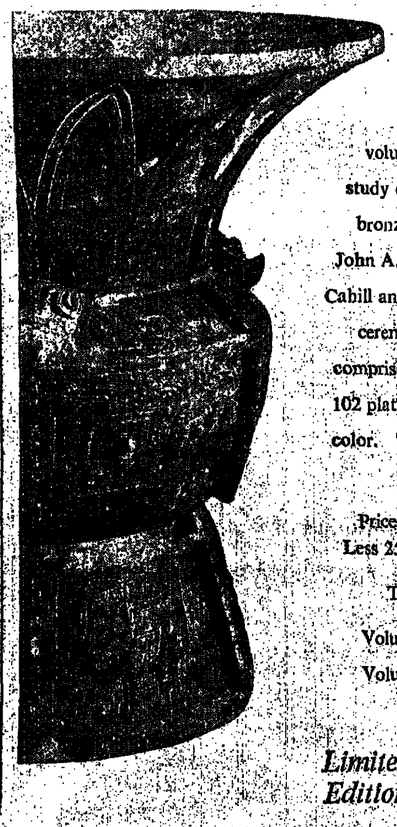
As a family man Joseph Whitaker showed much of the awe-inspiring thoroughness that helped him as a publisher; he did not have a great deal to do with the upbringing of his many children beyond insisting that they should all be good letter-writers, this being the key to success in a career. His wife meanwhile got precise directions as to the running of the family home, as is shown by a card that he wrote to her and which is still in existence:

To Mrs. Whitaker
Get up at 6.15
See that the servants are busy
Rouse and dress the children by 7.30
See that they say their prayers to the personal
Breakfast should be cleared away by 9
Put every penny down in your book
Arrange all meals *yourself*
Be as busy as you can *every day*

There would seem to be as few holes in this austere programme as there are in the famous *Almanack*.

Nobody would now question the unique position of *Whitaker's* as a convenient and authoritative book, but it is a great tribute to the founder that this unique position should have been recognized so soon after the *Almanack* first appeared. In 1878, when Cleopatra's Needle was set up on the Embankment there was the usual commotion about what signals of the age should be buried in the foundations; in the end a copy of, the current issue of the *Almanack* was interred, together with a copy of *The Times* and a copy of that other *Whitaker's Almanack*

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Chinese Studies

DEVIATIONISTS

MERLE GOLDMAN: *Literary Dissent in Communist China.* 343pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 4s.

One of the best and most luxurious restaurants in Peking used to be the dining room run for the Writers' Union and other cultural organizations north of what was then Wangfuching. One may well be sceptical about the claims of members of this club to represent either the highest ideals of revolutionary Marxism or the rights of a people oppressed by bureaucracy.

In surveying the conflicts within the literary establishment of Yenan in the 1940s and Peking of the 1950s it is absurd to assume, as does Mrs. Goldman in this study, that all the critics of Communist Party control were on the side of the angels simply because they did not like Chou Yang, the party's literary overlord until his overthrow last year. There is little to suggest that Hu Feng and Ting Ling, for example, enjoyed any great measure of popular support in their attempts to take over some of the bureaucratic structure for themselves and their friends. Indeed, serious open criticism of Chou Yang and his associates, writers and officials of the same bourgeois 1930s *background* for the most part as their earlier opponents, did not really develop until the Cultural Revolution ended once and for all the dominance of their literary generation by lying them open to attacks from the left and from younger people.

Whatever else Chou Yang has been accused of in the past couple of years there has been little if any attempt made to reverse the judgments on Ting, Hu and the rightists of 1957. Mrs. Goldman is of course entitled to regard them as carrying the torch of freedom and human rights; it is a pity she has not made it clearer that not many people in China would see them that way. The Western political and cultural values that make some writers worthy and sympathetic to her are precisely the ones that have alienated them, not only from the party machine, but also from most of the population. If this book has any effect in China it will only be to reinforce the condemnation of those she defends.

What is one to make of the attitudes that lie behind this comment on a poem of which the author approves: "impressive even by Western standards"? Her case might also be stronger if it were based on a wider acquaintance with the literary as well as with the polemical output of the writers concerned, and if it were not marred by such unfortunate errors as a summary of a short story that translates the wife (*qiqi*) of a Party cadre as his mistress.

The problems of modern Chinese writing have been serious and at times tragic; yet through the struggles China has been moving towards the creation of literary forms that suit her present situation far better than did the heritage of the medieval past or the West. In so highly political an age as the present one it is only natural that her writing should be more politicized than ours. This does not mean that western observers have no business to comment or criticize; but it does make it very difficult for them to do so usefully, unless they read a great deal more widely than they generally do these days and make the effort needed to appreciate some of the complexities of the questions involved. This book with its detailed, though rather one-sided, accounts of literary disputes, its full notes and its careful bibliography is obviously the product of some hard work. Had diligence been guided by insight and a deeper understanding the result would have been a lot more worthwhile.

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41 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

TREATY PORT VIEW

G. H. GOMPERTZ: *China in Turmoil.* 205pp. Dent. £2 5s.

The "old China hands", properly defined, were those who spent their working lives in one or other of the treaty ports, accepted the values of the British communities who clustered about the number ones and number twos of the taipan hierarchy, and, with rare exceptions, saw little and understood less of the vast country on their doorsteps. Often moved by a vague sense that the Chinese were nevertheless an impressive people, they contrived to confine their admiration for China to the sterling qualities they saw in their servants.

Mr. Gompertz's book is a flawless example of a treaty port view. Born in Hongkong, where his father was in the colonial service, he took service with Jardine Matheson and Company in Shanghai in 1924 and retired in 1948. His picture of treaty port life is entirely authentic. It was a life not as bad in its imperialist vices as Chairman Mao would have young Chinese think; but bad enough as revealed in this book to suggest why the Chinese were affronted by such communities in their midst enjoying extra-territorial rights.

Recalling a picture of Hongkong life Mr. Gompertz constantly falls into the present tense, as if "seniors" were still instructing newly arrived "juniors" in the proprieties of calling and dropping cards. The atmosphere of the junior company mess as a forcing ground of the treaty port ethos is innocently evoked. Of course there were some in this public school milieu who were found to be "stinkers" but either they caved in or they were disowned and left.

Of course Shanghai was fun. Plenty of brothels crop up in anecdotes in a boys-will-be-boys atmosphere of jollity. And if the Chinese background was uncertain, with "agitators" constantly disturbing the calm of the country, or "rascally warlords" busy with their "squabbles" over every horizon, there were visits from touring royal princes, Rear-Admiral Yangtse was one of the most-sought-after British naval appointments, and for relaxation in Shanghai there were cross-country riding, sailing, houseboats, skilled Japanese masseuses, and plenty of clubs. It was a pity that Chiang Kai-shek, "an idealist like Sun Yat-sen", never quite pulled things off.

Unaffected, plainly truthful, and in its way revealing, Mr. Gompertz's book revives a vanished era and in reminding us how the treaty port mind worked does something to explain the temper of modern China.

HIDING THE POINT

CH'EN CHIH-MAI: *Chinese Calligraphers and Their Art.* 286pp. Melbourne University Press. London: Cambridge University Press. £6.

At a time when the study of Chinese calligraphy is still toddling from antiquarianism to art history, Dr. Ch'en Chih-mai's book, with its clarity of exposition, merits the serious attention of all who are interested in this ancient form of art. In writing it, the author (a political scientist by training and diplomat by profession) addresses himself to the dual task of art historian and art critic, for his first ten chapters are devoted to the development of the Chinese written script and the art of writing it, and the rest to the aesthetics of calligraphy. The urbanity with which he disperses the legends shrouding China's calligraphical history is admirable, for he is in no sense a worshipper of the big names in palaeography and the art of writing. Also admirable is his observation of a growing tendency since the tenth century to infuse intellectuality into calligraphy. Yang Ning-shih, the ugly boy whose "waist was broader than the body", was the progenitor of this. Before that date, few great calligraphers were great intellectuals; after it, few intellectuals were not competent calligraphers.

Here, then, the historian of Chinese calligraphy must take into consideration the relevant intellectual, institutional, and technological factors. If a revolutionary change in the script, say from the *ta-chuan* (usually translated as "the great seal script") to the *hsiao-chuan* ("the small seal script"), was not due to the genius of a single man, it can be explained only in institutional and technological terms. In this particular instance, Dr. Ch'en rightly draws his readers' attention to the unification of the written script and the wide use of the writing brush, but unfortunately there is a dearth of information on the institutional and technological changes relating to other stylistic innovations. Two points should suffice to make this clear. In the third and fourth centuries truly modern calligraphers such as Chung Yu, Wang Hsi-chih, and Wang Hsien-chih emerged. This was also the period in which Chinese scroll painting reached a new stage (for instance, the *Nü-shih-chen* by Ku K'ai-chih in the British Museum). Is it reasonable to suppose that there was a radical change in the method of brush-making? After all, before the introduction of the *chang-ts'ao* style, the point of the writing brush was rarely, if at all, shown in a stroke whereas after Chung and Wang students of calligraphy had to practise for years before they could "hide the point" (*ts'ang-feng*). It seems more likely that the brush used before the third century was blunt than that all the calligraphers of that period had been trained to hide their point. A study of the history of the brush should therefore be a great help towards a deeper understanding of stylistic changes. Institutionally, it seems pertinent to know more about the patterns of patronage and their influence on the art. Government documents, examination scripts, commemorative tablets (*pei*, as against *t'ieh* which do not commemorate anything), shop-signs, and scrolls hung in drawing rooms or studios, are the uses for which calligraphy was patronized and in which it was bound up with intellectual, social, political, and commercial factors. Until these factors are properly linked up with the art and until the patterns of patronage are clear, the study of calligraphy will continue to remain in the toddling stage between antiquarianism and art history.

But it is in the three chapters on Calligraphy as an Art that Dr. Ch'en has raised his study to a higher plane. Seemingly effortlessly, he has not only translated some traditional criteria into more comprehensible terms, but also compared Chinese with Western aesthetic standards wherever comparison is possible. The book is sensibly and exquisitely illustrated throughout with representative specimens by old masters. To sustain his readers' interest, Dr. Ch'en also spices his work with a large number of anecdotes. Occasionally he goes a bit too far. For instance, he believes that Chao Meng-fu wrote 10,000 characters a day and that Wen Cheng-ming copied out the *Thousand Characters Essay* ten times a day. Allowing five seconds for writing each character, this means fourteen hours of solid work with no break for food, tea, or a friendly chat. Surely, the life of a calligrapher could not possibly be as hard as all that.

Bordas Laffont of Paris have published volumes 3 and 4 of *Le Monde et son histoire*, a ten-volume history of the world from prehistoric times up until the present day (6-fr. each). These two volumes deal with the period from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries A.D. and the text of both is by Luce Pietri, a lecturer in ancient history at Lille University. Volume 3 starts with Clovis and ends with the Crusades, volume 4 starts with the growth of commerce in the thirteenth century and ends with the Renaissance.

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THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

WE ARE AN UNGRATEFUL generation. To win for women a political equality with men which we now take completely for granted, our grandmothers—some of them—went to gaol, endured hunger strikes and forcible feeding, even flung themselves to death beneath the hooves of galloping racehorses. And we, their granddaughters, find these heroic exploits faintly funny. Ardent suffragettes chaining themselves to railings outside the Houses of Parliament or stencilling "Votes for Women" across the immaculate greens of championship golf courses—such antics are to us a slightly embarrassing joke and nothing more. It is typical of the attitude of women in general towards the suffragette movement that of the eight women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, only one bears the name of a pioneer of that movement. We enjoy the fruit of their labours, but the truth is that we find it impossible to take these serious-minded women really seriously.

This humorous side to the suffragette movement combined with its extreme historical importance make it a "natural" for such witty but essentially responsible historians as Mr. Roger Fulford and, now, Mr. David Mitchell. Unlike Mr. Fulford's *Votes for Women*, which was published in 1957, Mr. Mitchell's *The Fighting Pankhursts* is in no sense a history of the suffragette movement; in fact, that movement occupies only one of the seven parts into which the book is divided. Instead, he gives us a quadruple biography of the four fighting Pankhursts, Emmeline, Christabel, Sylvia, and the less known, but not less interesting, Adela. Mr. Mitchell does not belittle his heroines; he sees them in the round, courageous, romantic, exasperating, and very funny. Reared in the severely bracing moral climate of nineteenth-century Manchester, the Pankhursts hurled themselves into battle with an energy and a righteous enthusiasm which today seem positively terrifying. Even when the fight for women's suffrage had been won they could not rest or relax. Mr. Mitchell brilliantly describes their reaction to the inertia and the ironic detachment characteristic of the postwar world of the 1920s:

> In almost gleeful cacophonous counterpoint the Pankhursts continued their attempt to penetrate the wilful, perhaps merciful deafness of the masses. The shafts of their cross purposes, the furious enfilading fire from far Right and extreme Left, were aimed as much at that apolitical, hobby-dulled, subhuman indifference which they could never understand or tolerate, as at each other, or at the ideologies which they seemed to represent. People must not be allowed to wallow in Ignorance. They must be forced to take an interest in their destiny. . . . Caught fast in the prison of their ingrained, overmastering *concern* the Pankhursts continued to agonize on behalf of the multitudes outside. Was it possible, they cried through bars of iron sincerity, to live for bread alone? Was it possible to exist without a cause?

For the Pankhursts themselves clearly it was not. The pity was that once the unifying cry, "Votes for Women" ceased to sound these four highly idiosyncratic women could find no common cause. Between them in later years they covered almost the whole range of political and religious opinion, from conservatism to communism, from humanism to the Roman Catholic Church, and, as every Pankhurst was only too willing and eager to fight in defence of her own ideology, naturally the fur flew. Only Emmeline and her eldest daughter Christabel, who had always worked together harmoniously, remained good friends. Both of them became Tories, Emmeline actually standing for Parliament as a Conservative Candidate.

Christabel also ended up as a pillar of the political establishment, although perhaps a little out of line with some of her fellow pillars, and she was rewarded by being made a Dame of that British Empire which she had done her best to shake to its foundations in her far-away suffragette days. Politics, however, interested her far less than religion. She became a convinced Second Adventist, preaching fundamentalism as ardently as she had once preached women's suffrage and writing impassioned little books with such titles as *The Lord Cometh!* and *Pressing Problems of the Closing Age*. Meanwhile Adela, who had never formed part of the innermost Pankhurst circle, emigrated to Australia, where she became well known as a supporter both of women's rights and of communism. Later, she changed her views and organized the Women's League of Empire; later still, she antagonized all good Australian imperialists by her passionate advocacy of an alliance with Japan. Lest it be thought that these changes of front indicate an instability remarkable even in a Pankhurst it should be pointed out that in some ways Adela was the most stable and satisfactory member of her family; she married happily, brought up seven children, and died an orthodox Christian in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

The second daughter, Sylvia, was the only Pankhurst to remain faithful to the strict Socialist creed in which they had all been brought up. True, she strayed for a while in the direction of Red Russia, but she abandoned the Bolshevik revolutionaries as soon as she discovered that their behaviour was not in accordance with the genuine Socialist gospel. Mr. Mitchell clearly has a soft spot for poor, plain Sylvia—for so she appears in her photographs, although we are told more than once that in moments of enthusiasm her face could take on "a real beauty". Inevitably she was jealous of pretty Christabel, her mother's favourite; inevitably she was tormented by her love-hate relationship with that same attractive, dominating mother. Faithful as always to the principles of her "progressive" creed, she refused to marry the man she lived with and genuinely loved, and she insisted that their child must be born illegitimate. Mr. Mitchell shows Sylvia as an infuriating character, but somehow an endearing one. Perhaps it is her generosity which attracts; she did not merely champion the cause of the poor and helpless, she identified herself with them in a manner which would have been impossible for Emmeline and Christabel. For all her oddity, there was about Sylvia a touch of nobility and it is good to know that in old age she at last found real happiness, not in the peace of retirement but, typically enough, in a final splendid battle with the forces of oppression. Sylvia's championship of the cause of Ethiopia and the Emperor Haile Selassie was an episode which afforded her immense satisfaction. She paid several visits to Ethiopia, a country where she was revered as a mother in Israel, and, dying there, she was buried according to the strange rites of the ancient Coptic Church, an odd ending for one who had remained all her life a convinced agnostic, or, as Mr. Mitchell puts it, "a dynamo of humanism".

The description is apt. A fierce concern for humanity at large, and especially for the under-privileged, turned the Pankhurst family into a dynamic driving force such as the feminist movement had never seen before and, perhaps mercifully, has never seen since. We slow mortals must be given time to digest benefits; humanity cannot be saved helter-skelter. But in 1889, the year when Emmeline Pankhurst formed the Women's Franchise League to act as a "ginger-group", there was a crying need for a new leader to galvanize the supporters of women's rights into action and put some aggressive spirit into them; during the previous twenty-five years they had hardly advanced a step from the safe, decorous positions taken up by such early pioneers as Anna Jameson, who had died as long ago as 1860.

If Mrs. Jameson is remembered at all nowadays it is as a critic of art and literature. Her contemporaries, however, knew her also as a supporter of the women's movement, if indeed the vague feminism of the 1840s and 1850s could be said to move at all, and her latest biographer, Miss Clara Thomas, goes so far as to describe her as "a deliberate exponent of the rights of women" in *Love and Work Enough*. Anna Jameson could exclaim, "How I hate political women!" and declare herself to be "no vulgar, vehement arguer about the rights of women, and from my habitual tone of thought and feeling the last to covet any of your masculine privileges". However, in later life she took to lecturing on subjects connected with the women's movement, and she acted as guide, philosopher and friend to a little group of young women which included two well-known pioneers of that movement, Barbara Bodichon and Emily Faithful. The writer of her obituary notice referred to "her zeal for her sex and for art", but it is to be feared that to any Pankhurst Anna Jameson's "zeal for her sex" would have seemed less than lukewarm.

Especially would they have been horrified by her attitude towards her own trade of author. "Her critics at this stage of her career treated her as a *lady*-writer first and a writer afterwards", Miss Thomas says of Mrs. Jameson's early days of authorship, adding, "This she expected, and, indeed, of it she made capital." Although this may seem a slightly amateurish attitude, Anna Jameson was in fact a thoroughly professional author. She was prepared to produce novels, guide-books, travel-sketches, anything, in fact, that would sell. To each of her varied subjects she applied herself with great industry and competence, and the result would be an informative and readable book, but never an inspired or an inspiring one. The same criticism applies to this scholarly biography; it is a competent piece of work but the vital spark is missing.

This is a pity because although Anna Jameson was an indifferent writer, she was an entertaining character, and her life was an unusual one. Born the daughter of an impoverished Irish artist, she married Robert Jameson, a friend of Charles Lamb and the Colebridge family. The marriage was not a happy one: after practising for a while at the English Bar, Jameson became a judge in Dominica and, finally, Chancellor of Upper Canada. His wife did not accompany him; instead, she made an interesting life for herself as a well-known figure in English literary and artistic circles. Her books brought her money, fame, and friendship with many celebrities, including Fanny Kemble, the Brownings, Lady Byron, and Mrs. Carlyle, and her views on art and literature helped to mould the taste of a whole generation, or, more accurately, a whole female generation, since most of her readers were women.

Today, however, Anna Jameson the critic seems sadly outdated, and it is only Anna Jameson the individual who can hold our attention. It is a pity, therefore, that Miss Thomas has not really attempted to answer one or two important questions about Mrs. Jameson's private life. Was she, as Miss Thomas hints, in love with Henry Behnes Burlowe, or, as seems equally probable, with Lady Byron's cousin, Robert Noel? More important, what were the reasons for the failure of her marriage? Only towards the end of her book does Miss Thomas suggest that *the marriage* may never have been consummated, an interesting point because Robert Jameson's passionately affectionate letters, contrasting so strangely with his chilly behaviour to his wife, inevitably recall the tragic "marriage" of Effie and Ruskin.

Again, Miss Thomas does not even mention, let alone explain, the curious fact that neither Anna Jameson's broken marriage nor her support of the women's movement seem to have affected her social position; in an age when feminist views were regarded as an impropriety and social outcasts frowned on any wife, however innocent, who lived apart from her husband, she was accepted everywhere and her respectability was never called in question.

"Respectable" is the last word to apply to Victoria Woodhull, as famous, or infamous, America champion of women's rights, who was once not inaptly caricatured as "Mrs. Satan". Yet, incredible enough, she too won acceptance from society on both sides of the Atlantic, and, in the end, attained to that ultimate haven of respectability, marriage with an English banking family (it would have been far less surprising had she landed a Duke). Victoria was born a thoroughly disreputable person whom she loyally supported through all vicissitudes and there were many. Throughout life her inseparable companion was her sister Tennessee Claflin, a splendidly unmoral creature. Tennessee certainly had her eyes wide open for the main chance but she could be both invaluable and uncalculating, as when she turned down a genuine offer of marriage from her vastly wealthy lover, Cornelius Vanderbilt. Victoria was a very different character at least on the surface; through an astonishing sequence of adventures and love-affairs even more lurid than her sister's she remained invincibly lady-like, "pale, beautiful and simply dressed as always". A clairvoyant and medium, with Demosthenes as her spirit control, preacher and practiser of free love, idol of the National Women's Suffrage Association, which Tennessee the first woman to address on Wall Street, first woman to address a Congressional Committee, first woman to stand for the presidency of the United States, sued for libel, sued for obscenity, her successful defence being that the same expressions could be found in the book of Deuteronomy, married, divorced, remarried countless times, with, of course, plenty of free love into the bargain—and in spite of her insistence on "ideal principles", free love for Victoria did not mean quite the same thing as it did for Sylvia Pankhurst. Such a career surely deserved its "final" rewards of an English country house under Bredon Hill and a memorial at Tewkesbury Abbey (a comparison Tennessee's marble mausoleum in Portugal seems very unimpressive).

Miss Johnston in *Mrs. Satan* presents this extraordinary story closely and as carefully as any historian could wish. She has written a book as entertaining as Lady Cunard's delectable *Recollections* and, unlike Lady Cardigan, she never appears, written nothing but the truth, strictly, incredibly, true.

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 30 1967

THE NO MAN'S LAND OF READING

DOES IT MATTER what people read; is reading anything better than reading nothing; does the reading of poor books have a harmful effect? This is a controversy which is never resolved, partly because, in the end, each side starts compromising and agrees politely that both are really working for the same end. It is time that those who support quality spoke in less equivocal terms. Reading may give practice in a basic skill or help to pass the time, but in itself it is not particularly beneficial. The book is more fitted than other media to the development of complex ideas and complex characters, to the building up of the thick texture of life, but it is questionable whether it is the best medium for light entertainment. Is there much more virtue in reading Wodehouse than in watching television's "World of Wooster"? It is obviously valuable to work to improve reading skills, but let us not pretend that this has much to do with literature. Many writers from Lawrence to Holbrook have defined the role of literature in the development of the individual; Dr. Leavis speaks for them all in his phrase on the major novelists promoting "awareness of the possibilities of life". Work with books which is based on this theme, the uncovering of life, the awakening of response, has obviously great relevance to the needs of the adolescent and is work of great excitement.

It is disappointing, then, that so many teachers and librarians fail to seize their opportunities to introduce the great books to young people. These guardians of our young in general base their book selection on the years of children's literature; they are fond of quoting de la Mare's "Only the rarest kind of best in anything is good enough for the young." How strange, then, that they tend to lose their touch completely when it comes to adult material for older children. Some believe it necessary to lower standards in choosing books for adolescent sections, some study love comics and war magazines and then look for books which have a similar appeal; there is a great deal of talk of "enticing the young people into the library" and of "starting at their level". Behind these attitudes lies a genuine concern that young adults should read, and an anxiety about the drift from reading which begins about thirteen. Nevertheless, they are attitudes which appear both mistaken and naive—very similar to the nineteenth-century belief that public libraries would wean the workers from the gin palaces.

We need here a major change of heart. First we should stop underestimating young people and wasting their time on the superficial. Educationists are now challenging the assumption that slow learners are not interested in ideas: of recent writers Professor Hirst, in the Schools Council's *Working Paper No. 12*, is particularly outspoken on the need to "get away completely from the idea that linguistic and abstract forms of thought are not for some people". Secondly, we should recognize that language development is the key to progress in reading: helping young people to a grasp of language sufficient to formulate ideas and receive the stimulus of new thoughts must be a basic concern. Then, too, we must be aware of changes in adolescent attitudes during the past decade. Professor Musgrave holds the view that "now young people tend to accept their society as they find it", their aims are small, centred on a repetition of their parents' lives; the new problem is that of apathy, not rebellion, and young people need to be wakened into involvement. If this view is accepted, it requires literature of strength rather than popular appeal; Sillitoe rather than Shute, Hemingway, not Heyer.

Lastly, as well as faith in the power of literature, we need a realization of the insidious effect of the second-rate. It is strange that only in the field of books is there uncertainty about standards and aims. Art galleries do not buy strip cartoons, nor orchestras perform variations on pop music tunes to make the teenagers feel at home. They try, rather, to attract by providing the best. Here is a lesson for those who deal with books. If they know literature as a force in their own lives they will not wish to cheat young people with the trivial, but will try instead to build bridges between them and the books which will help their growth. If the Newsom as well as the academic child is to be nourished, the bridges must be far-reaching indeed. The former, particularly, needs the halfway house of extracts, play readings, discussions based on passages read aloud, and, in addition, a number of changes in appearances. The "book's for older readers" in the publishers' lists must look more adult so that they stand a chance of reaching their audience. Libraries should be arranged mainly in small display groups rather than disheartening ranks. Public libraries and schools must recognize that the paperback is an accepted part of adolescent life while the hardback is not, and act upon it. We need experiments: why cannot some enterprising public library demonstrate that it is concerned with reading more than book borrowing and lease space on its site to a bookshop, as many universities have done?

Alan Garner: Thursday's Child . . . 1134
Madame de Ségur Recalled 1144
Fair Play for Eric! 1150
Passport to Picture Books 1163

Fantasy	1133-34, 1145	Under Nines	1153, 1158
Children Abroad ..	1135, 1156	Older Readers	1154-55
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EDWARD BLISHEN (Editor): *Come Reading*. Michael Joseph. 30s.

Come Reading contains extracts, about six pages long, from works of sixty authors: they are grouped into nine categories, as "Seas and Islands", "Amusements", and at the end of each section is a list of further recommendations. These bibliographies and the commentaries which introduce each section make this not only an anthology but also a reading guide: the particular aim has been to demonstrate the "huge variety of scene and situation offered by books". Mr. Blishen is such a splendid figure in the world of children's books that one would wish to applaud all he does and must regret being unable to huzza unrestrainedly his new book. Some qualms come even before opening it. The sub-title, "A book of prose for young readers", is unfortunate: the thing young readers wish to be reminded of least is their youth. Then the jacket, gaily designed by Brian Wildsmith, seems out of key for anyone over nine, yet the index of authors, which includes Melville, Smollett and Thackeray, indicates that a much older readership is envisaged. The anthology is undeniably a collection of good things, but the contents page brings a sense of disappointment. The "wide variety of worlds" offered proves to be rather limited. One notices first that it is a rather old-fashioned collection. Only six of the authors represented are contemporary, and the extracts are mainly from standard books which have been recommended to children for at least the past forty years—Doyle, Haggard, Defoe. The similarity between this reading list and that of the Victorian Bastables is striking. It is essentially a man's collection: we have mystery, adventure, humour, but miss the domestic touch and sharp observation of the social world which is the woman writer's special province.

If it is true, as a reviewer suggested in the last Children's Supplement, that "prose anthologies can earn their keep by bringing to light what might have lingered in obscurity", then we must feel a little cheated, for this is basically a collection of old favourites, with only a handful of titles be won by anthologies or "100 books you should read" or collections such as Edward Blishen's *Come Reading*.

NORMAN CULPAN, in the Introduction to *Contemporary Adult Fiction, 1945-1965*, his new bibliography, writes of the taste for good books coming from "infection, encouragement, opportunity". This is a text for all who help young people's reading. The work is essentially personal; it needs an enthusiasm for books, an intuition which suggests the right book at the right moment, and a determination to create the appropriate conditions. There must, however, be a variety of methods. Some children will prefer the secondhand encounter, some take most easily from the outsider, and some enjoy the discipline of working through a booklist. These are the children who may



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BODLEY HEAD PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Brockhampton Press 1967

The Brockhampton Press story for 1967 has been one of increased expansion in several fields, notably in two series of books designed for children to buy for themselves, Knight Books, the new imprint in paperback publishing for children, and Picture Reference Books.

Knight Books

Titles already published include:

Bambi Felix Salten 5/-
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Linnets and Valerians Elizabeth Goudge 5/-
The Hound of Ulster Rosemary Sutcliff 3/6
The Good Master Kate Seredy 3/6
The boy who was afraid Armstrong Sperry 3/6
Daddy-Long-Legs Jean Webster 3/6
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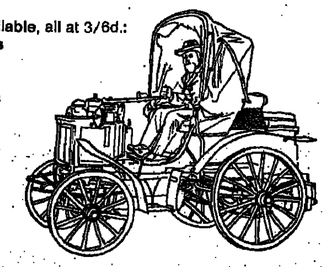
Apply for free copies of **Knight Book News** which is designed for children. The current issue contains a new story by Mary Treadgold.

Over thirty titles will be published in 1968 including:
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MIRACLES ON MAPLE HILL ***Virginia Sorensen 15/-***
It is clear why it won the 1967 Newbery Medal for an outstanding contribution to American literature.
Times Literary Supplement

THE KINGFISHERS ***Karel Novy 15/-***
Illustrated in full colour by Mirko Hanak



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which could be termed discoveries. When Mr. Blishen says he compiled this book as "a sort of celebration of all that pleasure I had from reading long ago", he is probably nearest to the truth. We must not grudge him his personal choice: it is the selection of a man whose life is centred on books, and it is going to appeal to that sort of child—the intelligent eleven-year-old already attracted to books.

One hesitates to mention ages, for it is difficult to define the probable readership. The reading list of fantasy, for example, includes Carroll, Andersen, Bradbury and Golding. Will the child willing to read the two former pass without a tremor to the latter? Will the child who can cope with Eric Ambler and Samuel Butler accept the chummy tone of the preface? Perhaps it is all part of a plan that remains obscure. What is certain is that *Come Reading* is primarily an introduction to adult books: only eleven of the sixty extracts are from children's books. Herein lies much of its value, as a bridge between the two categories. We tend to forget how bewildering is the vast world of adult literature; here is presented a small, manageable selection. Many of the problems that arise in the reading of adolescents would disappear if there were more blurring of the distinction between adult and children's books, and between adult and children's libraries.

The greatest gap between promise and achievement is in the compiler's hope that he may "startle the young into reading". This is exactly what we should be doing, but these safe choices from far-away days contain little to startle. It may be argued that this anthology is for the pre-adolescent, for whom the extrovert appeal is most appropriate, but even at this level one can think of books like Helen Griffiths's *The Greyhound of* Anna Holm's *I am David*, which would catch the emotions. This approach is even more necessary with the adolescent reader. If reading is considered no more than Trollope's "the recognized amusement of our lighter hours", then fishing and football have equal claims. If, as some of us believe, it is far more, our concern must be with books which, harnessing the growing self-awareness of the adolescent, lead him to a fuller knowledge of himself and other people.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

IN *Creative Writing for Juniors* Barry Maybury quotes a child's description of the branches of trees. "They started thick and rough", the child wrote, "but when they went further out into the air they were petering and small." One marvels at that; it is *real* writing. It is, to begin with, observed; "when they went further out into the air" is a phrase that contains and matches the original act of looking at those branches. As for "petering", what a splendid word! No child buckling down dutifully and dully to a required piece of descriptive writing could ever have felt for, and seized on, that unexpected usage.

What led to that piece of writing? The children in fact went out and looked at trees. Mr. Maybury, a little to one's dismay, calls the process "sense training". There is nothing wrong with that, as a description; one's dread is that teachers might grasp at it, as a neat formulation—something that might almost be dropped into its little box in the time table. "Today we will have sense training." It would tame and tidy the activity. And it is at bottom the teacher's leaning towards tameness and tidiness that makes it still rare for children to do anything so obvious as going out and looking at trees before trying to describe them in words.

* * *

There *has* been a revolution in attitudes to English teaching, and more and more children every year go out and look at the trees—to use an over-simple symbol of the change. Mr. Maybury's book is an excellent, quiet, consolidating part of that revolution. The seminal books include George Sampson's *English for the English* and, in our own day, David Holbrook's, *English for Maturity*. The latter was first published in 1961; a revised second edition has now appeared. Mr. Holbrook's main argument was that English teaching should be addressed to "the culture of the feelings". Children should be offered an experience of first-class literature—the literature of strength, in fact, referred to in the front-page article, and defined by Mr. Holbrook at length. Through such a course, children would be constantly aware of words as a means by which their own increasing engrossment with life could be given order and significance.

In order to clear a way for this argument, Mr. Holbrook found it necessary to attack much in the common fabric of teaching; especially, since he was mainly concerned with the secondary modern school, the low view which the found teachers tended to have of the capacity and needs of their pupils. This attack he carried into the whole social field, pointing to the shallow, brittle, fashion-ridden quality of the general life to which both teachers and children were exposed. *English for Maturity* is a closely-argued text for teachers. It has one winged foot firmly on the ground. But it is also a diatribe against the whole tendency of our times. When he came to revising it, Mr. Holbrook tells us, he was tempted to rewrite it entirely, or at least to modify his "wilder generalizations". Fortunately, he has not done this. It would be a sad day if Mr. Holbrook mastered the meagre art of being unirritating. As it is, the book still offers a challenge to common ideas that is surely not the worse for being bound to anger almost any reader at some point. The large change in approaches to teaching for which Mr. Holbrook is pressing cannot be achieved without passion or radical disturbance.

* * *

It is interesting to note one or two of the differences between the two editions. Mr. Holbrook has been obliged to increase his gallery of villains; now it must include the Certificate of Secondary Education, which has emerged since 1961 and threatens to lay teaching in the secondary modern field under the same sterile constraints as are imposed on grammar school teaching by G.C.E. Less seriously, one observes that in a list of "manic" and "impotent" works of art the former reference to "much contemporary poetry including Dylan Thomas" now reads "much contemporary poetry, not least the Beats". To some of us it may be a relief that Dylan Thomas has at last sunk below the horizon of Mr. Holbrook's wrath.

He claims, fairly enough, that some of his more sweeping statements that remain unrevised have been modified by work he has published since *English for Maturity*. Perhaps the most important part of that work has been the devastating analysis of the shortcomings of teacher training in the field of English, contained in his recent book, *The Exploring Word*. There he showed that student teachers are being widely taught the hollow generalities of literary history rather than being given a careful, intense, hard-won experience of literature. Mr. Holbrook pointed in particular to the great need that teachers in training should be helped to assess understandingly, the written work of children. *Children's Writing* is a companion to *The Exploring Word*: attached to its many examples are questions and comments that will help to guide student teachers in this most difficult of their tasks. Mr. Holbrook recognizes that some of the conditions that create that difficulty are missing from these exercises: the rush, the complications that arise when a teacher knows not only a child's work but the awkward elusive child, himself. But these remain eminently practical and sensitive exercises. A measure of their practical character is that much of the children's writing is reproduced in the original script. To learn to deal before he ever steps into the classroom with the puzzle and frequent dishevelment of actual handwriting will strengthen the young teacher against all manner of unhelpful dismays.

* * *

The revolution in English teaching has its factions, like other revolutions; and it is difficult to be sure that Mr. Holbrook would entirely endorse the approach of Mr. Maybury. To begin with, Mr. Holbrook might (and very justly) demur at the phrase "creative writing". As one of his chapter headings suggests, he prefers the warmer and less prescriptive term "making things up". The trouble with "creative writing" is that it implies its opposite uncreative writing. It is surely not true that we create only when we write imaginatively: that argumentative or expicatory prose is never creative. Around the term might very well grow up, among teachers and pupils, a sense of the bright, warm activity as opposed to the dull, laborious one. Again, Mr. Holbrook attacks that line of direction in the new teaching that has led, he argues, to a false stress on vocabulary. It begins, this heresy, with Mr. Maybury's sense training: you look at your trees, you blow bubbles or walk about in bare feet, and then a sort of literary committee the children and the teacher discuss the words that might be used to describe these visions, these sensations. The results, when children get down to writing, can be depressingly pretentious and similar. Mr. Maybury commends the practice, and it seems a flaw in an otherwise very attractive handbook for teachers. It is surely better that the discussion of words should arise after, not before, the writing is done: in the form of praise for some, gently expressed dissatisfaction with others. The attention to words would remain, but not in such a way that the class would be already armed with a vocabulary everybody's and nobody's, before they began. It seems unlikely that the word "petering", in that description of the tree, would have occurred to a child who had already talked out the question of vocabulary before he wrote a line.

But, these points aside, Mr. Maybury's is a delightful book, suggesting many different ways in which the connexion between a child's experience and what he writes can be kept alive. Much highly-original children's work is quoted, and suggestions are made of stories, poems and extracts that might be read in association with particular topics.

* * *

Richard Lewis's collection of poems by children, aged between 5 and 14, drawn from all over the English-speaking world, has an unfortunate title. The plain fact, as both *Children's Writing* and Mr. Maybury's book prove, is that good poems by children are not miracles: and it may not be helpful for us to think of them so ecstatically. But this is a book containing many lovely and fresh things, most handsomely presented. In the present context, one must see it as a challenge to all those teachers who, untouched by the new approach, never release in children the verbal freshness and surprise of ten-year-old Charles Gluck's poem of November:

The birds have all flown
And I am alone,
In the big sky's mouth.

BARRY MAYBURY: *Creative Writing for Juniors*. Batsford. 25s.
DAVID HOLBROOK: *English for Maturity*. Second edition. Cambridge Press. 35s. each.
RICHARD LEWIS (Editor): *Miracles*. Allen Lane: The Penguin Press. 30s.

Fantasy—1

SEA CHANGES

LUCY BOSTON'S *The Sea Egg* is, except for the slighter *Castle of Yew*, the first of her books not to have as its main scene (and in most cases almost its main character) the house, Green Knowe. It has the sea instead, and this forms, contains the book as completely, miraculously as Green Knowe formed and contained the others. Mrs. Boston seems to feel and understand it quite as well.

Jo and Toby on holiday in the late



From *The Sea Egg*

summer buy from a local fisherman a strange green egg-shaped stone—a sea egg they call it, and sure enough it hatches out baby Triton (a merman that is) with whom for a brief, joyous, marvellous interlude they make friends, swimming with him finally by moonlight to an island, where they dive dangerously but superbly to the sea-filled cave at its centre where the seals meet. Afterwards the Triton disappears with his kin to the south and the sea raging in early autumn storms takes over again the shore where the boys have lived and played.

Like all Mrs. Boston's work, this is a specially beautiful book. The story is less complex than earlier ones, gentler in some respects, yet subtler, more remote in others. For there is no human conflict here, or moral one—the house for all its strange antiquity was man-made, but the sea accepts men only on sufferance; allowing them as it allows Jo and Toby to use and explore it, or rejecting them when it chooses, as at the end of the book. Mrs. Boston's writing has this chameleon quality of absorbing the flavour and character of what she writes about and, as Jasper Rose noted in

but man-made mostly and consciously arranged, while here they are sea-made, sea-arranged, pebbles, for instance, and shells and all the "rich seascape" of the rock pools with "their pink sea-lace fringes and pebbles shiny like beads at the bottom of a jewel box". But there is more to it than that. The sea is not just the background of the story, it is the story itself—the plot develops through its changing moods, these so precisely, enthrallingly described, no other modern writer does it better.

The boat roared straight out to sea, over fidgety water. The surface of the slow heaves was no longer smooth but faceted like badly cut jewelry, little angular planes tipped in every direction and, strilling without seeming to have any momentum. It fretted and dibbled at the sides of the boat.

The Triton links the sea and the two boys; his moods—playfulness and increasing grandeur, his eventual unregretful parting from them—reflect the sea's moods but also touch warmer human feelings because of his resemblances to a human baby; most especially in the wholly joyful and ecstatic episode when he first plays with Jo and Toby in the sea. It is the warmth and reality of this temporary relationship and of the more permanent ones between the boys, and also their parents, which anchor the story, balancing the colder, impersonal sea forces. The humour helps too; the marvellous ribaldry when the fishermen pick up Jo and Toby from their moonlight swim, the wit in some of the imagery—the seals floating upright like "half-sunk bottles", the Triton watching, fascinated, as the boys take off their oilskins.

"He thinks we're coming out of our shells, like crabs", said Toby.

Perhaps it is this kind of anchoring that William Faulkner's first and only children's book lacks. *The Wishing Tree* was written in 1927, not published till 1964 in the United States. It is a curious book, with (the last thing one would expect from him) a kind of sweet Victorian moral; and with a floating, dreamlike atmosphere. It is about a dream in fact, of a little girl called Dulcie on her birthday morning, beginning and ending in a striking and quite beautiful image, which takes Dulcie first into the dream and then, at last, out of it.

She was still asleep but she could feel herself rising up out of sleep just like a balloon; it was like she was a goldfish in a round bowl of sleep rising and rising through the warm waters of sleep to the top. And then she would be awake.

In her room she finds waiting a red-headed boy. With him, her younger brother, some friends and strangers she sets out to find the Wishing Tree—is successful too, but the wishes turn out dangerous as well as joyful (and at times convenient) for they are not always consciously, carefully, selflessly made.

This procession of wishes, wished, then altered by others' wishing, flies by so swiftly that it is often hard to catch. Reading is like a kind of dream steeplechase: incidents, dangers, adventures are like fences which you are up to and over before you'd ever realized they were near. Perhaps it is too illusive and allusive for all but the most perceptive children; but beautiful in a way and interesting. Would it have been published but for Faulkner's name? Perhaps not—but that might have been a pity.

Sparrows and Bouins, by Susan Skinner, has something, too, if it is not totally convincing. The Sparrows are children, the Bouins a race of furry miniature people who live at the bottom of their garden with a highly technological culture given them by a mysterious stranger now dead. They even have a telephone exchange through which they seek the Sparrows' help when their baby gets lost. The details range from inventive to shaky.

It is hard to believe, for instance, that the Bouins can make washing-machines and not houses, and wherever do they get what would have to be a wide range of raw materials? But some set pieces such as the visit to the Stranger's shrine and what it feels like to be inches high in a nettle forest are imaginatively, even impressively, done.

L. M. BOSTON: *The Sea Egg*. Illustrated by Peter Boston. Faber and Faber. 15s.
WILLIAM FAULKNER: *The Wishing Tree*. Illustrated by Don Bolognese. Chatto and Windus. 18s.
SUSAN SKINNER: *Sparrows and Bouins*. Illustrated by Laszlo Acs. Heinemann. 15s.

And Also . . .

PRICE HOLMAN: *The Witch on the Cavalry*. Illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Lutterworth Press. 15s.
A tall and very funny story about a spirited, unattractive lady who is called a witch, to whom she begins to be one, but is disappointed by her inability to perform even the less obvious kinds of

BARRY BUCKINGHAM: *The Plug at the Bottom of the Sea*. Illustrated by Raymond Hopkins. Allen and Unwin. 13s. 6d.
Some of these are original, some not, but all are fun. An original

[illegible] is set to be better than it is. [illegible] and complicated the narrative sometimes hard to disentangle, the writing cluttered with inapposite images. According to the blurb, Mr. Lamb won almost all the prizes for writing at his university; the responsibility of that must sit heavy on him. Next time he should relax a bit, one might be able to tell then whether he's promising or not.

RICHARD ROBINSON: *Captain Sinbar*. Illustrated by Antony Maitland. André Deutsch. 18s.
An odd book; a boy, Tom, accidentally gets aboard a mysterious ship whose captain's only enjoyment is to bring himself and others into danger. The villainous crew are neither as varied, frightening or funny as they are intended to be. The captain, though, is better—his search for an identity, his attempt to take Tom's memories for himself, is truthful, touching, sometimes even moving.

C. S. LEWIS: *Prince Caspian*. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Collins. 9s. 6d.
War comes to Narnia in this second story about the country discovered by the four children of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*: *Prince Caspian* was first published by Bles in 1951 and has recently joined the earlier book in Collins's pleasant Evergreen series.

STUART PETRIE: *The Voyage of Barracks*. Illustrated by the author. Blackie. 13s. 6d.
An original idea, about a family who parcel up their house and fly off in it by balloon, generally quite enjoyable, though not all the individual episodes are as inventive as the theme.

Brockhampton Press 1967

This has been referred to as 'Brockhampton's Picture Book Year', during which several books of unusual quality have been published, to join other established titles of this kind already on the list.

PICTURE BOOKS

THE RUMBLING MARROW ***Parviz Kalantari 12/6***
An original Persian folk tale, illustrated in full colour throughout. The first modern children's book from Iran to be published in this country.

SANDMAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE ***Rudi Strahl 12/6***
A riotous full colour presentation of a series of adventures that befall the Sandman when he gets stuck in a lighthouse after his boat has sunk.



THE TWO GIANTS ***Michael Foreman 15/-***
'An unusually powerful, humorous and well-designed picture book about a silly quarrel between two friendly giants and how the sun only shines when they shake hands.' *Spectator*



GUMDROP AND THE FARMER'S FRIEND ***Val Biro 15/-***
A sequel to Gumdrop, with a new character, a vintage traction engine. Of Gumdrop the Junior Bookshelf says, 'The conclusion is most satisfying. This is an excellent story very well told, with fine economy and a nice feeling for words. The pictures are in a broader, bolder style than that associated with this artist's work in line. They should give a great deal of pleasure.'

. . . and a reminder

BLACK DOLLY ***Charles Keeping 12/6***
This picture book, published in 1966, has this year been chosen for the NBL exhibition of British Book Production and for the British Display of Book Production at the Frankfurt Book Fair. It has also been awarded a certificate of merit at the Leipzig exhibition of 'The most Beautiful Books in the World.'



STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

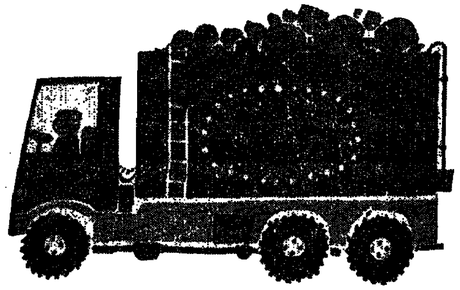
NURSE MATILDA GOES TO TOWN ***Christianna Brand 12/6***
Triumphant reappearance of the egregious Nurse Matilda, expert in dealing with the naughtiest families ever devised by human mind. Miss Brand has such a mind.'
The Observer



HOME AND AWAY ***Ann Thwaite 12/6***
A 7 year old girl faces the problems and paradoxes of everyday life. 'Simple, clear-cut and extremely well written.' *Financial Times*

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Fantasy—2

ALAN GARNER

THURSDAY'S CHILD HAS FAR TO GO

With his latest novel, *The Owl Service*, Alan Garner has moved away from the world of children's books and has emerged as a writer unconfined by reference to age-groups; a writer whose imaginative vein is rich enough to reward his readers on several different levels, whether they are old or young. This is a novel of love and of jealousy, that destructive and not often explored ingredient of human nature. The word "love" is never mentioned in the book. The primitive power of jealousy is given a dimension of poetry through the grafting of the story upon the Celtic myth of Blodeuwedd, the flower goddess. The Fourth Branch of *The Mabinogion* includes the tale of Lleu Llaw Gyffes, the hero or god destined never to marry mortal woman. Gwydion contrives a wife for him out of nine flowers of the field. Blodeuwedd proves unfaithful, and her lover, Gronw, after nearly killing Lleu, is himself slain by the hero's spear, which passes clean through the great stone behind which Gronw is hiding. For the dishonour she has brought upon Lleu, Blodeuwedd is turned into an owl, "and for that reason", the tale says, "birds are hostile to the owl. And the owl is still called Blodeuwedd." The name means "flower-face".

Such are the bare bones of the Welsh story, and the introduction of two fragments from *The Mabinogion* fairly early in the novel will give a clue to the many who are ignorant of their own traditional heritage. Those more familiar with Celtic mythology will find numerous allusions throughout the book that add richness to the texture, but it is not essential to know them, pursue them, or regard the story as a kind of *mythologie à clef*.

In the remote Welsh valley that is the setting for the novel, the legend of Blodeuwedd is commemorated by the pierced Stone of Gronw. The tale in its essentials has been reenacted some years before in the lives of Huw, Nancy and her dead lover. When an English family take over the house where Huw and Nancy are employed as servants, it is a younger generation who must live through the ancient drama: Alison, her stepbrother Roger, and Nancy's son, Gwyn.

"I think this valley really is a kind of reservoir [says Gwyn to Alison]. The house, look, smack in the middle, with the mountains all round, shutting it in, guarding the house. I think the power is always there and always will be. It builds up and builds up until it has to be let loose—like filling and emptying a dam. And it works through people."

This is not a story which "uses" supernatural aids to induce effects of brooding uneasiness and fear. The forces that linger in the valley could be said to "use" the protagonists of the story, and, as in Mr. Garner's other books, it is the old through whom the ancient powers work; it is she who must endure the uncomprehended terror, must relive and exorcize the pain. As Huw the Welshman says to Gwyn in a notable passage near the end of the book:

> We have given this power a thinking mind. We must bear that mind, feast it, yet set it free, through us, in us, so that no one else may suffer. . . . She began the lady, and you have made her owl: she will go hunting. But don't let her destroy.

When the three young people discover the dinner-service in the loft, with its design of flowers, it is Alison who recognizes, concealed in the pattern round the plates, the owls through which the old magic works. The old passions are released. The misunderstandings, wounded pride and despair of early love are implicit in Gwyn's behaviour towards the girl. He is often on the defensive, touchy, even rude and churlish at other times tender, humorous, and always painfully self-aware. He is not competing for Alison in personal terms only. He is pitted against the forces unleashed by the owl-patterned plates, which act as a kind of precipitate for the old jealousies, and bring him into conflict both with the Welshness of his mother and Huw, and with the secure, public college values of Roger and his father, with their built-in sense of superiority.

The book is a complex of attractions and hostilities between persons, classes, myth and modern day reality. In the end, it is to Roger that Alison turns, and by a subtle reference to, almost a summoning of, Blodeuwedd's original conception as a flower goddess, the destructive owl-power is exorcized. Sceptical, joking, normal Roger restores Alison to herself, "and the room was full of petals from skylight to rafters". And Gwyn? He is not simply an impersonation of Gronw, the lover who must die. The drama can never be exactly repeated and in Gwyn it enters a new phase. Like his Celtic forebear, the Blessed Bran, Gwyn could claim with truth: "He who is chief let him be a bridge. I will myself be the bridge." Alison may be the medium for the old powers, but it is Gwyn, the "educated peasant" as Roger rather cruelly calls him, who is the bridge to a synthesis of the old and the new.

What gives this book an added tension is the sense of inevitability—centuries ago it would have been called fate—that broods over the valley and its people. Mr. Garner may write in terms of Blodeuwedd's power and its supernatural manifestations in the scratch of owls' claws, the scent of meadowsweet hanging in the air near the stone where Gronw died, and other palpable evidences of the secret powers that Huw and Nancy recognize, but what is clearly implicit in the story is that these are forces that we must admit and accept *in ourselves*. The legend and Alan Garner's use of it cannot be regarded as beautiful myth-making except by those who do not recognize that poetry is truth and often terrible.

To read this author's books straight through in their order of writing gives the reader a sense of the distances he has travelled. The first novel, *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen* (Collins, 1960), is somewhat overloaded with legend, congested names and cryptic allusions. Susan and Colin, the children who endure the hardships and rewards of their encounter with the world of Fundindelve, are themselves rather negative. They are people to whom things happen. They listen to the "folk-talk" of Cadellin the wizard, and the reader learns something of Celtic legend he may never have known, but he is not seriously involved except in the excitement of the adventures themselves. These are prolonged and sometimes contrived. The book seems an experiment in fear, and much of the mythical machinery must be regarded as trappings to produce an agreeable chilling of the blood.



A drawing by Charles Keeping from the new Puffin *Elidor*

In the sequel, *The Moon of Gomrath* (Collins, 1963), it was clear that Mr. Garner had taken a step in a new direction. It is one of the rewarding things for a reviewer who is reading through a writer's output chronologically to find that each book contains the seeds of the next. Though Susan and Colin are at first the same rather drab, colourless children, the writing is wonderfully colourful and concentrated. The magic takes charge of the book and works *through* the characters rather than *in* them. Mr. Garner is moving towards the synthesis realized in *The Owl Service*. As though driven by the Wild Hunt, so splendidly described in its pages, the second half of *The Moon of Gomrath* moves into a new and urgent rhythm. Susan, hitherto unmemorable, becomes an interesting figure, one who looks forward to Helen and Alison in the two later books. Again, the old magic works most powerfully and disconcertingly through the distaff side. It is the girls who must bear the pains of involvement in powers beyond their comprehension, but it is also Susan and Helen who take the longest and most daring journeys into the interior, and upon whom is bestowed the gift of finding the wisdom of the heart, as opposed to that of the intellect, a wisdom that has always in mythology belonged to goddesses.

It seems hardly a coincidence that the street that leads to the land of Elidor should be called Thursday Street. Alan Garner is acutely aware that the old myths embody some permanent truths about human nature and about the workings of the imagination, but those who would find them must travel far. The age-old theme of the journey, often underground, plays a large part in his books. In this third novel, *Elidor* (Collins, 1965, now also available as a Puffin paperback at 3s. 6d.), four children explore the Manchester backstreets, and after finding themselves in a derelict area are swiftly drawn into another world. Roland throws a ball through the window of a partly demolished church and Helen—Burd Helen?—runs round the church widdershins, to disappear with her brothers into the land of Elidor. The words "Burd Helen" are deliberately queried, for it would reduce the authority of Mr. Garner's writing to derive it too closely from the legend of Childe Rowland. In this novel, myth erupts far more violently into the present world. The unicorn thunders down the Manchester streets, a proud and terrible creature, pursued by ghostly knights.

In *Elidor* an attempt is made to crystallize some of the magic in scientific terms. The four treasures, the stone, sword, spear and cauldron, hidden by the children, give off static electricity. Far more disturbing and convincing, however, is the manifestation of powers that could be more readily translated into psychological rather than electrical terms. Mr. Garner is not postulating a world of abstract evil warring against good, nor has he in any book suggested that by resolving back for what we have so largely forgotten we shall find a lost paradise. He is too intelligent and unsentimental for this. "Do not let darkness into your minds", cries Malebron, the wizard-minstrel of Elidor. There emerges clearly the twin theme that while the primitive dark powers cannot be vanquished but only contained, there are also rich worlds upon which the mind can draw, beneficent forces which can be evoked, and which are in danger of being destroyed by modern ways of thinking and living: "Findhorn and the Song are forgotten."

Alan Garner is an uncompromising writer who demands much of his readers. Sometimes his allusiveness is a stumbling-block. A lack of any knowledge of the myths on which he draws—and they are often little-known ones—makes certain episodes and allusions hard to follow. Perhaps this induced him to put at the end of *The Moon of Gomrath* a song of what grudging note on the source of his material. On the other hand, Mr. Garner has some justification for refusing to enlighten us about what we really ought to know.

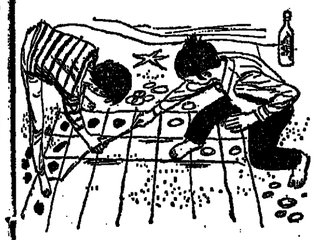
Now that one can look back over the four novels that Alan Garner has written in seven years, it is possible to see a pattern. Each book has perhaps the most experimental, and many experiments is not wholly successful, in spite of its undoubted originality, and powerful style. *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen* occupies the least important part in the pattern. The sequel, *The Moon of Gomrath*, carries undertones both more and more ominous and sinister sound even more surely and resonantly in *The Owl Service*, and make this latest novel a augury for a brilliant future.

ALAN GARNER: *The Owl Service*. Collins. 15s.

Children Abroad—1

ESCAPE

A glance at the excited children milling around the stands at the Children's Book show is proof enough that, whatever counter-attractions exist in the modern world, the young still want books. As to the matter of a story, however, a child's demands are judged somewhat differently from those of most adults and this is particularly true where thrillers or adventure stories are concerned. A child's brand of escapism is a more optimistic affair. You never know, it might really happen. Consequently, though flights of fancy may be more



From *The Stranger from the Sea*

outrageous, a basic element of probability is essential. The eight-year-old habitually bottom of his class knows beyond all doubt that only magic can help him to be top.

The younger—or more backward—the audience, the more vital this element of realism becomes, until, on the adult level, it is carried into the "millionaire at the bus stop" romance of traditional women's magazine fiction. One unfailing way of achieving it is by a foreign setting which combines information and everyday reality with the exciting possibility that anything may happen. To English readers, all the following books are "foreign", and two of them doubly so.

The Day the Earth Shook, by Jacqueline Cervon, a good translation from French by John Buchanan-Brown, is about a group of young people travelling in a small car to Greece for a holiday. In Yugoslavia they meet a peasant boy, Filip, who has set his heart on going to Skopje, where he hopes to become an architect. After some discussion, they agree to take him with them. The year is 1963, the year of the earthquake.

The tragedy that overtook Skopje that July morning is still too near for this book to be a straightforward adventure. But Mlle. Cervon handles her material with sensitivity and shows how the four French boys and girls and their Yugoslav friend all, in their own ways, learn something about themselves and other people in the chaos which follows the earthquake.

The Stranger from the Sea, by René Guillot, translated by Gwen Marsh, is more of a pot boiler, but still shows Guillot's infallible instinct for creating an atmosphere of mystery out of nothing. This one is set in Genoa and the hero is a poor fisherman's son, Nanno, with a dream of one day possessing a real boat, "with a polished mast, a mainsail and a jib". How he wins his old boat, which he plies for hire in the harbour, sinks, and how the stranger—and his gift help him find love—his dream, makes an exciting if somewhat tear-jerking tale. Also from French, and also translated by John Buchanan-Brown, but this time set in a prosaic suburb, is Paul Berna's *The Mule on the Motorway*. This is a sequel to a previous book, *The One by the Black Cat*, and features an other-rising gang of schoolboy journalists and detectives who would be the bane of any normal police force but seem to be accepted with equanimity by the local commissaire Sipès and his men. Splendid wishful thinking. The title is a deliberate introduction to the plot.

Bushfire, by Allan Aldous, and *The Unwilling Adventurers*, by Paul Buddee, are both set in Australia. The first is interesting because, as well as being a good adventure story, it provides a symbolic insight into an important social problem, that of the young Pericles of Athens, who prefers to call himself Jacqueline Cervon: *The Day the Earth Shook*. Illustrated by Barry Wilkinson. Bodley Head. 15s.

René Guillot: *The Stranger from the Sea*. Illustrated by Jacques Poirier. Harrap. 15s.

Paul Berna: *The Mule on the Motorway*. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Bodley Head. 15s.

Allan Aldous: *Bushfire*. Illustrated by Laszlo Acs. Brockhampton Press. 15s.

Paul Buddee: *The Unwilling Adventurers*. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Brockhampton Press. 10s. 6d.

Wilson Gage: *The Ghost of Five Owl Farm*. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Faber and Faber. 15s.

Winifred Finlay: *Adventure in Prague*. Harrap. 16s.

Valerie Hastings: *Flood Tide*. Illustrated by John Jarvis. Harrap. 16s.

Roberta Elliott: *The Country Boy*. Illustrated by Michael A. E. Beach. Macmillan. 18s.



The illustrations are by William Papas from DOCTOR CONCOCTER

The Story of The Three Bears

Eleanor Mure's little picture book, illustrating her own version of The Three Bears is now published for the first time. The earliest-known written version of the familiar nursery tale, it is among the most treasured items in the Canadian Osborne Collection, and this facsimile edition includes Judith St. John's history of the manuscript. 15s net

Brave Soldier Janosh

His friends in the village inn listen spellbound while the boastful old soldier tells how he defeated Napoleon single-handed. *Victor G. Ambrus* illustrates another story from Hungarian folk-lore in a gay, amusing picture-story book. 16s net

Wild Animals by Brian Wildsmith

With exciting, glowing colours, the artist illustrates wild creatures large and small, to make a companion to *Birds by Brian Wildsmith*. 16s net

Charley, Charlotte and the Golden Canary

The streets of the city take on new dimensions of colour and magic in *Charles Keeping's* new picture-story book set in Cockney London. 16s net

Sardines and the Angel

Illustrated in colour on every page, *Bettina's* new story tells how a little boy who lived in an Italian fishing village came to make friends with the bronze angel on the church spire. 16s net

Doctor Concocter

The humorous Russian poem by Kornei Chukovsky about the doctor who went to Africa to cure the animals that were sick, has been freely adapted by *Richard N. Coe* and is illustrated by *William Papas* in black and white line. 15s net

Flambards

Edwardian England is the setting for *K. M. Peyton's* new novel that tells the story of a girl growing up in her uncle's country house in an era of change. 17s 6d net

A Sapphire for September

In *H. F. Brinsmead's* new novel, young Binny Flambeau finds new friends and an absorbing interest when she joins a gem club near her home in Sydney, and goes on a field expedition into the Blue Mountains. 17s 6d net

Young Mark

E. M. Almedingen's novel describes how young Mark Poltoratzky made his way across Russia in the eighteenth century, determined to reach St. Petersburg where he could fulfil his ambition to become a singer. 15s net

Lion Gate and Labyrinth

34 colour-photographs, and numerous line-drawings by *Hans Peter Reimer*, illustrate *Hans Baumann's* fascinating account of the excavations carried out by Heinrich Schliemann and Arthur Evans. 25s net

Miscellany Four

One of the special features in *Edward Blishen's* fourth Miscellany is a colour inset on the Pilgrim Fathers. Like the earlier Miscellanies, it is illustrated throughout, and the contributions cover the widest possible range of interests. 25s net

Books for Children and Young People

OXFORD
University Press



Captain Slaughterboard Drops Anchor

MERVYN PEAKE



'Tremulous adults had better keep clear of Captain Slaughterboard. But for children, the book is hilarious from start to finish, and the gallant Captain's civilizing influence on the Yellow Creature is in the best traditions of liberal white colonialism'—*Children's Book News. 6-10 years.* 15/-

The Sun Shone on the Elephant

by Gwyneth Mamlock. A sad, sad elephant boo-hooing in the middle of the forest thought he was the largest and ugliest animal in the world—until a wise, wise cat introduced him to a sad, sad princess, and they all found happiness together. 'Big, bold and very gay drawings.'—*Punch. 3-7 years.* 16/-

Life in the Middle Ages

by Jay Williams. 'It is *quite beautiful*. The colour printing exactly captures the vegetable-dye tints of the originals, yet the pictures are all large and clear enough to appeal to a child: this book could be given to people of eight years and upwards. The text is eminently sensible, knowledgeable, and full of physical detail that dominated medieval life.'—*New Statesman. Over 8 years. 126 illustrations.* 42/-

The Story of Our Heritage

in nine volumes

This is a new and highly exciting set of nine volumes which covers world history and the fine arts—painting, sculpture and architecture—through the ages. The text is both clear and authoritative, and is illustrated by *hundreds* of truly magnificent illustrations. *Ages 10 upwards. 10 guineas the set*

The Story of America

by Jaap ter Haar. 'The history of America from very early times up to the present day has been vividly told in this splendidly illustrated book.'—*Christian Herald.* 'A really valuable book.'—*Children's Book News. Over 12 years.* 30/-

Sign of the Swallow

by James Watson. Three boys cross Renaissance Europe in perilous pursuit of the secret of the silver medallion bearing the sign of the swallow. *Over 10 years.* 12/6

The Aquarium
The Vivarium and Terrarium

by Joy O. I. Spoczynska. Here are two useful and entertaining guides for the young person interested in keeping unusual pets. 'The information is presented clearly and concisely, illustrated primarily with simple diagrams and drawings.'—*Children's Book News.* 'Two excellent books . . . Both volumes are an investment.'—*Glasgow Illustrated. Over 10 years. Each* 15/-

How-Do-You-Do Books

'Pretty and smart, these little books are designed to help the really young to start an activity and to start the right way. Explanations are brief and practical and illustrated at every stage'—*Growing Point.*

1967 titles are: GARDEN BIRDS, SCIENCE FUN, PARTY GAMES, INDOOR PLANTS

8-10 years. Each 5/-

NELSON



A Harvest of Russian Children's Literature

Edited with introduction and commentary by MIRIAM MORTON

Foreword by RUTH HILL VIGUERS

Many of Russia's greatest writers have written for the young: Chekhov, Gorky, Tolstoy, Turgenev. Collected together in this anthology are fairy stories and animal rhymes, Baba Yaga clashing her iron teeth and prose-poems about the beauty of a Russian thaw, even modern short stories about the Revolution—a wealth of literature for children of all ages. Delightfully illustrated with original book illustrations by Soviet artists.

Ready

University of California Press *Cambridge University Press act as sole agents for the University of California Press in Great Britain*

The Youngest Reader—1

Consumer Goods or Durables?

TIME is said to be the ultimate arbiter of quality; Time will show, we are told, what is enduring and good, and what isn't. But what does the unfortunate reviewer use *now* as a criterion? Faced with dozens of new picture books for the five to eight year olds, what touchstone of merit can be found? Is it to be an adult's response to what appeals to him? Or, more dubiously, what he thinks would have appealed to him when he was that age? It might seem logical to use the actual consumer, the child, and sometimes this can be helpful; but more usually the judgments given are too subjectively swayed to be useful, and very few small children can analyse their reactions clearly enough to convey to others just why they like or dislike any particular text or illustrations. And there's another point, which is that our little ones don't always, whatever the Poet Laureate said, love the highest when they see it, as any reading-aloud parent knows. Probably all one can hope to do is to point to the books which are satisfactory because they seem to express a genuine feeling of joy in creating; those which have not the element of calculation sometimes discernible, which produces an effect of patronage—"This is the sort of story the kiddiwinks will love"—or worse, the story ostensibly for the kiddiwinks, but aimed also at the twinkle in the eye of the attending adult.

For a few children, these spontaneous books will be first choice: the saddening thing is that in these days of over-production there is little opportunity for Time to endorse or refute the critic's choice. Masterpieces in children's picture books which get overlooked in the first place are likely to remain obscure; and the lack of discrimination among the readers is, perhaps, exemplified by two books now reprinted: if *The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures* or *The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club* is a work of genius, or if the time—more than half a century—that has elapsed since they first appeared, has proved either of them more than moderately good, this reviewer had better go out of business at once.

First then, for the books written with obvious enjoyment. *Alexander's Flycycle*, by those old hands, Elizabeth and Gerald Rose, tells the story of Alexander, so far an unsuccessful professional inventor. No one wants his cold hot-waterbottle (for use in hot countries) or his electric hair-brush, but when he invents the flycycle, powered by human leg energy, he finds that he has actually taken off from Primrose Hill, flown over the Zoo, and become the much-in-demand highlight—in the most literal sense—of a circus. The sort of fantasy which appeals to children, a nice, compact text, and enchanting, gay illustrations. Another extravaganza is *Hamid of Aleppo*, by Clive King, in which children will immediately be able to identify with the hero, in this case an inquisitive, adventure seeking barrister great-grandfather of the Max, made famous by Giovannetti, who has drawn these pictures too. Hamid lives in a desert, and for company has only "Things" which he has found in his hill. His travels take him to a village, a city, a museum; and here his "Things" are recognized as valuable antiquities, and Hamid goes back to his desert as curator of his own private dig, no longer in search of the world, because now the world comes to him.

Equally fantastic is *Doctor Concocter*, another poem by Chukowsky, whose *Crocodile* appeared here three years ago. The doctor is summoned to Africa to treat the hippo babies, and when he arrives he finds that more than the hippos are sick; almost every animal in the continent comes for his advice and help. The story is nothing; what makes the book is the lively adaptation-translation by Richard Coe, who moves with enviable ease from one rhyme and rhythm pattern to another, producing some compulsively memorable verse. Illustrated by Pipps, which is either a draw or a bore, according to taste.

Two books which deserve a paragraph to themselves, because although they are fantasy like the others, they also bear the touch of inspiration, are *The Big Clean-Up* and *Castles in the Sand*. The first is the better; Peter is a junior Walter Mitty, who sees in every scrap of junk that litters his room the infinite possibilities suggested by the creative imagination. An old sparking plug becomes the essential spare part of the plane he might pilot, a chipped lens the nucleus of his vast astronomical telescope. Of course he cannot get rid of anything. It is a splendid idea, and the drawings are clever and funny; what is difficult to assess is whether a single, simple theme like this makes a book which a child will read and re-read in the way he will return again and again to a more ordinary theme, rooted in the reality he can recognize. The same doubt may arise about *Castles in the Sand*, also written around a single good idea. Ben and Ann draw their wishes in the wet sand and see them appear before their eyes: jam, milk in crystal goblets, a king, a kingdom, knights, a forest; the tide comes in and carries them all away; only the sound of the sea in a shell remains. The pictures are decorative and elegant, and the colour lovely. This is one of the best values for money, beautifully produced.

Next come five short, gentle books with the sort of story that younger readers appreciate. *Pip Camps Out* has no plot; it is a small, loving account of the sort of thing that might happen to any child who spends a summer night sleeping out in his own garden. It is all a little lonelier and more alarming than it promised to be, but after Pip's father has joined him it becomes the perfect adventure. It's a pity the illustrations are not up to this text, and for the price, surely some more exciting colours could have been used? *The Gingerbread Rabbit* has much more of it's share of



From *Doctor Concocter*

unfortunately, echoed in the pictures; briefly the plot follows an old and rewarding formula; family has cat, family lose cat, family find cat. A safe bet for a not too visual child. There's nothing dull in the illustrations of *The Witch who Wasn't*, but their grotesqueries will put some readers off. Again it is a fairly common formula, the story of the sheep who cannot be black enough; Isabel cannot believe that she will pass the annual test for budding young sorceresses, because all her spells turn out too harmless and too nice. Her success depends on the exploitation of a well-known feminine weakness. Last of these five is the only one from this side of the Atlantic, *Sally Seal's Summer*. This is the story of a young seal who finds island life boring and sets out for adventures which land her in a circus, a kidnapping, and finally back on her island again. Strictly not for those who cannot accept the anthropomorphic approach. Val Biro's pictures are very agreeable.

These books devote more space to illustration than to text; the next five have at least as much reading matter as visual, in some cases more. In spite of this, *Dick Whittington and his Cat* is memorable more for Alan Howard's witty, decorative pictures than for any new light or insight on the familiar story; this is a little disappointing, perhaps because the original folk tale somehow lacks any very compelling quality. Could this be an instance of truth being not only stranger, but also often much duller than fiction? Possibly; because nothing could be more sterling and ingenious than the plot of Paul Jennings's story, *The Great Jelly of London*. The jelly is made for a children's party to be given by Mr. Dideot, a tycoon who has somehow managed to make a great deal of money without becoming hasty or mean. He rents the Albert Hall as a vast jelly mould, and succeeds in using it for this purpose in spite of the nasty machinations of his nasty rival Sir William Grugsby. Rose has decorated this book too with colour and wit.

A book from Switzerland originally titled *Die Mäusefalle*, but in English rather shamefully called *The Lively Adventures of a Burly Woodcutter, a Plump-Sized Inventor, Two Pretty Pastry Cooks, and a Gang of Desperate Criminals*, has a sort of inspired development scheme. And had to travel far afield to find a new unspoiled one. Remembrance of Virginia Lee Burton's *Little House*, not as good, but not bad.

Jones, Rees: *Tiny Tall Tales*. Illustrated by Quentin Blake. Abelard-Schuman. 13s.

Twelve incredible tales in easy verse for the very young. Pleasantly illustrated; the sort of thing your child will enjoy reading on you partly for the pleasure you get from the book. Light weight, and not very memorable.

Spykman, G. M.: *Peep in Paris*. Illustrated by Dale Macy. Collins. 16s.

The Lowly Worm's Peep, on a visit to the French city, makes friends with a small girl, and together they foil a wicked plot to steal famous pictures from the Louvre. A fortuitous and rather silly story, partly redeemed by pleasing, evocative pictures of Paris.

Frank R. Stockton: *The Bee-Man of Orn*. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Collins. 16s.

Sort of fairy tale, written over sixty years ago, about a contented Beekeeper whose life is disturbed by the suggestion from a young sorcerer that he is not what he appears to be. His journey of exploration to discover his true form ends in a re-birth and subsequent development into a Bee-man all over again. Just like psycho-analysis, but not so interesting, except that most of our analyses do not have Sendak.

Catherine Storr: *Clever Polly and the Stupid Wolf*. Illustrated by Marjorie-Ann Watts. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

Twelve stories about Polly, whose middle name could be Scheherazade. She manages to escape being eaten by a determined but rather dim wolf by cooking him large, tasty meals and general ingenuity. This engaging book first appeared in 1955 and has now been added to the Puffin list.



From the Puffin *Peter Pan*

And Also . . .

J. M. Barrie: *Peter Pan*. Penguin. 4s. 6d.

For many people's money—and cheap enough at that—this new Puffin edition will stand out as the best now available. And this not only for Naomi Lewis's Introduction on Peter's suitably misty origins, but also for Richard Kennedy's splendid line illustrations which though they stick faithfully to the stage tradition of the play are yet lively and modern in style.

Bemelmans: *Sardines and the Angel*. Oxford University Press. 16s.

Rather nice pictures of a small Italian fishing village and of the boy, Sardines, who never gets enough ice-cream to eat. The text is less good than the illustrations, a bit contrived.

Bill Peet: *Farewell to Shady Glade*. André Deutsch. 16s.

The story of the animals who found that their forest home was part of a

Joan Drake: *Sally Seal's Summer*. Hutchinson Junior Books. 12s. 6d.

Alan Howard: *Dick Whittington and his Cat*. Faber and Faber. 15s.

Paul Jennings: *The Great Jelly of London*. Faber and Faber. 16s.

Hilde Janzarik: *The Lively Adventures of a Burly Woodcutter, A Plump-sized Inventor, Two Pretty Pastry Cooks, and a Gang of Desperate Criminals*. Illustrated by Paul Flora. Abelard-Schuman. 18s.

Louis Slobodkin: *Luigi and the Long-Nosed Soldier*. Collier-Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

John Harris: *The Sword of General Frapp*. Hutchinson Junior Books. 12s. 6d.

Oscar Wilde: *The Selfish Giant*. Illustrated by G. and W. Reiner. Oliver and Boyd. 13s. Illustrated by H. Danska. Ouist Publishing. Distributors: W. H. Allen. 15s.

Lewis Carroll: *Alice in Wonderland*. Illustrated by Ralph Steadman. Denuis Dobson. 63s.

Paperback Pictures

IT looks as though Faber and Faber have made a real breakthrough in the picture-book world with their six, near pocket-size, paperback reprints at 4s. each and with the original illustrations in colour and black and white.

The titles of the six are: *Old Winkle and the Seagulls*, by Elizabeth and Gerald Rose (a Kate Greenaway Medal winner); *Peter and the Wolf* by Prokoviev, illustrated by Alan Howard; *In the Forest*, story and pictures by Marie Hall Ets; *The Little Red Engine goes to Market*, story by Diana Ross, pictures by Leslie Wood; *Snippy and Snappy*, story and pictures by Wanda Gág; *Mike Mulligan and his Steam Shovel*, story and pictures by Virginia Lee Burton.

All have been popular in their hard cover editions and are still available in them, but they should have a bright future in the new, reduced format: giving pleasure to the buying adult and to the receiving child, who gets a book that is strictly for use and not something to be treated with respect and clean hands.

Novels for Older Children

James Reeves THE COLD FLAME
A subtle re-telling of a story from Grimm, illustrated by Charles Keeping. *18s*

William Mayne THE BATTLEFIELD
An outstanding successor to *Earthfasts*, illustrated by Mary Russon. *18s*

John Christopher THE CITY OF GOLD AND LEAD
Readers of *The White Mountains* will welcome this enthralling sequel. *16s*

Nicholas Fisk SPACE HOSTAGES
A gripping science-fiction story in which a crowd of village children are launched, without warning, into the terrifying vastness of space. *16s*

Rosemary Weir BOY ON A BROWN HORSE
A country house during World War I is the setting for this sensitive story of a lonely boy's imaginary friendship and final acceptance of reality. *18s*

Nan Inger KATRIN
Realism and a deep insight into the problems of children growing up today combine to make a highly original novel with a Swedish background. *16s*

The Hamish Hamilton Book of Heroes

edited by WILLIAM MAYNE

This splendidly rousing anthology of heroic tales, illustrated by Krystyna Turska, is the latest addition to a notable series. *25s*



Dragons, Unicorns & Other Magical Beasts

ROBIN PALMER

A unique and striking book containing a colour-illustrated dictionary of over sixty fabulous birds and beasts and a selection of unusual stories and verses about them. *21s*

Antelopes, Reindeers & Gazelles

Mary Treadgold ELEGANT PATTY *5s*
Janet McNeill I DIDN'T INVITE YOU TO MY PARTY *5s*; THE RUN-AROUND ROBINS *5s*
William Mayne THE BIG EGG *5s*
Christine Pullein-Thompson LITTLE BLACK PONY *5s*; ROBBERS IN THE NIGHT *9s 6d*
Alan C. Jenkins WHITE MEG'S MAGIC *7s 6d*
Dorothy Clewes A BIT OF MAGIC *7s 6d*
Rosemary Sutcliff THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER *7s 6d*
Jean MacGibbon SANDY IN HOLLOW TREE HOUSE; THE GREAT-GREAT RESCUERS; THE TALL SHIP *Each 5s*
Bruce Carter TARGET ISLAND *9s 6d*
'B.B.' BILL BADGER AND THE BIG STORE ROBBERY *9s 6d*
Jacynth Hope-Simpson ESCAPE TO THE CASTLE *9s 6d*
Elizabeth Coatsworth THE OX-TEAM *9s 6d*

Read-Alone Books

Picture-stories for young children

Doris Orgel CINDY'S SNOWDROPS
Elizabeth Coatsworth LONELY MARIA
Lee Garrett Goetz A CAMEL IN THE SEA
Illustrated in three colours. Each 8s 6d

Rhyming Will

JAMES REEVES & EDWARD ARDIZZONE

A picture book of wit and elegance, telling the curious story of Will, the cobbler's son, who speaks in rhyme. *Full colour and black-and-white. 13s 6d*



The Perfect Present

MICHAEL FOREMAN

Wild and wonderful adventures on Christmas morning, exuberantly told and drawn in a full colour picture book to delight younger readers. *15s*

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Best books! Best authors! Best value!

Diana Ross THE DREADFUL BOY
Ursula Moray Williams GOODBODY'S PUPPET SHOW
Michael Gibson MIDNIGHT RALLY
Donald Smee THE TELEVISION SCHOOL
Elisabeth Kyle THE MONEY CAT
Diana Pullein-Thompson THE HIDDEN RIVER
Case-bound in full colour. Illustrated. Each 4s

Star Books

Non-fiction for young children

R. E. Brett MAN AND SHIPS
K. Brooks MAN IN THE DESERT
T. Hartman MAN IN THE PACIFIC
R. E. Purton MAN IN THE WEST INDIES
Illustrated in full colour and black-and-white. Each 6s 6d

HAMISH HAMILTON

THE EMIR'S SON



MARTIN BALLARD

A traditional Hausa tale illustrated in glowing colours by **Gareth Floyd.** 15s

William Blake

an introduction edited by Anne Malcolmson

'Blake the man emerges from an enlightened introduction, from a skilful selection of his poems and from the poet's paintings and engravings which decorate this volume' Spectator 21s

The King's Fifth

Scott O'Dell

An exciting adventure of the 16th century Spanish Conquistadors' search for gold in the New World. 'A story finely told that all young people should enjoy' Times Literary Supplement 18s

The Adventures of Tommy

H. G. Wells

A rediscovered picture book about a little boy who rescues a rich, proud man from drowning and receives an extraordinary reward. 'A beautiful fragment, well worth rescuing from oblivion' Spectator 12s 6d

Come Down the Mountain

Vian Smith

A sympathetic story about a lonely teenaged girl who involves her entire Dartmoor community in her struggle to save an old unwanted thoroughbred that lies dying on the moorland hill. 16s



The Spirit of Jem

P. H. Newby

A reprint of a classic children's story with illustrations by Keith Vaughan. A haunting mixture of science fiction and allegory. ' 18s

Yeshu, Called Jesus

Claire Huchet

A book for our times about the Jewish childhood of Christ, it 'well reveals the relation between Judaism and Christianity'. New York Times 13s 6d



The Monarch of Juan Fernandez

Martin Ballard

The fascinating life of Alexander Selkirk, Scottish Sailing Master, whose experience as a castaway on a desert island in the Pacific, became the basis for Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. 18s



A Family Likeness

Barbara Ker Wilson

A story contrasting two generations of a family, one living in pioneer Australia of 1860, the other in modern Sydney. 16s

Tim and Terry / Judy and Jasmin

Jenefer R. Joseph and Desmond Knight

Two simple stories for beginning readers about a coloured child and a white child who are friends. Nursery Series 5s each

Canoe Boy

Robert Bateman

A fierce political battle decides the fate of a town's local stagnant canal. Out & About Book 12s 6d

Ireland's Story

Desiree Edwards-Rees

A history of Ireland, from Celtic times to the formation of the Republic, and a consideration of the present and future of this magical, and troubled land. 30s



Chapter heading from *The King's Fifth*

Constable Young Books

History in Fiction—1

CONQUERORS AND CASTAWAYS

PERHAPS because of its pride of place as superlative adventure, the discovery of the New World is surely the most overtrampled of all periods. So many galleons have sailed, so many sea fights and fireships blazed, so many Indians been cozened and conquered. Nevertheless, a new book, *The King's Fifth*, is comparable in its impact with the shocking beauty of Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. Scott O'Dell has succeeded in reproducing with startling freshness the effect of their discoveries upon the adventurers. Esteban de Sandoval, seventeen-year-old cartographer, writes his story from his cell within the fortress of San Juan de Ulua, the cell with the barred window whence he can see the one nameless star. His story is common as daylight, how a few men search for gold among the Indian cities of New Mexico, and how all except Father Francisco are corrupted by this lust and all but Esteban lost. Francisco's selfless death brings him to himself: he buries the gold deeper than plummet can sound and gives himself up, back in Culiacan. It is partly technical skill which accounts for the immediacy of this book: Esteban relates successive episodes of the journey interspersed with accounts of his trial for defrauding the King of his due fifth of the treasure. It is partly also the marvellous simplicity of the style, which has a searching beauty. The travellers are stopped by a warning neigh from a horse:

> . . . The sky was lighter than the earth and against it I saw Francisco standing with arms outstretched.
>
> "A chasm", he cried, "an abyss bigger than half the world. . . ."
>
> Below us lay blackness, fold upon fold, deep and endless. From it a warm breeze welled upward, as if the earth itself were breathing.
>
> Someone throws a stone.
>
> Second followed second and we heard nothing. Then far and faint, a sound, a rustle like a leaf falling, drifted up from below.
>
> "Holy Mother", someone whispered.

The experience of the Abyss, the Grand Canyon, for the first time, is ours. The style of the talk is epic and laconic. Someone wants to know how they will carry the gold back up the mountain ramparts to the mules.

> "We carry it on our backs, of course", Mendoza said.
>
> "I have much trouble carrying myself", said Father Francisco.
>
> "If we die, as we may", said Zuniga, . . . "we will become angels. Then we can fly straight up with the gold."
>
> "Angels", said Father Francisco, "have no use for gold."

It is, again, the sure reality of the characterization which accounts for the book's quality: Esteban himself, developing from youthful uncertainty to depth; Captain Mendoza bad from the start; Francisco patient and impatient; Zia, the merry Indian child who guides them, growing up in loving Esteban. And doubtless too it is the fundamental nature of the theme, which the author has perceived as a lucid fable of man's life.

Geoffrey Household's Spaniards and Indians, in *Prisoner of the Indies*, are equally fresh, for they are Hakluyt's: or rather, they belong to young Miles Philips, who wrote his tale for that comprehensive collector of navigations. Mr. Household explains exactly how he has used his source, and a more successful retelling could not be imagined. Miles went, at thirteen, as cabin-boy on a slave-trading expedition under John Hawkins. The timbers of the Jesus of Lübeck open and close before his eyes, letting in the fishes, as the carpenter holds the lad and his lantern up "as if I had been a candlestick". But he survives the Biscay storm, to be attacked by treacherous Spaniards in San Juan de Ulua, to be nursed and fed by charitable ones, to be tried by the tortuous minds of the Inquisitors, to serve his sentence for heresy in a kindly Jesuit monastery, and to live and work happily with Indians and Negroes. Miles escapes eventually and reaches home after fifteen years. Here, a grizzled Hawkins falls upon his neck, Lord Burghley tries to make an Armada spy of him (which honour he bluntly declines), and the Queen practises sweet ravishments and wins his heart. We hear, as casually, of Drake, on his way round the world, and not inclined to dally. Above all, Miles's character pleases; his spirit, his resource, his humour and honesty, his warm heart and fair judgment of people, for, as his Jesuit prior says, there is no hatred in him, and despite his dislike of Catholic "flummery", he loves the Spaniards for not being a "middling" people.

Martin Ballard, painstakingly revealing the real Robinson Crusoe, is rather disapproving of Daniel Defoe. Alexander Selkirk, he says, would not have recognized himself, Robinson Crusoe, of course (despite religious guilt-feelings superimposed by Defoe), shows the confidence in life of his creator, whose career was notoriously kaleidoscopic. We have the resources to meet life, says the busy Crusoe, rescuing wreckage, building, taming goats, harvesting chance seeds of barley, devising (if you please) an umbrella; the archetype of man making himself at home, despite the beneficence or hostility of the universe, and a large reason why we love the masterpiece. (For masterpieces are made through the single vision of the master, much as this may upset documentors of true facts.)

In contrast, poor Selkirk, by Mr. Ballard's interesting account, showed at first, when cast away, his deep mistrust of his own resources and was stunned into hours of immobility. The story is well told, Alexander emerging as a man fundamentally more suited to his solitude than adjusted to his fellows.

SCOTT O'DELL: *The King's Fifth*. Illustrated by Samuel Bryant. Constable Young Books. 18s.

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD: *Prisoner of the Indies*. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Bodley Head. 16s.

MARTIN BALLARD: *The Monarch of Juan Fernandez*. Illustrated by A. R. Whitear. Constable Young Books. 18s.

Michael Kohlhaas

THE general editor of Blackie's series of Chosen Books from Abroad is not disclosed. It must count to his credit that he has dusted *Michael Kohlhaas* and presented it to the twentieth century. This is a quite extraordinary work, an oddity certainly but equally a product of genius. For children? Surely not, but appealing strongly to the individual child with a taste for irony.

The author was Heinrich von Kleist, who died, by suicide, in the year of the retreat from Moscow. Whether there are affinities between Napoleonic Europe and Reformation Germany—the subject of this strange story—is questionable. Kleist's theme is universal. Quite simply it is the pursuit of justice. Michael Kohlhaas, a horse-dealer with business interests in Saxony and Brandenburg, carries this pursuit to its ultimate conclusion, losing his wife, his wealth and his own life in the quest. A man of rigidly upright character, he falls foul of petty tyranny and bureaucracy. He invokes the law but has no joy of it. At last, driven to extreme exasperation, he takes to arms and starts a reign of terror. His fantastic career ends when he wins a legal settlement of his trivial claims and gladly accepts another legitimate demand of the law—for his life. This extraordinary story is told in cold dispassionate prose which accentuates the impact of the ironic tragedy. The narrative is long and complicated, yet there is no waste. It marches relentlessly to its conclusion. The last twist of the knife is reserved for the final sentence.

HEINRICH VON KLEIST: *Michael Kohlhaas*. Translated by James Kirkup. Blackie. 12s. 6d.

And Also . . .

Chosen Books from Abroad. GOTTFRIED KELLER: *A Village Romeo and Juliet*. Translated from German by Peter Tegel. 12s. 6d. GEORGE SAND: *Little Fadette*. Translated from French by Eva Figes. 15s. Blackie. Two more books in the same series as *Michael Kohlhaas*. Keller's story—one of a collection he wrote about Swiss provincial life—was published in 1856. *Little Fadette* belongs with *Le Mare au Diable* and *François le Champi* as a novel of village life and is probably the best known of the three in England. It was written in 1848 as an escape from the events of that year of revolution.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

IT was a good idea of Miss Almedingen's to reconstruct, in fictional form, the story of the journey conducted in the 1740s from the Ukraine to St. Petersburg by her spirited ancestor, Mark Polloratzky.

Mark's father was an illiterate landowner, for whom his sons were just so many hands to exploit on the soil and in the pigsties. One day, listening to a nightingale in the forest, young Mark makes a discovery: that he, too, has been blessed with a remarkable voice, such as has never been heard in the Ukraine. Not that his bootish father will ever understand: his voice will propel a plough; so Mark resolves to leave home and walk straight to St. Petersburg, where his gift will be appreciated, and they will teach him his notes.

Miss Almedingen's picaro's-eye view of Russia in the eighteenth century is authentic and she has obviously done her reading assiduously. Particularly impressive is her description of Mark's arrival in St. Petersburg, which must certainly have appeared icily unwelcoming and alien to a young Ukrainian vagrant just forty years after its foundation. To Mark it becomes something of a prison, for he cannot even afford the tolls to cross the bridges and leave it. Then one day he is picked up in a park by the Tsarina's consort, a *khokhlol* from the Ukraine like himself, and on the last page he is kneeling gently before the Tsarina, who is saying to him, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, what a gift". Apparently Mark Polloratzky's voice did bring him fame, wealth and royal patronage in St. Petersburg. Indeed his story is arresting and unusual enough to speak for itself. It is a pity therefore that Miss Almedingen has laid on the ending quite so thickly.

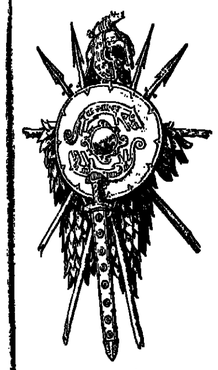
The White Nights of St. Petersburg presents a hair-raising picture of the Russian capital during the year leading up to the revolution. Dan Hopkins, 16, has been sent by his father from New England to report on business prospects in Russia, and he arrives at the Finland station some months before Lenin, in the autumn of 1916. Dave's reactions to Russia are wide-eyed. Almost every aspect of Russian life provokes the remark "Holy Smoke". "Gee, make it sound easy", he says to his Bolshevist friend Anton. "But how many Russians ever heard of this guy Marx—isn't he dead and buried, anyways?" There can have been few sixteen-year-olds alive in 1916 quite as stupid as Dave Hopkins. This is a pity, because Mr. Trease has captured the eerie atmosphere of St. Petersburg before the revolution skilfully. Dave and Anton's escapes with the *Okhrana* or secret police are described with a good deal of professionally hectic suspense.

E. M. ALMEDINGEN: *Young Mark: the Story of a Venture*. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Oxford University Press. 13s.

GEOFFREY TREASE: *The White Nights of St. Petersburg*. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Macmillan. 18s.

History in Fiction—2

THE GREAT KING



IN the still centre of that very remarkable novel *The Namesake*, between the early campaigns and the nearly disastrous operations in Dorset, Alfred the King and his namesake and scribe ride west through Wessex past Ethandune:

> a hillside with a strange white horse cut in it . . . but hard to see for the weeds that grew over it. Save for ourselves passing, and a hawk hovering, it was a deserted place, and hardly worth a second glance.

The climax of the *Marsh King* is the battle in this wild spot.

The Namesake ended with the ejection of the Danes from the west. In the last passage Alfred the Namesake promises to write the rest of the story "if time is yet given to me". Mr. Walter Hodges has given the second half of his great narrative not to the Namesake but to an enigmatic figure, one who does not appear in the story at all but tells of events past and remembered by his parents. The device is acceptable because It is so clearly a success. The *Marsh King* is that rare thing, an entirely satisfactory sequel.

In some ways this is a more difficult story. The psychology is more complex. *The Namesake* dealt with a straightforward clash of enmities. Not all the enemies of the Marsh King are Danes. The ugly smell of treachery is in the air. There is a strange character, Unferth—brilliantly portrayed in one of the author's masterly illustrations—a Wessex thane whom pride and envy push into the Danish camp. He dies in a moment of apparent triumph, leaving many questions unanswered. Guthorm the Dane is a puzzling character, too. Mr. Hodges does his best with the final conversion—he has no choice, for it is historical fact—but it is not quite convincing enough.

These mysteries are intriguing, but for many readers this will be a story of heroic action. There are magnificent set-pieces, notably the narrative of the treacherous attack on Alfred and his companions at the wedding feast at Alham, which has something of the desperate splendour of an Icelandic saga, the Battle of Kynwit which reads like a literal prose translation of an Anglo-Saxon battle-poem, and the powerful acceleration up to the final battle of Ethandune. The burnt cakes are here too, rightly, in an episode integrated most beautifully into the narrative. When at last, after a heart-rending wait, the signal for action goes out from Athelney through the west country, the symbol carried by the couriers is a piece of burnt bread.

These events took place a very long time ago. A few of the people who worry about such things may ask what is the point of writing and reading about them today. The answer is not simple, but sufficiently convincing. Firstly, this is a great story. Read for its own sake, as a tale of action and passion supremely well told, it gives enormous satisfaction. It is, moreover, part of another and longer story of which we are a part. It shows Alfred as no mere warrior fighting his enemies with primitive and inefficient weapons, but as a prophet of the enlightenment. He fights Guthorm not just because he is an intruder and an alien, but because he is an oath-breaker. Alfred fights for integrity; in the light of this the spiritual blackmail of his final deal with Guthorm is seen to be just as well as politic.

The splendours of Mr. Hodges's prose, his masterly recreation of a distant age, and his moving portrayal of our one "great" king add up to a memorable experience.

C. WALTER HODGES: *The Marsh King*. Illustrated by the author. Bell. 21s.

The Dream-Time

HENRY TREECE'S last story, a strangely haunting fable of early men called *The Dream-Time* (briefly noticed, before publication, last November), is now issued with suitably archetypal, and often very beautiful, drawings by Charles Keeping, together with some evocative symbols drawn by Treece himself, and with an illuminating postscript by Rosemary Sutcliff. This story of a boy who would rather create than fight, a maker not a breaker, is the kind of dream one would expect from a poet, a lover of history and a lover of man. It is simple in language and thought, and its simplicity seems to reflect that uncomplicated wisdom we sometimes attain between sleep and waking.

HENRY TREECE: *The Dream-Time*. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Brockhampton Press. 16s.

Four of Henry Treece's most popular books appear this autumn in paperback editions. *Hounds of the King* (1955), about the Battle of Hastings—"the rise and fall both of a great English family and a great English warrior caste"—comes from Knight Books, Brockhampton Press at 5s. The fine Viking trilogy, *Viking's Dawn* (1955), *The Road to Miklagard* (1957) and *Viking's Sunset* (1960), is published by Puffin Books, the first and last at 3s. 6d. each; *Road to Miklagard* at 4s. 6d. All four books are illustrated by Christine Price.

CHRONICLE AND ROMANCE

TELLING the gestes and romances of the heroic age has its hazards, not least that of cliché. How, for instance, can one reconcile for modern children the complex morality of the Germanic ages?

Perhaps the best method is that used by Marie Buttis, in her version of the story of Ogier the Dane (*Champion of Charlemagne*), in this book, now rather more than half a century brought to English children, the author puts the words, but not the ideas, into modern speech. The narrative remains one of extreme remoteness, of an age so unlike our own that its inexplicable morality seems to call for no explanation. Even so, the young reader may puzzle how Ogier can successively become Charlemagne's enemy, his greatest hero, his implacable foe, and life leader of his army. By modern standards the great Emperor comes off badly, and so do most of the others. It is tempting to choose as the untarnished hero of this chronicle Ogier's horse.

This, however, is not the way to read this strange story. One must come to it as the original hearers did, as a saga of familiar, accepted heroes. Moral judgments are irrelevant. In this light, the narrative of bloody fights, desperate courage and cowardice, endurance and defeat, takes on its proper stature. Charles Keeping, in a set of masterly illustrations, has captured the powerful, strange spirit of the tale more successfully than the author did. Here is a world of violence and turmoil, of noble bravery and strength but without moral purpose. Marie Buttis is a chronicler, Madeleine Polland an interpreter. The latter tells us in her preface: "The romance of Ogier the Dane has come down to us in three versions, numbering, in all, some 30,000 lines. The story is entirely fabulous, containing still almost intact the ancient beliefs of the Germanic tribes." As chronicle, from these sources, it might be called unhappy, far-off things, battles long ago, by the winds of the centuries. But Miss Polland is writing a novel, exploring the minds and the motives of her characters. She manages well enough with Deirdre and Naoise, because love and honour are much the same in all centuries. But what of Conor? The king who changes from a worthy lord of champions to a dealer with traitors and mercenaries remains a mystery.

It is not the novelist's job to do every l and explain every puzzle, but the character of Conor is the key to this tragedy, and Miss Polland has not turned it. For all this, *Deirdre* is a notable book. Miss Polland draws most beautifully the portrait of her heroine growing from lovely childhood to noble womanhood, a very vulnerable creature but full of fun and courage. The idyllic interlude by Loch Etive is admirably done, tender but never cloying or sentimental. The writer has a strong feeling for environment, and her descriptions of natural beauty and of the passage of the seasons are economical and telling.

MARIE BUTTS: *Champion of Charlemagne*. Translated by Robert Linker. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Bodley Head. 16s.

MADELEINE POLLAND: *Deirdre*. World's Work. 21s.

Hero in Green

IAN SERRAILLIER'S VERSION of some Robin Hood ballads could only have been made by someone who loves the whole body of early ballad, carol and lay and knows it intimately. One's first reaction is: "He has not rewritten it at all!", so strongly does the enchanted yet rollicking flavour of the greenwood come over. In fact, Mr. Serraillier has very skilfully succeeded in preserving colour, rhythm and phrase while presenting a more immediately comprehensible language. One notices the occasional rearrangement of stanzas into a more logical order, the small omissions, the translation of a medieval phrase into a striking equivalent.

Narrative ballad language is traditionally stark and colloquial, and its use of imagery all the more telling for being spare. Here is Robin addressing the two penniless priests:

> "I am much afraid", said Robin Hood,
> "That you two priests are lying.
> Before you go, I'll learn the truth—
> There is no harm in trying."
>
> The priests turned pale, they fled like the squall
> That drives the winter rain;
> But Robin took to his heels and quickly
> Caught them up again.

It is both possible and enjoyable to read these tales aloud: the reader will love the rhythm and the listener find the story holds him. The twelve here chosen include the tale of how Robin kills Guy of Gisborne, disguises himself in Guy's horse-hide garment, and thus rescues Little John from the sheriff. It is typical of the resourceful trickery (which will still arouse a satisfied laugh) with which Robin pursues his main purpose, to relieve the oppressed poor at the expense of the rich.

Legend has made Robin Hood into many of the things the English like best, a protester, a sympathizer with the under-dog, a sport (his crown is cracked as often as the next man's). Nevertheless, legend could not resist giving him an earl's daughter for mother, who went to the greenwood to bear him. The ballad of Robin's death at the hands of the treacherous prioress, and how he shot his last arrow to show John where he should lie, is splendidly full of foreboding and sorrow and has all the right echoes. There are magnificent drawings, some in colour, by Victor Ambrus.

IAN SERRAILLIER: *Robin in the Greenwood*. Oxford University Press. 13s. 6d.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN



Champion of Charlemagne
MARIE BUTTS

The story of Ogier the Dane and his life at the court of King Charlemagne. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. 16s

The Etruscan Leopards
GIULIANA BOLDRINI

A young Etruscan merchant adventurer sails on his first voyage with his father. Translated by Isabel Quigly. Illustrated by Michael Charlton. 18s

Knights of God
PATRICIA LYNCH

The stories of eight Irish Saints each set against his historical background. Illustrated by Victor Ambrus. 21s

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GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

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JACQUELINE CERVON

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PAUL BERNA

An exciting new mystery is solved by Bobby Thirlet and his companions. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. 15s

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ALFRED HITCHCOCK

A collection of spine-chilling spy stories from the world's greatest spy writers. Illustrated by Jim Russell. 21s (Max Reinhardt)

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A fascinating account of these strange plants, illustrated with detailed colour drawings by Colin Threadgall. 13s 6d

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MAXWELL KNIGHT

The well-known naturalist describes some of the smaller amphibious mammals. Illustrated in colour by Barry Driscoll. 13s 6d

The Earth Tells Its Story
PROF. W. E. SWINTON

A simple introduction to geology. Illustrated in colour by David A. Hardy. 13s 6d

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

Tales from the Marble Mountain
HUGH GARDNER

A re-issue in a single volume of the delightful animal stories from BEYOND THE MARBLE MOUNTAIN and BACK TO THE MARBLE MOUNTAIN. Illustrated by Kiddell-Monroe. 18s

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The Kitchen Madonna
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Elaine Moss, *The Spectator*
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"Absolutely delightful"
The Times Educational Supplement
Illustrated in full colour 18s



Sir Charles Petrie
Great Beginnings in the Age of Queen Victoria
"A fascinating book"
Growing Point
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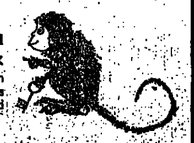
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A Quantum Book
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Novels for the Over Nines—1

GENIUS LOCI

One of the keenest delights for children in reading is to be able to lose themselves in new surroundings; strong but very different atmospheres are offered by each of four new stories here.

William Mayne's Battlefield Inn, on the lonely road to the hills, takes its name from the surrounding moor, whose history of ancient battle and disaster has sunk deeply into the local consciousness and speech. At some point in time a rock with a watch tower on top has broken away from an escarpment and now stands out in the moor. One holidays, in the bright cold of early spring, Debby and Lesley, the daughters of the innkeeper, find themselves old and adventurous enough to explore both battlefield and tower. They listen with new interest to the legends of wavering lights and hidden treasure and of how the beck will run blood red to presage disaster. After the water diviner has located a frozen pipe for their father they borrow his wires to seek treasure for themselves, finding first a strangely carved stone, like those in the cross on the village green, and then an ancient cannon. But when these are winched out of the bog for them by their friend Thomas with his tractor the beck does indeed change colour, the rain starts to fall and what the silent shepherd calls the outraged "forces of nature" start on their revenge.

The skill and imaginative power of William Mayne's writing are beyond question and *The Battlefield* is full of richness; the pity is that there is too much. At every turn there is such a proliferation of ideas and images that the story becomes hard to follow and one longs for a plain breathing space. And the fact that these fancies are expressed through the dialogue of Debby and Lesley, the two country children, gives a teasing implausibility and a curious slow motion to the narrative throughout.

The account of life at the inn and the Shakespearian characters round the bar, of the girls' daily tasks, such as wiping the glasses as they listen to the gossip, watching that the pudding for their dinner doesn't boil dry, taking hay to the snow-bound lambs whose voices are "heartrending in the clear air, like little melancholy bells calling hermits to prayer" are deeply satisfying, on many levels. The contrasts between the brittle cold outside with its "thin smell of snow" and the cosy, beer-smelling bar, between the two girls fighting for bedclothes in their icy bedroom and having their tin bath in front of the leaping fire, with countless other things, give a vivid delight. This is where Debby and Lesley are at one with their surroundings and enchantingly alive. It is when they talk, watching their own thoughts like bubbles, analysing their reactions preciously describing themselves as "ornaments and curiosities" excusing themselves by saying "it's our nature", that exasperation and disbelief creep in till one longs to echo with their father "Give over with your wearisome cleverness".

Though powerful, the story itself is strange and it is only the compulsive quality of Mr. Mayne's writing which enables us to cling on to belief. This still just holds when the rock takes off from the waterlogged moor and sets off on a sea of mud towards the village, but when rock and tower sail down between the houses of the main street, with the two girls aboard and do no damage, coming to rest over the frost on the village green, belief is shattered at last. And not all the holidays forth by the now jaunty sheepdog about the upset forces of nature righting themselves can put it together again. It is the mind with her clear Scottish air. Hers is summer holiday land and she writes of it beautifully, describing lochs, sea and hills, as well as the three fortunate children who have the freedom of them, with a vivid and effortless certainty. The opening of this story is especially good, establishing straight away the characters of Ian and the interloping Waterstons, the excitement and beauty of the children's beloved coast and countryside and the threat of its disruption to come; we are instantly involved in their spirited quests. These are twofold, to stop the unwelcome newcomers from taking lawful possession of Cathie's home and to find the money it was sold for, lost somewhere among the caves and rocks a generation ago. The only weakness in the plot is that one problem resolves itself too early leaving a slight feeling of anti-climax as the other lags behind. But readers will surely by then be so much identified with the everyday life of Ian, Cathie and Sovra that they will scarcely notice.

Atmosphere, character, story: there is another ingredient, sometimes banked-down in established authors and often strong in first novels—zest. Though neither characters nor story stand up to very close examination in *The Snowstorm* by Beryl Nethercliff, it sweeps on regardless, with splendid verve. The story is a familiar one, but always a favourite with children, the place here an old family house Farthingales, falling into disrepair. Three children, their parents abroad, go to stay there with an eccentric aunt and as something must obviously be done about it they set to, stirring up ghosts in all directions, until success is achieved. Though the aunt and her almost human dog are so burlesque as to belong to a quite different sort of story, though the ghosts (far too many of them) appear at random and without consistency, though the denouement is wildly improbable, it hardly matters, the whole is as rumbustious an entertainment as a good, quickly improvised game of hide-and-seek.

An old house, a summer coast, a battle-haunted moor: the fourth place is the murder-haunted Australian bush in *The Bow Hole*, and both place and story are very frightening. It is easy to understand that a talent such as Ivan Southall's must look for ever stronger and more challenging themes to express itself, but the danger is that the resulting story may not prove to be for children at all.

Ken, a nervous child of conventional parents, pays a visit to relations and hates their noisy and ramshackle way of life. Though amiable, his Uncle Bob is a weak and self-styled failure and his cousins are boastful and brash. To bolster up his own courage Hugh takes Ken camping near this place of evil repute, where two men are said to have killed each other for gold. Chasing after a fox, Ken gets trapped in the impenetrable brambles of the dreaded gully itself and then crashes down the sixty-foot Chinaman's Shaft. Hugh is too terrified to do anything but run for his father's help.



From *Strangers at the Door*

All Uncle Bob's incipient weakness is revealed as he slashes ineffectually at the brambles, furious with Ken for getting into this trouble and distracted by the thought of what he will say to the boy's parents if he dies; refusing to send for help lest they witness his shame. Alarmed by his behaviour, his family have almost persuaded Uncle Bob to let them go for the police when, by the light of a lowered torch, Ken sees gold. Not the police now, shouts his frenzied uncle when he hears, for the discovery must be kept to themselves, and a the thought of riches both he and his wife now undergo a further horrifying change. Oblivious of Ken's plight, Uncle Bob lowers himself down the shaft and it is only after an interval that the misery of the boy's situation is borne home to him. In his remorse he wrestles with his conscience, shouts up that it is only Fools' Gold and that the police are to be fetched after all.

He is rewarded by Ken's gratitude and affection and his family's relief. The suspense of the story is breathtakingly maintained, the description, particularly of the boys' camping at night, are brilliant, and the characters, in all their weakness, disturbingly real, but what sort of reading for children, however well done, is this? A boy, always nervous, ends in abject fear for his life, trapped in a horrifying place where murder has been done. From here he has to witness the near break-up of a weak man, first in an emergency and then under the madness of gold, till he is no longer even able to believe in "the goodness of grown-up people". That common humanity, say Rose seeming almost like heroism, prevails at the very end seems hardly compensation enough.

WILLIAM MAYNE: *The Battlefield*. Illustrated by Mary Russon. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

ELINOR LYON: *Strangers at the Door*. Illustrated by Mary Dinsdale. Brockhampton Press. 16s.

BERYL NETHERCLIFF: *The Snowstorm*. Hutchinson. 15s.

IVAN SOUTHALL: *The Fox Hole*. Illustrated by Ian Ribbons. Methuen. 12s 6d.

And Also . . .

CORNELIA MEIGS: *Mystery at the Red House*. Illustrated by Robert Meade. Jean Collier-Macmillan. 12s 6d.

A professor's family drive out into the American countryside to look for a series of rhymed clues for a treasure hunt which leads them to a house which is perfect for lodgers, an empty room set for a blue-stocking professor father. By the time the denouement is wildly improbable, it hardly matters, the whole is as rumbustious an entertainment as a good, quickly improvised game of hide-and-seek.

PHYLLIS WHITNEY: *Poison for Dessert*. Illustrated by Garrick Palmer. Hamish Hamilton. 16s 6d.

Questions of Captain Cook's voyages and a boy's hero-worship for him give freshness to this story of crystal boats, reclusive stolen Maori treasure and illicit seal-killing off the New Zealand coast. A colourful setting for a fast moving and exciting tale.

Novels for the Over Nines—2

MISUNDERSTANDINGS



Abundance of orphans in this season's fiction is a fair reminder that the imaginative force of this hero or heroine figure does not wane with the centuries. Noticeably, though, few of the current crop are in orphanages; few are even poor. They may be adopted or "fostered", however—a valid modern problem-situation; they are frequently solitaries, and generally in a phase of being at odds with the world. All the five books below use much the same elements—but two, as it happens, are of quite outstanding quality. One opens the list; the other brings it to an end.

When Marnie was There is the first of these; beautifully planned, hauntingly written, this must be the most striking novel in its genre since *Tom's Midnight Garden*. Anna, a foster-child, already resenting her mother and grandmother for leaving her by dying, now makes the dreadful discovery that "Auntie" (whom she is really fond of) is *paid* for keeping her. Brooding and unforthcoming she descriptions of her behaviour are not without humour), she goes to stay with a kind old couple, friends of her foster-mother's girlhood, in Norfolk. There, like something already in her memory, she finds an old house, with a "quiet, yellow, everlasting look" backing on to the creek; no less oddly familiar is the fairy-like girl at the window, who leaves the little boat for her to sail in to the door. Marnie, so teasing, bright and mercurial, with her long fair hair and sea-blue eyes, so much like one of the magical girls in an early Rosamond Lehmann novel ("Oh, poor you!")—Marnie becomes Anna's perfect, elusive friend. These chapters hold a thrilling intensity; the salt smell, the slapping waves, the bird that seems to cry "Fly me!" seem linked both with the pleasure and the loss. For Marnie does disappear, and the house is empty; perhaps it has been empty for many a year. Yet the story is not done; the careful tracking of the theme, and the final discovery of Marnie's place in Anna's life—however much it draws on the audacious all-possibilities of fiction—is also part of this memorable book's achievement. Peggy Fortnum's jacket and pictures, wonderfully echo its mood.

Phantoms have no part in *Up a Road Slowly*, a sympathetic, substantial novel (winner of the American Newbery Award for 1967) about a girl growing up with one of those dear but sterling aunts we know so well through fiction. Julie, the girl narrator, is seven when her mother dies, and she is normally taken, with young brother Chris, to her new home with Aunt Cordelia, a few miles out in the country. Her adored sister Laura remains in town, though, with their college-teaching professor father. By the time she leaves Julie a decade or so later, she is a veteran of emotional battles, deeply involved—and it is high time!—and has even become grateful to that formidable spinster Aunt Haskell, who, a boy, an alcoholic, and a philosopher, has, as a man, also written never writes, yet manages to be a successful author. It is heard an unexpected him down to his heels". For he has given witty and astringent counsel to Julie on several needed occasions—and has strolled in, with casual grace, when Julie has to be saved from handsome predatory Brett, with his long lashes, square cleft chin and sensual mouth, when he starts to want rather more than her help with the essay project on Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience*. Grief can come from other sources—the death of the despised Aggie Kilpin, nobody's friend; the gentle wandering madness of Mrs. Elwing, who married Aunt Cordelia's childhood friend and beau. Yet it is a happy and satisfying book enough in its wholly American way; readers at the younger level of the *Katy* books and *Little Women* will already know the language and the terrain.

Requiem for a Princess is a much less subtle performance than its author's earlier book of youth and hauntings; it makes the same point as the *Marnie* story above, but oddly cumbrously. Willow, the narrator, only child of a fragile, nervous mother and a father who is a naval commander turned West Country sheep farmer, is a schoolgirl with unusual gifts as a pianist. Though happy enough with her parents, she is appalled to learn, from a tactless friend, that she is their *adopted* daughter. So that is why they refuse to take seriously her wish for a musical career! Ill and dispirited, she goes with her mother to Cornwall, where they stay at a private hotel, once an Elizabethan manor, home of the Tresilian family. Their wise hostess, Miss Rosamund Tresilian, senses problems; suggests that Willow stays on alone for a while. ("I was hoping that you might find it a kind of refuge where you could come to terms with your trouble in your own time.")

And something does catch Willow's interest—a portrait of a young girl in Elizabethan clothes "with huge dark eyes and elaborate hair style". Around her neck is a chain with a worked medallion in some unlikely metal—perhaps the local tin.

"A remote member of the family, an adopted daughter", said Miss Tresilian.

Involuntarily I caught my breath, betraying my vulnerability.

And there in the chapel is the memorial stone to this "dear adopted daughter", Isabel de Calvaderos,



Both illustrations from *When Marnie was There*

aged 17 years, "supposed drowned 1602". In a little sunken garden, Willow finds the actual chain and medallion. "Where could I hide it? Where would it be safe?—In my bra! I must carry it with me inside my bra by day, and at night I would sleep with it round my neck, hidden by the bedclothes." Obsessed by the Spanish girl, Willow has a series of dreams which take her through Isabel's story; she emerges with thoughts of her own, of reconciliation, gratitude, and the wish to give, not take. A good enough conclusion but far too heavily achieved. Isabel, who takes so much of the tale with her Spanish ambience, is a pasteboard figure throughout. Her problems are those of circumstance, not of personality, and Willow's lose their edge along with hers.

Boy on a Brown Horse is another variation on the imaginary playmate theme. The year is 1915. Fabian, a pale quiet orphan of eight or nine, has come from India (like Mary of *the Secret Garden*) to live with his elderly great-aunts in the ancestral Dorset house. Lonely and—rather surprisingly—not given to reading books, he centres all his interest on a fellow-orphan who lived there as a boy some thirty years earlier—his father's cousin David, whose room is now his own. Helped out by the old servants' memories, he turns this imagined David into his companion, mentor and model; he asks him questions, and answers them in a special David-voice. "Master David relished a nice underdone steak", he is told; and Fabian feels, as the reader is also somehow made to feel, that there is a virtue in eating it (even in the war year of 1915). David loved horses and hunting, too, though with rather mixed feelings about the fox. Fabian therefore suppresses his fears and starts to learn to ride. But it is hard to say what the reader is meant to think of David and David's influence—even when he does appear at last, a breezy figure in khaki, who arranges for Fabian to be sent to his own old school, and tells the boy that he is now head of the family, a fact which his careful aunts had kept from him. Are Fabian's troubles really over? Have they ever been recognized? Somehow, in spite of Susan Einzig's arresting jacket and an unusually good production, the story has a pedestrian quality; at no point does it really leave the ground.

But what of this extraordinary oddity, *Dorp Dead*? Short, tense, piercing, remarkable, it is a book that stands alone. It uses no magic-machinery, but possibly something of symbolism; yet this may after all be no more than the grotesqueries of the child's eye-view. Gilly, a highly intelligent ten-year-old recluse, goes to an orphanage; his only relative, the loved old grandmother who brought him up, is dead. He hides his abilities and determines "not to get tangled up with people".

Anyone can see why I am never very popular or sought after: a stuffed bear in school, from whom frequent and inaccurate grunts of non-knowledge are extracted, and a true clunk at sports, besides offering nothing in the way of malice or inventiveness in between. That is the way I want it and have it.

A day of truancy in the pine forest near by brings the harassed matron's patience to an end, and the boy goes as a sort of foster-child apprentice to Master Kobalt (as he likes to be called), the eccentric local ladder builder in his fine stone secret house. "I live in lanes of time", he tells the boy; "each hour is chancelled; you will fit into these grooves." Gilly understands and respects his master's ordered way of life; what's more, he has at last silence and peace (no more of those orphanage bells), good clothes, a room of his own, no need for fire-some human contact. But the spell has to break. There is an unexplained maltreatment of the subdued kitchen dog; the boy responds by disturbing the order of the ladders on which his master is at work. The smooth relationship is smashed; fear sets in; escape, which Gilly now desires, appears to be impossible. Yet, after peaks of nightmare (good stuff of climb and hunt at ordinary schoolboy reader's level), brightness ends the scene, and starts a new beginning for the boy. The writing of all this (which must lose some of its character in a summary) gives the book an intense completeness—something, too, of the sustained compulsion of a dream.

JOAN G. ROBINSON: *When Marnie was There*. Illustrated by Peggy Fortnum. Collins. 15s.

IRENE HUNT: *Up a Road Slowly*. Macdonald. 16s.

RUTH M. ARTHUR: *Requiem for a Princess*. Illustrated by Margery Gill. Gollancz. 16s.

ROSEMARY WEIR: *Boy on a Brown Horse*. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

JULIA CUNNINGHAM: *Dorp Dead*. Heinemann. 12s 6d.

And Also . . .

HENRI BOSCO: *The Boy and the River*. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Illustrated by Lynton Lamb. Oxford Children's Library. 7s. 6d.

First published in England in 1956, this "marvellous story." . . . "the lonely boy's dream of a powerful friend, the sheltered child's dream of the wide world", as it was then described in these pages, is wonderfully good value in its present reprint.

ORLANDO THE BRAVE VULTURE
Tomi Ungerer
A hugely improbable tale about gold, Mexican bandits, and the brave Orlando who helps to save a miner lost in the Mexican desert.
'Splendidly realistic pictures.' *Punch*
Illustrated in three colours by the author 15s



A DAY AT BULLERBY
Astrid Lindgren
'This is a charming and lively story, with gay, natural pictures, which young children will enjoy.' *Child Education*
'Enters right into the world of the four to sevens.' Gladys Williams *Good Housekeeping*
Illustrated in colour by Ilon Wikland 9s 6d

LITTLE TRULSA'S SECRET
Ester Ringnér-Lundgren
Translated by Anna Berg
Little Trulsa is worried because she has no present for her mother's birthday. But with the advice of Prrr the cat and the help of a kind neighbour, the problem is eventually solved.
Illustrated by May Bühler 10s 6d



A BOOK OF MERMAIDS
Ruth Manning-Sanders
These sixteen tales from many lands are infinitely varied in plot, and told with the warmth, humour and love of detail so characteristic of Ruth Manning-Sanders' writing. *Illustrated by Robin Jacques* 21s



A Read Aloud Book
HILDA THE HEN
Jill Tomlinson
'This is a gay little story with short chapters which would make good bedtime reading.' *All About Children*
'It has the kind of humour to which young children will readily respond.' *Children's Book News*
Illustrated by Sylvia Makower 10s 6d



THE FOX HOLE
Ivan Southall
'. . . always plays fair with his young readers . . . he looks squarely at a crisis and tells us how it affects the characters he has convincingly assembled . . . And what skill has gone into the shaping of the story, from overture to coda.' Margery Fisher *The Sunday Times*
Illustrated by Ian Ribbons 15s



TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES
Based on Hergé's characters
A Film Book; from the screenplay by André Barret
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This second Tintin film book takes Hergé's famous reporter and his friends on a secret mission to Spain.
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Family life in Thailand—buffaloes, tropical fruit and flowers, the floating market and Buddhist temples—presented in narrative text and forty-six superb photographs. 12s 6d



Children Everywhere Series
MANUELA LIVES IN PORTUGAL
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Natural lively pictures by a photographer specialising in work with children showing the life of the daughter of a Portuguese fisherman. 12s 6d

METHUEN

HARRAP BOOKS *Folk and Fairy Lore*

for Older Boys and Girls



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THREE FROM CATFISH BEND. The three American classics included in this omnibus volume describe the adventures of a group of animal characters. These stories have been acclaimed as the American *Wind in the Willows*. 8½in. × 5½in. 380pp. *Illustrated*. 30s.

MARTHA ROBINSON'S

THE VET'S NIECES. A sequel to *The Vet's Family* and *The Vet's Son*. "The authoress enters the minds and emotions of the young skilfully and sensitively. A good read." — *Northern Despatch*. 18s.



ERIC LEYLAND'S

THE WAGGON WHEELERS ON TOUR. Some of the characters who appeared in *The Eagles Flew Straight* find themselves together again in an amateur drama group. "Adventure lurks round every corner."—*Glasgow Times*. 18s.

H. M. PEEL'S

DIDO AND ROGUE. "The latest of Hazel M. Peel's exciting stories about horses and riding featuring a horse which seems impossible to tame."—*Express & Echo*. By the author of *Night Storm the Flat Racer*, etc. *Illustrated*. 16s.



RENE GUILLOT'S

THE STRANGER FROM THE SEA. An intriguing tale about a poor fisherman's son in Genoa. "A vividly excitingly written book, and will appeal especially to lovers of the sea and of boats."—*Elizabethan*. *Illustrated*. 15s.

VALERIE HASTINGS'

FLOOD TIDE. A story set against the background of the great storm of 1953 when the sea broke through the Dutch dykes causing widespread havoc. 16s.

MOLLY WHEELER'S

BY SWORD OR FIRE. This exciting adventure story is told in the first person by Lucius, son of a Roman deputy procurator, stationed in Britain. "Vivid and informative"— GLADYS WILLIAMS, *Good Housekeeping*. 18s.

The Stuff Of Legend

CHILDREN have an enormous appetite for myths, fairy-tales and legends. No one can complain that the publishers have not done these enthusiasts proud this autumn. At first sight of well over a dozen books in this genre the reviewer sees visions of well-stocked shelves on comparative mythology in every children's library. Then, alas, doubt creeps in. Are there not better versions of some of these already in print? This volume is unattractively produced and badly illustrated; that one dully written and clotted with unpronounceable names. Some must obviously be rejected, and, searching for three essentials—clear, individual writing, bold print, and attractive pictures—one picks out at once *The Hamish Hamilton Book of Heroes*, edited by William Mayne, Ruth Manning-Sanders's *Book of Mermaids*, and Robin Palmer's *Dragons, Unicorns and Other Magical Beasts*.

The most varied and quirkish, as one might expect from its editor, William Mayne, is *The Book of Heroes*. He defines a hero as someone "slightly larger than life" but not necessarily admirable. The collection is not limited to the remoter heroes of ballads, romances or sagas. It includes Tennyson's "The Revenge" and Macaulay's "Horatius". Mr. Mayne has given lucid and interesting notes on the sources of his material, notes that for once children may be expected to understand and profit from, which is rare enough. The introductions to some collections of myths sent in for review were deplorable. The style of Rut'h Manning-Sanders's *Book of Mermaids* is less idiosyncratic than that of some of William Mayne's contributors. Indeed, at times it is a little flat, but at least it does not get in the way of the story, as could be said, perhaps, of Alan Garner's retelling of Finn Maccumhail in the previous collection. The *Mermaid* stories are drawn from a wide field and include some little-known material. There are many who like Robin Jacques's illustrations, though one can find their charm a little cloying.

Robin Palmer had the original idea of prefacing a set of tales about fabulous creatures with a short illustrated dictionary of some of them, many belonging to the bestiaries. Unfortunately this is the least satisfactory part of an otherwise delightful and unusual book. The intention was obviously light-hearted, but even so it *is* called a dictionary and as such it is rather perfunctory. The unicorn comes off worst, for not only is the chief legend about it omitted but a poem included later, Bendt's "How to Catch Unicorns", is a lamentable debasement of a beautiful legend that permeated every minor art of the Middle Ages from stained glass to tapestry. However, this criticism apart, the book is worth having for its stories, many of which will be unfamiliar to the most ardent pursuer of manticoras and hippogriffs.

The Cold Flame by James Reeves is in a somewhat different category. A tale from the Brothers Grimm has been used as a springboard for a short novel. A young soldier, exhausted and starving after his contemptuous dismissal as useless for further service, obtains from a witch a cold blue flame from which can be summoned a demon to do his bidding. The soldier's use of this power, though it relieves him of physical misery, confronts him with a growing self-knowledge, and the bitter reflection that he has always made the wrong choice. He has affronted the dignity of a human-being in the person of the princess whom he first debases to a servant, and then rejects in favour of kingly power. Despite the vivid way Mr. Reeves tells this story, the point of it—if this is not a misreading—is not made really clear in the final trial, and the tale loses momentum in the last few pages. None the less, this short novel for older children is genuinely moving, and disturbing in its implication that human nature can withstand much suffering but can rarely refuse the opportunity to grasp at power and use it to make others suffer.

Among what might be called the more strictly geographical collections, three come up to a high standard. *The King Who Rides a Tiger* is a book of Nepalese tales, told with great warmth and simplicity by Patricia Hitchcock, who heard them from the story-tellers who still play an important part in the life of the lonely villages of Nepal. *The Japanese Fairy Book* is a well-justified reprint of the 1904 edition, and it is doubtful whether Japan's legends have ever been better told than by Yei Theodora Ozaki. At 12s. this Dover paperback is notably well printed and bound.

The Peasant and the Donkey takes the reader, in appropriately magic-carpet fashion, across countries ranging from Tunis to Persia with enchanting tales, full of wisdom and sly humour. Wicked stepmothers, trickery of all kinds, human and animal, the humbling of the mighty and the raising of the lowly, are staple ingredients of all these tales, but just as the reader is reminded of The Frog Prince, or Cinderella, or one of Reynard the Fox's wicked exploits, the story takes an unexpected turn and transports him to Nepal or Baghdad or to the far-off islands where the adventure of Prince Yamato Take and his Grass-Cleaving Sword is still commemorated by the Japanese, for all their modern sophistication, in a place-name on the Tokaido railway.



From *The Cold Flame*

WILLIAM MAYNE (Editor): *The Hamish Hamilton Book of Heroes*. Illustrated by Krystyna Turska. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS: *A Book of Mermaids*. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Methuen. 21s.

ROBIN PALMER: *Dragons, Unicorns and Other Magical Beasts*. Illustrated by Don Bolognese. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

JAMES REEVES: *The Cold Flame*. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

PATRICIA HITCHCOCK: *The King Who Rides a Tiger*. Illustrated by Lalita Sader. Berkeley, California: Parnassus Press. $3.75.

YEI THEODORA OZAKI: *The Japanese Fairy Book*. Dover Publications. London: Constable. 12s.

H. M. NAHMAD: *The Peasant and the Donkey*. Tales of the Near and Middle East. Illustrated by William Papas. Oxford University Press. 21s.

And Also . . .

PIGGY APPAH: *Tales of an Ashanti Father*. Illustrated by Mora Dunbar. André Deutsch. 18s.
Many of the Anansi tales and other less well known from Ghana, told with engaging freshness and verve.

PADRAIC COLUM: *The Golden Fleece*. 18s. *The Children's Homer*. 16s. *The Children of Odin*. 18s. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. Collier-Macmillan.
Although many versions of these tales exist, this reprinting is justified by Padraic Colum's distinguished retelling, and Pogany's fine drawings have a clear economy that matches the clear prose.



From *Favourite Fairy Tales Told in France*

over Irene Schreiber in the Bodleian book. Puss in Boots crops up once again in *Told in France*. If they call a series "Favourite", they can hardly avoid the most well known. Beauty and the Beast is here too, as it was in Dr. Bamberger's collection. There seems very little to choose between the various tellings, but the Bodley Head books are certainly far better value than the Klüstner stories—though as stories for money they are of course worse value than Lang or most of the big collections.

Andersen's *The Nightingale*, which occupies twelve pages of the Bamberger book, also appears by itself in a prizewinning American picture-book. It is a beautiful book, but, like so many of the most beautiful picture-books, the appeal of this pseudo-chinoiserie is primarily to adults. Another traditional tale retold to make a picture-book, *The Bigger Giant*, is the splendid story of the giant Fin McCool and how he outwits, with the help of his tiny wife, the bigger giant, Cucullan. It is a fine story for small children, the humour just right for them, but the illustrations again, in a totally different way, appeal more to adults. There are not enough things to pick out and identify, and no child would be fooled, as Cucullan is fooled, into thinking Fin McCool *is* but a baby boy.

The Emir's Son, a Hausa fable retold by Martin Ballard, is Gareth Floyd's first picture-book, and a marvellous job he has made of it. This story of the reformation of a profligate prince is not a story for small children, and it is sad that its picture-book format may restrict it to them. Given a child at the right time (say between six and ten), it really is the stuff to make a deep and lasting impression, visually and morally.

A curiosity for bibliophiles, rather than a genuine children's book, is the facsimile of Eleanor Mure's *Three Bears*. This was first published in 1831 and is the earliest-known written version of this most familiar of all fairy tales. It was published six years before Robert Southey's prose version, but until now has only been available in Dent's *Book of Verse for Children*. The story was written and illustrated for a four-year-old nephew, but four-year-olds today will not make much of it.

They will undoubtedly prefer the more familiar version, complete with Goldilocks (instead of the unattractive housebreaking old woman who spits out the poor bears' milk), in Eileen Colwell's *The Youngest Storybook*. Miss Colwell is catering here for the same children, the under sixes, who enjoy her Puffins. As well as some traditional stories, she includes more recent favourites—Teddy Robinson, Tim Rabbit, and Galldora—and some less usual things as well. There are attractive line drawings by Margery Gill, and the type is large enough to encourage precocious five-year-olds to try reading the stories for themselves.

Perrault's Fairy Tales. Translated by Anne Carter. Illustrated by Janusz Grabianski. Cape. 30s.

Fairy Tales of Ludwig Bechstein. Translated by Anthea Bell. Illustrated by Irene Schreiber. Abelard-Schuman. 30s.

RICHARD BAMBERGER: *My Third Big Story-Book*. Translated by James Thin. Illustrated by Emanuela Wallenta. Oliver and Boyd. 27s. 6d.

ERICH KÄSTNER: *Puss in Boots. Till Eulenspiegel*. Both translated by Richard and Clara Winston and illustrated by Walter Trier. Cape. 16s. each.

Favourite Fairy Tales: *Told in France. Told in Ireland. Told in Norway. Told in Russia*. All retold by Virginia Haviland, and illustrated respectively by Roger Duvoisin, Artur Marokvia, Leonard Weisgard, and Herbert Danska. Bodley Head. 16s. each.

HANS ANDERSEN: *The Nightingale*. Translated by Eva Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Nancy Ekholm Burkert. Collins. 18s.

NANCY GREEN: *The Bigger Giant*. Illustrated by Betty Fraser. Faber and Faber. 15s.

MARTIN BALLARD: *The Emir's Son*. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Constable Young Books. 15s.

ELEANOR MURE: *The Story of the Three Bears*. Oxford University Press. 15s.

EILFIN COLWELL (Editor): *The Youngest Storybook*. Illustrated by Margery Gill. Bodley Head. 21s.

A CHILD'S MAYHEW

ENTHUSIASM for dolls, as earlier generations knew it, seems to have departed. No doubt there are as many of them in the shops, but nobody plays with them with that passionate intensity that we meet in the Victorian stories about dolls. They are the property of the pre-school child, or else, maturely curved, they represent to the older child the glorious teenage life that lies ahead of her. The "little mamma" of nine or ten years old have gone. From the doll literature of a century ago we can read of the extravagant lengths to which the "little mammas" were encouraged to go. Victoria-Bess, in the book by Brenda ——— of that name, sat on her own chair when she came down to dessert with her little mistress, and was respectfully waited upon by the servants. Dressed in fine silk she accompanied her mistress to all her children's parties, very often receiving her own separate invitation. And Matilda Pouppet in the latest edition of *Memoirs of a London Doll* by that somewhat obscure Victorian man of letters, Richard Horne, is treated with no less devotion. Her little Lady Place drives round the West End of London, sending a powdered footman into every toyshop to inquire if there is a doll's feather bed, and when she finds Maria Poppet is fully supplied with furniture and a gold watch, with her name engraved on the back.

Memoirs of a London Doll has recently been reprinted, disappeared into the nursery, and reappeared from time to time, and is now edited by Margery Fisher, who lists in her excellent notes it was also included—a fact which the editor may not know—in a Christmas annual, *A Feast of Good Things*, of 1874, together with another story by Richard Horne, *The Good-Natured Bear*. Neither of them carries its author's name. Indeed Horne, who changed his middle name of Henry to Hengist, was a quirkish, whimsical man, who delighted in small mysteries, and put the name "Mrs. Fairstar" as the editor in the original edition of the London Doll's memoirs.

It is one of the most attractive of the Victorian doll stories, light-hearted and unburdened with moral. Maria Popper describes her various changes of ownership with a wooden stoicism and lack of emotion which seems appropriate in a doll. In this series of vignettes of London life, Horne ranges from the very poor to the very fortunate; he records squalor and luxury, evil and good, and forbears to moralize. The result is a remarkable picture of London in the 1840s, a child's Mayhew. Maria is made by a poor doll-maker and his family, toiling for a living in a garret in High Holborn. She passes into the hands of a seven-year-old apprentice milliner who is worked from six in the morning until eight at night, and thence to the daughter of a Cabinet Minister living in Hanover Square. She passes through the hands of a Punch and Judy man, an old clothes man, an Italian organ boy and a child pantomime dancer before she reaches

> my present dear mamma. . . . She takes the greatest care of me. Everything is made for me just like hers. I have morning dresses, afternoon dresses, and nightclothes, and a little chest of drawers to keep my things in. I have a little bed, with white curtains and nice blankets and sheets, in which my mamma lays me every night. . . . When I go out I have a bonnet and cloak put on, and I am always dressed for dinner and have my hair done.

This is a beautifully produced book. The original illustrations by Margaret Gillies are used as end-papers, and there are charming additional decorations by Richard Shirley Smith. Margery Fisher contributes an informative introduction and detailed notes.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE: *Memoirs of a London Doll*. Edited by Margery Fisher. Illustrated by Margaret Gillies and Richard Shirley Smith. André Deutsch. 21s.

More than 1,700 items, some rare, and dating from 1665 to 1930, are recorded in *A Catalogue of the Spencer Collection of Early Children's Books and Chapbooks* issued by the Harris Public Library, Preston, at 63s. The core of the collection was given to the Library some years ago by a Preston man, J. H. Spencer, whose "two abiding interests in life", according to Miss Jane Downton, the Borough Librarian, were his native town and book collecting. His gift has been added to over the years by the Library and by friends, and is now fittingly catalogued on the lines of the Toronto Osborne Collection.

Non-fiction

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JOYCE LANCASTER BRISLEY. A new volume in the series that has entertained hundreds of thousands of children since it began in 1928. By the author of *Milly-Molly-Mandy Stories*. (42nd Imp.) Total sales of series exceed 2 million. *Illustrated by the author*. 8s. 6d.

TEATIME BOOKS

Two further titles in this popular series of "good value" colour picture books intended for the under-sixes: Pink Abu and the Rookes by ROBERT BARTELT. The Magic Boots by PENELOPE JACKSON. *Both with 32pp of full colour. Limp* 6s. *Varnished boards* 7s. 6d.

FAMILIAR FAIRIES

IF THERE is no volume of fairy stories in print quite as attractive as the Harcourt Williams collection *Tales from Ebony*, which Putnam published in 1934, it is not for want of trying. Each generation thinks it needs its own versions just as it now seems to need its own New Testament. The crux is really whether we are going to have "correct" scholarly versions or racy endearing ones. The trouble is that so often we have neither; no pedantry, but no life either.

The new *Perrault's Fairy Tales* claims to retain the traditional baroque flavour of the master's original. These stories, first published in 1697, were the first Mother Goose's Tales (*Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*) and contain the stories most commonly known to modern children as pantomimes—Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Cinderella—as well as others equally familiar in name if not in detail. Anne Carter's version is very close to the Andrew Lang; her modernizations are on the whole innocuous and make for easier reading (compare Cinderella's "rugged" clothes with "mean apparel"), but her choice of words is not always sure. "Her face was crimsoned with modest blushes"; and the sisters are not well served by their illustrator. No one could care tuppence about a Red Riding Hood who looks like this, probably just as well for Perrault's version, as may be remembered, is a real cautionary tale. No woodcutters, fortunately in the vicinity, come to the rescue. The child is gobbled up. In general, though, Perrault is suitable bedtime reading, with "happy" endings even to such a dreadful story as that of Patient Griselda.

There are plenty of happy endings, too, in the stories of Ludwig Bechstein (1801-1862), one-time librarian to the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Bechstein's work is not well known in this country. Indeed, *Fairy Tales of Ludwig Bechstein* is said to be "the first large collection to be made available in English". The stories are composed of familiar ingredients—millers, maidservants, cats that make one invisible, innkeepers, enchanted castles and seven league boots. There is one particularly striking story—"Godfather Death"—with an ending that stands out among the wedding feasts and living happily ever after. The last sentence of this story reads: "There is no herb can cure death."

The third collection of traditional stories in this batch is also the third collection compiled by Dr. Richard Bamberger. Originally published in Vienna, *My Third Big Story-Book* is a serious, indeed earnest, compilation belying its "bumper book" title—including a good deal of Andersen and some Grimm as well as lesser known stories. In his introduction the editor draws children's attention to the fact that beyond the entertainment value of these stories lie depths of worldly wisdom and understanding. And in an epilogue addressed to parents he beseeches us to set a good example, put aside our glossy magazines and let our children see us absorbed in a book. To set a good example is probably one of the worst reasons for reading ever given, but one can see how so many fairy stories appeal to someone of that cast of mind. The rewards for virtue, and the impeccable manners with which the "little mammas" were encouraged to go, Victoria-Bess, in the book by Brenda ——— of that name, sat on her own chair when she came down to dessert with her little mistress, and was respectfully waited upon by the servants. Dressed in fine silk she accompanied her mistress to all her children's parties, very often receiving her own separate invitation. And Matilda Pouppet in the latest edition of *Memoirs of a London Doll* by that somewhat obscure Victorian man of letters, Richard Horne, is treated with no less devotion. Her little Lady Place drives round the West End of London, sending a powdered footman into every toyshop to inquire if there is a doll's feather bed, and when she finds Maria Poppet is fully supplied with furniture and a gold watch, with her name engraved on the back.

Memoirs of a London Doll has recently been reprinted, disappeared into the nursery, and reappeared from time to time, and is now edited by Margery Fisher, who lists in her excellent notes it was also included—a fact which the editor may not know—in a Christmas annual, *A Feast of Good Things*, of 1874, together with another story by Richard Horne, *The Good-Natured Bear*. Neither of them carries its author's name. Indeed Horne, who changed his middle name of Henry to Hengist, was a quirkish, whimsical man, who delighted in small mysteries, and put the name "Mrs. Fairstar" as the editor in the original edition of the London Doll's memoirs.

It is one of the most attractive of the Victorian doll stories, light-hearted and unburdened with moral. Maria Popper describes her various changes of ownership with a wooden stoicism and lack of emotion which seems appropriate in a doll. In this series of vignettes of London life, Horne ranges from the very poor to the very fortunate; he records squalor and luxury, evil and good, and forbears to moralize. The result is a remarkable picture of London in the 1840s, a child's Mayhew. Maria is made by a poor doll-maker and his family, toiling for a living in a garret in High Holborn. She passes into the hands of a seven-year-old apprentice milliner who is worked from six in the morning until eight at night, and thence to the daughter of a Cabinet Minister living in Hanover Square. She passes through the hands of a Punch and Judy man, an old clothes man, an Italian organ boy and a child pantomime dancer before she reaches

> my present dear mamma. . . . She takes the greatest care of me. Everything is made for me just like hers. I have morning dresses, afternoon dresses, and nightclothes, and a little chest of drawers to keep my things in. I have a little bed, with white curtains and nice blankets and sheets, in which my mamma lays me every night. . . . When I go out I have a bonnet and cloak put on, and I am always dressed for dinner and have my hair done.

This is a beautifully produced book. The original illustrations by Margaret Gillies are used as end-papers, and there are charming additional decorations by Richard Shirley Smith. Margery Fisher contributes an informative introduction and detailed notes.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE: *Memoirs of a London Doll*. Edited by Margery Fisher. Illustrated by Margaret Gillies and Richard Shirley Smith. André Deutsch. 21s.

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Books from Abroad—1

FRENCH CLASSICS

MADAME DE SÉGUR RECALLED

THE *Bibliothèque Rose* to most of us is a name that occurs predictably in a certain type of memoir. Young Victorians with cultured, francophil parents and French governesses were given Hachette's little crimson-bound volumes, and recall, with no particular enthusiasm, *Les Malheurs de Sophie* and other works by the Comtesse de Ségur (who was the principal contributor to this series) as part of the compulsory schoolroom reading. What Sophie's misfortunes were, few of us have had the curiosity to question; it is a name that merely suggests a particular epoch and a leisurely home education. But French children, it seems, have remained surprisingly faithful. Madame de Ségur's works have been constantly reprinted; her *Oeuvres* in twenty volumes were published in the 1930s, and now from Jean-Jacques Pauvert come the two latest volumes in an *édition intégrale*, *Pauvre Blaise* and *Le Général Dourakine*, beautifully bound in crimson silk, gilt topped, and illustrated with the superb original vignettes and plates; each a collector's piece.

It is difficult for the English reader to see what has gained Madame de Ségur this enduring fame. Few of our native children's writers have had their complete works collected and reissued in this way, and it must be admitted at once that Madame de Ségur does not measure up to the best of our Victorian writers. Her stories are plodding, she is weak on characterization and on plot. Indeed, this latter defect was offered as a bait by a schoolmaster who edited *Mémoires d'un âne* as a textbook for English children; its episodic nature, he said, would not tempt young readers to devour it to the end for the sake of the story. They could be made to linger and thereby imbibe the excellent style.

Madame de Ségur is generally held to be a writer of the "moral" school, but here too she falls far short of what the English writers of her period were able to achieve in this line. Her stories have a purpose, but no more than most domestic tales for the young. She does not adopt the didactic, hectoring tone of A.L.O.E., her characters do not cultivate the tender, anxious consciences that we find in Charlotte Yonge's children, nor does she present in an uncomfortably realistic way, as Mrs. Molesworth did, small nursery failings like grumbling and ill-temper. Her bad characters and good characters are drawn with the stark black or white of fairy tales; no child need shift guiltily in his chair as Jules's villainies are exposed in *Pauvre Blaise*. She is, in most ways, an unremarkable author, and the loyalty she commands in France is an indication, perhaps, of their lack of native writers for children during the nineteenth century.

* * *

Sophie Rostopchine was born in 1799, daughter of the Governor of St. Petersburg who confronted Napoleon in 1812, and married Comte Eugène de Ségur in 1819. Her stories were composed to entertain her children and grandchildren when her health was too poor to amuse them in a more active fashion, and this perhaps explains their rather rambling nature. They have the air of extemporization. Told aloud they would be just right; written down they lack drama and climax.

The best are probably the Sophie books: *Les Malheurs de Sophie* (1864) has been compared to Maria Edgeworth's stories of Rosamund, who learns sensible ways through the results of her follies, and is watched with detached interest by her mother, who does not rebuke but waits until Rosamund recognizes her foolishness for herself. Sophie is one of Madame de Ségur's most attractive characters and her misfortunes have a more convincing ring than Rosamund's: they spring, one feels, from actual experience. The dedication suggests that the Sophie of the tales may have been Sophie Rostopchine herself. She is only three years old—her fourth birthday occurs during the course of the book—and she has a great talent for inventing mischievous plans which she sensibly confides in no grown-up until they have been put into operation. She fastens a pin to her shoe to spur on the donkey, she shaves off her eyebrows to make them grow, soaks her hair to make it curl, throws the pet tortoise into a pond in the hope that he likes water, cuts up her mother's pet fish and salts them, never dreaming that this will kill them. She is greedy, dishonest and quarrelsome, and altogether far more like a child than Rosamund. And Sophie's mother, though like Rosamund's mother a believer in education through experience, does react in a more plausible way. Not for her the Olympian detachment; she is irritated by Sophie's follies. When the child presents herself quite drenched after she has been trying to make her hair curl she tells her sharply that she can stay wet until the end of the day, and it takes the father's pleading for the punishment to be lifted.

* * *

The adventure-by-adventure construction of the Sophie books is ideal for the very young reader, but the method is unsatisfactory in those for older children. The first half of *Pauvre Blaise*, for instance, is entirely made up of the *mécbancetés* of Jules, the count's son, and the way that he always contrives to throw the blame on to poor Blaise, the concierge's son. *Pauvre Blaise*, first published in 1862, bears more resemblance than most of Madame de Ségur's tales to the moral stories that were being published in England at the time. From the first Blaise has dreaded the arrival of the new owners of the chateau; he hears that even the stableboys are frightened of the eleven-year-old Jules, and he shakes his head dolefully about what lies ahead. His fears are justified. Jules proceeds from escapade to escapade, he breaks the gardener's plants, he falls into a pond and is bitten by leeches, a revengeful elephant squirts him with water (Madame de Ségur was surely hard pressed for ideas at this point?), he throws his sister's chickens into the water. And always he lies his way out of his scrapes and Blaise is blamed.

The second half of the book is devoted to the remorse of Jules and his father, and their atonement. In the style of the English moral fable, a sudden severe illness prompts this; Jules falls into a brain fever. But the conscientious schoolmaster need not fear—no eager reader will be tempted to plunge on to see what happens. We are told the outcome at the beginning. The good little Blaise prays by the side of his tormentor.

Cette prière de ce pieux et noble coeur ne devait pas être repoussée. Dieu l'accueillit dans sa miséricorde, et Jules devait être sauvé; sa guérison devait être complète comme on le verra, mais elle se fit attendre; le père devait expier par ses angoisses les torts de sa faiblesse. Dieu permit que la maladie de Jules fût longue et cruelle.

And in the pages that follow Jules's sufferings are lengthily described.

In an English book the repentance of Jules would have taken place quietly in the seclusion of the sick-room, but in France they ordered things otherwise. Jules, at last on his feet, summons the entire household for a purpose which he will not reveal. Then he leads Blaise forward, presents him to the assembly, makes a public confession of the ways in which he has wronged the boy, and falling on his knees, concludes:

Je veux qu'on sache que c'est à Blaise que je dois ma conversion; sa vertu m'a touché, ses conseils ont excité mon repentir, son exemple m'a donné l'horreur du mal même.

The plate that accompanies this text is one of the most attractive in the book. There are the family, the weeping count, the sceptical countess, and there are the servants, all of them, from the cook in his apron to the little stableboy in his topboots, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes. Jules kneels in their midst, pointing squsingly at himself. And five basset hounds lower their heads reverently in acknowledgment of the solemnity of the occasion. The remainder of the book is devoted to overcoming the countess's hardness of heart. Madame de Ségur's mothers tended to be cold, worldly, and indifferent to the well-being of their children, and their husbands, it seems, were powerless to intervene. But even she at last melts before Blaise's goodness of heart, and the book ends with the count's family and the concierge's family joyfully celebrating the First Communion of Jules and Blaise.

* * *

Pauvre Blaise is not so far removed from the Victorian moral tale, but *Le Général Dourakine* is a novelty. Published in 1866, it is a sequel to *L'Auberge de l'Ange Gardien*, where we first encounter the choleric, corpulent Russian general. Madame de Ségur was fond of farcical eccentrics and introduces them into several of her books. Here she presents us with two: the general who, once his admirable French servant, Dérigny, has reasoned him out of his tendency to flog all his servants, is the soul of good nature; and his dreadful termagant of a niece, Madame Papofski. The story is an extraordinary one, and reminiscent more of the rambling sort of adventures that a peep-schoolboy might extemporise night after night to amuse the rest of the dormitory, than of a moral tale for children. The general Dourakine is making his way back from France by coach to his Russian estates. He has with him his faithful Dérigny, Dérigny's two little boys and their stepmother. The general is given to splenetic bursts of rage, but no matter, Dérigny has stuffed the pockets of the coach with food, and hastily hands the general a leg of chicken every time he sees his master's forehead ominously furrowed. The Russian house is put in order, and Dérigny, whom the general trusts about all others, demonstrates to his master that one obtains better results from servants if one does not flog them.

Then arrives the fiendish Madame Papufski, the general's niece, and her eight demons of children, uninvited to take up permanent residence with her uncle, and to plot how to inherit all his money. There is no tension about this, however, since the generous sees through her at once, and plots in his turn how he will secretly send the unwelcomers packing. Between them they mainly through Uncle Will's stupid and infallible ingenuity) they raise chickens, arrange a free trip down the Ohio River on a log-raft, outwit a trickster and wicked guardian, and reunite the family, having brought some notorious cattle outlaws to justice. Uncle Will, the instinctive entrepreneur, buys a cattle herd with his reward and is elected mayor of a prairie township. In his storytelling Mr. Fleischman has the assistance of an inspired illustrator, Eric von Schmidt, whose drawings manage to seem rapid and informal and yet convey something sensitive and lasting to the tale.

The background here is achieved with meticulous authenticity and unobtrusive naturalness; paddle-steamers ply the great rivers, trains with immigrants' cars" aspire to a Pacific coast they have not yet reached, while children are sold into menial labour, ex-service vagabonds roam and threaten the countryside. Sid Fleischman's historical sense is exercised, his handling of detail immensely faithful and assured, and the rather humorous passages, amid all the adventure and violence, are funny without contrivance or cruelty. Is it too grudging to complain that the book remains not *quite* warm and convincing enough, and that Uncle Will's prodigious virtues—is too good to be true? Mr. Fleischman has the gift of writing *deux ex machina* endings for children when normal complexities as effectively as they do for adults, and he does not need to write a really good novel for children when he can engage his readers' sympathies as effectively as he does in this.

The fantasy of Gordon Bosnell's *Chancy and the Grand Rascal* is much less convincing and its adventures. It is set in a fantastic present, Toby and his friend Chancy are spirited off to a world in which they can [illegible] and a group of [illegible] a talking

Fantasy—3

Cruelty has a Human Heart

WHEN *The Spirit of Jem* was first published in 1947 its readers were, perhaps, hardly ready for it. Its theme, the manipulation of minds, was too close to us, a bad dream from which we seemed to have awoken with the victory over fascism. Now we know that the nightmare is never far from us, that there are always men ready to corrupt human nature by an appeal to its basest instincts, to hatred and intolerance and sadism, and that without its foes a willingness to comply. Whatever one's reservations about the flower-children or about the new self-seekers that declares, sometimes with the unreasoned passion of a crowd bawling "Abide with me", that "We will overcome", and that "The times they are a-changing", there is no doubt that many young people are deeply concerned with the state of the world in which they find themselves.

P. H. Newby's strange novel is far from being a clear-cut allegory, or a fable easily rendered into concrete terms of the struggle against totalitarianism. It is a subtle story, almost Kafkaesque in its frightening lack of explicit statement about the exact nature of the forces which threaten humanity and against which the individual must make his protest and his revolt.

An oddly assorted group of characters find themselves without any memory of their former selves: a boy, Roger; a gentle, rather dotty, bowler-hatted tramp; a bemused Negro pugilist. Bewildered and rootless, they place themselves willingly under the leadership of Jem, a young man of vivid and compelling personality, who persuades them that he is building up a secret resistance to evil forces, embodied in a corrupt police force, who have for their own purposes contrived to destroy men's memories.

It is one of Mr. Newby's most admirable strokes that he has persuaded his readers to share with Jem's followers their unquestioning admiration for this born leader of men. The tramp's doubts seem almost heretical and it is only as the disintegration of their own characters becomes apparent that the truth begins to dawn that Jem is not all he seems. Roger sees the cheerful tramp hustled off to imprisonment for protesting, and can at first only reflect complacently that "personal considerations, even the fondness that one man might have for another, were not so very important". The life as one of the little band, despite one or two unnerving incidents, is wholly pleasurable to him. He no longer wishes to regain his memory.

But the violence mounts, as the insidious influence of Jem spreads through the population of the town, and as irrational hatreds are released, Roger begins to understand the nature of Jem's betrayal of his followers.

Two men . . . began quarrelling at the foot of the steps. They were quarrelling not because they were angry about anything but because they feared one another. They could not trust one another.

The passage describing the involvement of the crowd in the quarrel ends with the questions: "What strange harvest was this? And who would be the reaper?"

Though written in a lucid and graceful style, this is not a novel that grips one immediately in its first chapters, nor is it one to satisfy demands for a fantasy of the usual comforting, wish-fulfilling type. It is, on the contrary, a fable of what man can do to man when the qualities which redeem us, Blake's "Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love", are suborned and driven underground by our own acquiescence in the service of masters we too easily acknowledge and accord our slavish admiration, because they offer a way out of the difficulty of being human. A distinguished artist, Keith Vaughan, has illustrated this disturbing novel.

P. H. Newby: *The Spirit of Jem*. Illustrated by Keith Vaughan. Constable Young Books. 18s.

ODD CHARACTERS

TALES SPICED with fantastic incident yet set in a recognizably real world will often carry more conviction for children than out-and-out fantasies which strain to keep some foothold in reality. Sid Fleischman's *Chancy and the Grand Rascal* falls decisively in the first category—a successful near-fantasy set in the America of the post-Civil War period.



From *Chancy and the Grand Rascal*

Chancy is a war orphan who sets out on his long travels (perhaps a little incredibly) in search of his widely scattered brother and sisters. The "Grand Rascal" is his wandering Uncle Will, kindly, tough, and, above all, enterprising, who takes up the search with him. Between them they mainly through Uncle Will's stupid and infallible ingenuity) they raise chickens, arrange a free trip down the Ohio River on a log-raft, outwit a trickster and wicked guardian, and reunite the family, having brought some notorious cattle outlaws to justice. Uncle Will, the instinctive entrepreneur, buys a cattle herd with his reward and is elected mayor of a prairie township. In his storytelling Mr. Fleischman has the assistance of an inspired illustrator, Eric von Schmidt, whose drawings manage to seem rapid and informal and yet convey something sensitive and lasting to the tale.

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The fantasy of Gordon Bosnell's *Chancy and the Grand Rascal* is much less convincing and its adventures. It is set in a fantastic present, Toby and his friend Chancy are spirited off to a world in which they can [illegible] and a group of [illegible] a talking forest, defeat the followers of the steel-nosed Captain Morgan (pirate and certificated teacher) and locate the treasure in an island cave by solving a (not very thrilling) riddle. After many apparently disastrous reverses, they are successful; and if the dream treasure cannot be made real, there is at least a coincidental legacy from an aunt waiting for them when they return to earth.

This is all fairly conventional, as is the unfailing eccentricity of all the characters (except for the two cardboard heroes) and the artificial flippancy of the dialogue ("Ravage my rigging but 'tis a sorry task I have this day"). Where Mr. Bosnell does score is in a constant inventiveness with surrealist detail, and some good surprises. But the tale has readability without memorability. The prose is jejune and colourless underneath the oddness, much of the fantasy looks distinctly crude at the edges, and the author's own illustrations are an unfortunate mistake.

The late Baron Munchausen never needed to strain at all for effect. Miss Janet Barber, in an introduction to her exuberantly illustrated selection from the *Travels*, reminds us that the Baron's creator, R. E. Raspe, wrote originally in English. Raspe certainly hit upon a convincing patrician style: the stories are told with a deadpan aristocratic assurance which assumes complete acceptance on the part of their hearers. No more than an occasional affirmation of their veracity is deemed necessary.

It is these qualities which enable the Baron to wear as well as he does. It seems somehow presumptuous to question that his horse lived on after being sliced in two by a portcullis, that tunes "frozen" in a hunting horn played themselves when a thaw came, that his pointer scented live game in the belly of a shark at sea. And as for "men and women . . . dancing minuets in the air", the Baron had more foresight than he suspected. Other writers of fantasy might remember that *some* assumption of their own fundamental truthfulness and logicality ought to convey itself to their readers.

SID FLEISCHMAN: *Chancy and the Grand Rascal*. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.
GORDON BOSNELL: *Captain Cobweb*. Chatto and Windus. 15s.
R. E. RASPE AND OTHERS: *Baron Munchausen's Marvellous Travels and Adventures*. Adapted and introduced by Janet Barber. Illustrated by Fritz Wegner. Bodley Head. 18s.

Baked Parsnip

IT REALLY seems possible to describe *Three from Catfish Bend* by Ben Lucien Burman as whimsical, instead of using "the pejorative" whimsy". The three stories, told in the first person by rather a nice local raccoon, are about animal politics and dramas in a Mississippi swamp. Those repelled by the sound of the thing should recall that perhaps they once grew to like baked parsnips or dry sherry or whatever else they thought they never could.

The stories are not for all children—they are not for all adults either. The comparison with Mark Twain (because of the Mississippi, presumably) is absurd. But the author has his own strengths. First, he knows how to walk the tightrope of fantasy: to persuade his animal characters to inhabit two worlds at once, without offence to the reader's patience. [illegible] illustrations are a mistake, because clumsily unambiguous.)

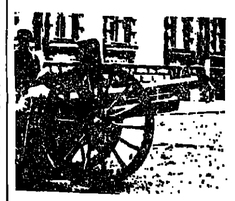
Secondly, the author writes colloquially with a rare combination of the relaxed and the economical; and there is humour in the choice of words and their order. Here, like a tempting taste of baked parsnip, is the raccoon on a bloodhound:

Most people don't train bloodhounds for hunting; but when they do, it's terrible. All night we saw him running through the swamp, his eyes red-hot like stovelids in winter, his jaws all dripping with foam. And then he'd stop and put his paw near his mouth and give an awful howl. A bloodhound holds his paw that way to throw his voice so you can't tell which way he's coming. And if you are on the ground the noise locks your jaws and paws, and when you can't move he rushes up to you. And of course after that you're done.

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN: *Three from Catfish Bend*. Illustrated by Alice Caddy. Harrap. 30s.

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Poetry, Painting and Music

WORDS

POETRY is a private pleasure, an agreeable fact which will not be changed by declamatory Russians and Americans or English imitators. On that account a book "introducing" poetry comes at once under suspicion; and it is certainly arguable that the liberalized teacher of our day may be trespassing far more than is decent on the pleasures and privacy of children. "That is something you like? I shall take it over, and teach it in so many periods; and my frowns shall disappear in my quips and smiles." The liberalized teacher likes to be thought of as smiling: the smile, though, on his books, at any rate his books about literature (which is not conceived or written for a schoolmaster to expound, after all), is often one of exasperating sickliness.

No doubt Miss Anne Malcolmson (an American teacher) and Mr. Kevin Crossley-Holland (no teacher, though a book which "introduces" is a teaching act) admire their Blake and Yeats, but scrutinizing their smile and opening their suitcases at the reviewing barrier one has to ask if any poet is to be specially explained or specially sieved for what embarrassed publishers refer to as "young people". To Miss Malcolmson it should be said first that liking a particular poem does not arise, usually, from understanding, that the cause of this liking, this pleasure, is words as objects and in conjunction, which by their own peculiarity, by the unexpected rhyme of various kinds which may link them and by the rhythm they are arranged in, and the other tricks to which they are subjected, provoke a pleasurable sympathy. For old or young the words press the button of a sudden interest: one is intrigued as by finding a fossil in a wall of chalk or the determinate shape of a skate's egg-case in a muddle of flotsam. If poets are introduced, as well as their poems, one should remind Miss Malcolmson and Mr. Crossley-Holland that various subtleties and decencies are demanded. It does not do to call Hopkins "Gerry" or Tennyson "Ally": we are not members of the poet's family (who are seldom his greatest admirers—they see him cutting his nails). To us he stands, properly, in a kind of hieratic stance, a creature of high degree and special power: if we see him as human, it must be in accord with that power, and not with an imprudent or impudent familiarity. We may see Hopkins putting sea-anemones on his forehead, or Blake with a scalded foot sitting up in bed like one of the antique patriarchs. Mr. Crossley-Holland refers to Yeats as Willy—"It was when Willy was left to his own devices". Miss Malcolmson is apt to talk of Blake as William—"Meanwhile, William was fired with other emotions and courted pretty Polly Wood". Mr. Crossley-Holland introduces (for the *young*—and it would be atrocious enough for the old) in this style: "he was the unquestioned leader of the Anglo-Irish literary revival that included amongst its numbers I. M. Synge, AE, Lady Gregory and many others." The style of Miss Malcolmson is hardly less clumsy: Blake's *Poetical Sketches* "constitute a remarkable performance". And in either book the boss shots of selection are deducible from the selector's style and attitude. Neither Yeats nor Blake is always above the weak. So if the one selector has the sense to include "The Wild Swans at Coole", he also falsifies Yeats with inferior poems which he must believe to be in special tune with the yonge fresshe folkes—

> And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
> Till stars are beginning to blink and peep—

when these yonge fresshe folkes (like the elders they will become) are likelier to prefer—or should be given the chance to prefer or to read—"The Death of Cuchulain" or "Let All Things Pass Away" or "The Magi" or "Leda and the Swan" or "The Valley of the Black Pig".

If the other selector, between the wasted space of interjections or interpretations, happily includes "To the Muses", let us say, or "Hear the voice of the bard", she as unhappily includes, for example, "Spring" and "The Lamb" (whose wool will please no one), excluding the sterling Blake of "Cruelty has a human heart" or "Thel's Motto", or "The Sword sang on the barren heath", or "To my friend Butts I write" (or even Scipio Africanus?). Colour reproductions from Blake—but these are not well chosen either—do make Miss Malcolmson's book a little less deterrent.

One's young attention goes as a rule to poems rather than poets: and the best book of poems one can have remains—such is the lesson of these two introductions—the wide anthology, with as little editorial patter, as little information, as will satisfy a publisher, and as many poems of all kinds—poems which remain poems for adults no less than for children—as a publisher is willing to include. After anthologies, nothing is required for the poetic graduation of younger readers, except the usual selected and then collected editions of individual poets. Selections such as these two, barbered to a special taste, are falsifications of each poet and flatteries of children characteristic of our peculiar age of "your disc-jockey" or "this lorry carries breakfast food for you".

William Blake: An Introduction. Edited by Anne Malcolmson. Constable Young Books. 21s.

Running to Paradise. Poems by W. B. Yeats. An Introductory Selection by Kevin Crossley-Holland. Illustrated by Judith Valpy. Macmillan. 18s.

COLOURS

IN *Shapes and Adventures* Geoffrey and Jane Grigson have produced a worthy successor to *Shapes and Stories*—their earlier book of pictures for children. This is as well designed and has as good reproductions, and the authors again comment on each painting or drawing, giving relevant information about it and about the artist's life and times. The book should appeal to an adult as well as to a child, for the choice of the pictures, their juxtaposition and their variety are all fascinating. At the beginning, for instance, a Spanish manuscript painting of Noah's Flood follows a little-known French one of the Greek version of the same story, while later an illustration from a German Herbal, a Leonardo plant drawing and Picasso's "Femme-Fleur" are grouped together. The theme of another group of pictures is dreams, another fantasies, and in every case the accompanying text, enriched with quotations from literature (some of which are oddly misdated in the index), is memorable in its style and descriptive detail.

Yet because this book is as good as it is, it is impossible not to wish that it were even better. In fact the very excellence of the text detracts from its value as a visual experience, or adventure as the authors rightly call it, and makes it instead a beautifully written anthology with illustrations. The Grigsons emphasize so ably the narrative and representational content of all the pictures that many a child will always remember them in the fragmentary terms of the story, mood or even some trivial incident. For example the description, interwoven with some of his own poems, of Samuel Palmer's drawings and paintings makes us vividly aware of his delight in the Kentish countryside and in legends and poetry; in Victor Hugo's "Paysage aux Trois Arbres" possible melodramas connected with the distant castle are suggested, while Jean Miro's "Harlequin's Carnival" is treated as a puzzle picture in which we must try to identify each shape and object. But all these considerations are irrelevant in visual appreciation. We need to see and enjoy the substance of Samuel Palmer's paint, the rich depths of his colour and the sensibility of his line, Victor Hugo's massing and contrasting of tone and his fluid handling of his medium, and Miro's extraordinary use of colour and composition. In these ways the pictures come to life and communicate the artist's intention, and unless we can see these qualities our sense of sight is only partially developed.

In spite of the efforts of many imaginative art teachers, there is still little encouragement of true observation in schools today, and because of his predominantly academic education a child soon loses his capacity for absorbed and concentrated visual attention. He is taught that to see is to identify, or to associate an observed object with an emotional or descriptive subject. Consequently his powers of observation deteriorate, and early in his life simply to look at a picture becomes an almost impossible effort so that he takes refuge in noting the facts or the narrative.

But with suitable stimulus a child is keenly interested in how an artist uses his medium, shapes and colours to express his particular purpose. A child himself paints and draws pictures and he likes to see, for example, how in the hands of a master one colour or tone has a certain effect upon another, or how the thickness of paint or line can be both exciting in itself as well as suggestive of some aspect of the natural or man-made world.

This will be his adventure in observation and it is also the true adventure of painting and drawing. In the complexities of his environment and education a child needs carefully contrived help to ensure that when he is looking at pictures he does not stray into the bypaths of story telling which properly belong to his adventures in literature. The Grigsons' books will have even greater value for their young readers if in the next in this series they put greater emphasis upon the visual qualities in the reproductions.

GEOFFREY and JANE GRIGSON: *Shapes and Adventures.* John Marshbank. 35s.

SOUNDS

THE TWO LATEST in the constant flow of books about the symphony orchestra are from America, and the more satisfactory is William Suggs's concise and simple *Meet the Orchestra*, with clear-cut black-and-white illustrations by Enrico Arno. The information about each individual instrument is to the point and sufficient for the younger teenager, and each chapter is followed by useful lists of works to listen out for as illustration of this or that timbre or style of orchestra. There is a sensible account of the conductor's role, and a succinct concluding glossary of musical terms.

Dorothy Berliner Commins's *All About the Symphony Orchestra and What it Plays* attempts a survey of the repertory and those who have produced it as well as of the orchestra itself: there are a few drawings of individual instruments by Warren Chappell, but most of the illustrations are photographs of players in action. The instrumental section of the book is acceptable in so far as it goes, so, too, are the potted biographies of "some important composers". But well-intentioned as is the author's attempt to investigate the historical background from which concertos, suites, tone-poems and so on have sprung, she wastes words over the past, and in so doing only confuses the issue for the ordinary youthful concert-goer. In the context of the concerto, for instance, why devote several paragraphs to antiphonal singing in churches in the sixteenth century if it means dismissing Beethoven in the single, bald sentence: "his concerto for violin and five concertos for piano are frequently heard"? Nor does she manage to describe traditional symphonic form without suggesting that it is a formula. The book has been admirably expanded for English readers by Alec Origo, but his cursory survey of "The English Symphonic Tradition" is not likely to increase English sales.

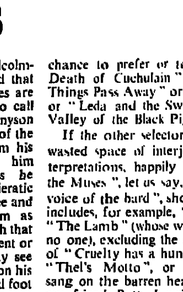
As in her recent *Instruments of Popular Music*, Lilla M. Fox has again, in *Instruments of Procession Music*, struck out on a line of her own—this time investigating military bands, brass bands and bagpipes. This is an eminently readable book not only for the young, and the author herself provides the clue (on the jacket) as to why: "it is the people who play, and why and when, who interest me most." Her often very human black-and-white illustrations alone bear out this claim: there is even a place for the little dog who obviously dislikes the crude noise made by town waits playing shawms. The text itself is packed with intriguing scraps of sociological as well as musical information. Indeed, it is because every musical fact is so closely related to life that things stay in the memory. In view of the great fashion for "Turkish" music in the eighteenth century—even Mozart found it irresistible—it is interesting to learn that in 1700 the Sultan presented a Janissary band to the King of Poland. Even Salvation Army music-making yields its points, such as the specific use of the flugelhorn to "call" listeners, and the function of the drum at revivalist meetings. Of the several useful appendixes, a table setting out the complement of varying bands throughout history is not the least welcome.

WILLIAM W. SUGGS: *Meet the Orchestra.* Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Collier-Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

DOROTHY BERLINER COMMINS: *All About the Symphony Orchestra and What it Plays.* Illustrated by Warren Chappell. W. H. Allen. 16s.

LILLA M. FOX: *Instruments of Procession Music.* Illustrated by the Author. Lutterworth Press. 18s.

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Collections and Recollections

MIXED BAGS

IT is often said that the young nowadays lack stamina. Where their grandfathers ploughed cheerfully through Scott, today's readers are happier with the brevity of a Narnia book. It is not surprising, then, that there should be mixed bags, annual collections of bits and pieces which require no stamina at all. The strange thing is that both the well-established collections (Macdonald's *Winter's Tales*, now appearing for the third time, and Oxford's *Miscellany*, for the fourth) are obliged to appeal primarily to the bookish child, who might not seem to need such encouragement.

Miscellany, indeed, has an oddly old-fashioned air, in spite of an extraordinary Alan Garner story which starts the book. One feels at once that it is really meant to be read by those people who remember how round a ginger-beer marble made even pop look it out of its bottle—to use an image used by R. C. Scriven to convey the noise the animals make when they pop out of Japhet's sub-Lutine, the Arklet. This verse play is actually a sequel to Mr. Scriven's Noah's Ark poem in *Miscellany 1*. It has a breathless, enthusiastic work; full of sound effects and curious rhymes, good value for class verse-speaking.

There is one good short poem in *Miscellany* — Leonard Clark's "Glen"—but the other poetry is unremarkable, "poetic" in the worst case, as are the extracts from Mary Ingoldsby's own poetry in her piece on the making of poems called "Tacky was I". It's a fine idea to have someone writing about the making of poems, but the editor's error, a serious one, was to choose someone to write the piece whose poems are just not interesting enough for us to care about their origins.

Edward Blishen is of course an experienced editor. *Miscellany* is always his, whereas *Winter's Tales* have a fresh editor each year. One might expect *Miscellany* to bear his mark, but in fact it does not. It seems that, as the advertisements boast, Mr. Blishen has been determined to cover "the widest possible range of interests". But far more important is that each individual contribution should be really good of its kind, and *Miscellany* almost sinks under the weight of his attempt to encourage all those laudable hobbies and interests that so few of the children one knows actually have. He has pieces, some rather ill written, on mountaineering, collecting old things, beasts in heraldry, Waterloo, the first steamships, clowns and moths, and, in case the girls feel left out, as well they may, a short history of shops and shopping.

Worst of all, perhaps, among the non-fiction is Mr. Blishen's own self-indulgent, exclamatory piece on the joys of his summer holiday in Corsica. Editors who include their own work are asking for trouble. One is bound to read this Corsican piece with special care for any clues it may give us to the nature of the readers Mr. Blishen expects. He begins with an extraordinary statement: "It seems absurd that we didn't know Corsica." Why does it seem absurd? Apparently Mr. Blishen's reader is a blasé child, expecting everyone to have been everywhere himself able to make the trip (if only Mr. Blishen can persuade him it's worth the trouble), acquainted with the subsidiary meaning of the word *maquis* ("no one needs telling"), and likely to enjoy Prosper Mérimée's *Colomba*.

Fortunately, perhaps, most of the fiction in *Miscellany*, including Mr. Blishen's own attractive story, is a far cry from Mérimée. The girls come off better here, and will particularly enjoy Barbara Willard's moving story "Selina's Brother", with its highly satisfactory ending, and two good "Time" stories by Mary Treadgold and H. F. Brinsmead.

Winter's Tales for Children, edited this year by Kevin Crossley-Holland, is a more satisfactory book. It has a lot in common with *Miscellany*. Both have their period play, their Australian story, their adapted folk-tale, their Blishen story and Leonard Clark poem. But *Winter's Tales* expect no earnest seeking after information. They are for pure pleasure—for reading when warm in bed with a nasty cold on a January day, for picking up for an odd half-hour on days when boring relations have come to visit. Where so much of *Miscellany* could well have been written thirty years ago, *Winter's Tales* are almost all contemporary in feeling. This does not mean they are all set in the present: Henry Treece's Viking story could no more have been written thirty years ago than could Margaret Laurence's "Mr. Plinth and the Pikeney Chargers". The Chargers are pop-singers. Jasvinder Singh, in the E. W. Hildick story, is a Sikh immigrant schoolboy. Kylie Tennant's Mike is a Sydneysider reluctant to have his hair cut, and Jill Paton Walsh's Nick comes to realize he can never be an archaeologist after all. It would be an ill day if all stories were to deal with such contemporary problems, but an annual is surely the place for them.

Mr. Crossley-Holland is a poet himself, so it is perhaps not surprising that the poems in *Winter's Tales* are more interesting than those in *Miscellany*. Outstanding is Charles Causley's "By St. Thomas Water", a marvellous poem about two children coming to a churchyard to find a jam jar "to catch the quick fish in", reading the inscription on one of the tombs ("He is not dead but sleeping"), and running away in case the dead awake and call them from below. There are good poems, too, by Robert Graves, John Betjeman, Keith Harrison, Anthony Thwaite, and Philip Hobsbaum. Good for much re-reading.

Miscellany 4. Edited by Edward Blishen. Illustrated. Oxford University Press. 25s.

Winter's Tales for Children 3. Edited by Kevin Crossley-Holland. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Macmillan. 30s.

TRUE SCHOOL STORIES

IT'S RARELY a tribute of sorts to the classic fictional school story—as much a genre — that it has spawned as many readers to pine for the old grey walls of boarding school life. It must be said, for the learned record, but for the gay, enclosed, sometimes emotion-torn life supposedly encountered there. In life as in fiction the story seems to be otherwise: and Gillian Avery's anthology of true tales well, taken as it is from memoirs, records, most of them autobiographical. Are schooldays happy days? When Edwin Muir passed the first few years later, "my head grew hot with shame, as if I had been shut in a dark cupboard". George Macready, at six, ran away after a beating at a dreadful kitchen-garden. Augustus Hare's not unfamiliar account of Harrow in the 1820s suggests the cast of *Lord of the Flies* in the precincts of *Huis Clos*. Other touching is the account of his private theatricals on a miniature scale, turning Grimm's fairy tales into little plays". The stories, even the tough ones, relished without authority forbade. Even Lucy Clay, that elegant toy of the Court of Louis XIV, the girls (who have to prove four descents of noble on the father's side to get in) are not in the picture.

There are, however, schools in the book, of course. Summerhill of the infamous account, might or might not be one of them. For those who like their learning is more conventional, then the company of Emily Shore (1819-39) will be welcome. Intelligent in the face of interruption ("While I read Gibbon when I was at night"), Lady Jane Grey with as much application would read Josephus, John Evelyn died at five, mathematics, incredible

Samuel Chotzinoff, a boy in a poor immigrant family, who determines to take piano lessons—and does. (Ten cents an hour—and Miss Taffel never even asks his name.) There is Tamara Karsavina, taking the rigorous test that may give her a place as a student of ballet. There is Booker T. Washington, who, as a working Negro boy, cannot find anyone even to teach him the alphabet. There is little Russell Thorndike, too, somewhat overpowered by clever twelve-year-old Sybil (she helps, though, by telling him to wear a holy face when he is interviewed as a possible Windsor chorister).

Two adults particularly remain in the mind—three if we count Anne Sullivan, teacher of Helen Keller. One is the schoolmaster described in Daudet's moving piece *The Last Class*. It is 1871; Alsace and Lorraine have been handed over to Germany; French may be used no longer, and the teacher of forty years holds the floor—to a spellbound class—before he goes for ever. The other is a bishop who appears at a rough Russian school and enchants the restless boys by his humour and understanding—not least the mutinous scapegrace boy who later set it all down. This boy was Maxim Gorki.

GILLIAN AVERY (Editor): *School Remembered.* Illustrated by John Vernier. Gollancz. 30s.

Vanished Worlds

FEW editors on the hunt for reprints seem to have searched very far into the many works for Charlotte Yonge, and—except to addicts—the set of stories in *Village Children* here must be almost unknown today. Five of the six were written in the 1840s, about a school in the imaginary village of Langley—a thin disguise for its counterpart in Miss Yonge's own village of Otterbourne: they live again as an authentic record of a vanished little world. (Shall Fancy wear her claret merino or her good serge for the school tea?) In one, for instance, a little girl, not selected for the annual seaside treat, decides to join the party nevertheless—a harrowing little morality with a comforting ending. The Yongeian monitory forefinger is always raised, yet kindness is also there.

Banning and Blessing, an even more interesting "discovery", was first published in 1890, the work of a long-forgotten but quite prolific author. She was born in 1833 and lived on the Continent for most of her life—which perhaps accounts for a kind of nostalgic richness—a remembered clearness of detail, too setting is a Devon village at the end of the 18th century. Lois Snierdon, a poor old woman, has been for so long regarded as a witch that she accepts and takes a sort of pride in her position. She has placed a curse on the Squire's family—that "Brent should never have an heir".

There is a mysterious orphan, though, a charming little fairy of a child. Her maid and friend is a kindly farm girl, Cicely, whose only garden is "mother's grave". (It is surprising how some of the lilies have grown.") Poor Cicely! No one approves when she tries to learn her letters. Reading this book, one enters wholly into a scene hardly touched by the world outside, with its own strong codes and taboos, its interwoven lives of gentry and servants, of farmers, and their labouring lads and girls, of the lone eccentrics too, and through it all is the countryside itself—more vivid, perhaps, for being recalled from a foreign land. Miss Avery's introductions are, as always, admirable.

CHARLOTTE YONGE: *Village Children.* MARGARET ROBERTS: *Banning and Blessing.* Illustrated. Introductions by Gillian Avery. (Revivals series.) Gollancz. 15s. each.

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The Youngest Reader–

FARAWAY PLACES — AND PICTURES TO SH

"WHAT novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?" The voice is George Eliot's, as she describes Tom and Maggie's childhood delight in the land surrounding Dorlcote Mill. But Maggie did like to read about faraway places, and indeed felt she ought to learn about her fellow-creatures, as she told Luke, the old miller:

"I've not got any very pretty books that would be easy for you to read; but there's 'Pug's Tour of Europe'—that would tell you about the different sorts of people in the world, and if you didn't understand the reading, the pictures would help you—they show the looks and ways of the people, and what they do."

And so Maggie would approve this collection of picture-books, each set firmly in a particular environment, be it Portugal or Holland, South Africa or France, or even the strange city of London. She would be enchanted by the bright colours, the bold print, but like as not she would soon be scurrying back to Pug's *Tour* for more detailed information.

An obvious choice for Maggie would be *Rhyming Will*, set in the eighteenth century, in which a little boy runs away from his native city of Mulcaster and travels to London. The reason for Will's departure is that he can only speak in verse, and the people of Mulcaster do not like poetry. Will finds work with a kind cobbler, and soon becomes quite famous for his rhymes; he is summoned to the Lord Mayor's banquet, and told to recite an Ode in praise of an important Nabob from India. Poor Will dries up, and flees the feast, but all ends well. A natural subject for Edward Ardizzone; the gentlemen in three-corner hats and wigs, the ladies in mob-caps: Gainsborough for Mulcaster, and Hogarth (in gentle mood) for London.

Three more are set in England, and worth early mention. Alan Silltoe has written a splendidly racy account of a farm cat's adventures in a big city, in *Marmalade Jim*. Jim goes to market with the farmer's vegetables, and soon finds himself in trouble with Dustbin Dan, boss of the Alley Cat Gang. How the country bumpkin makes good is thrillingly told, and Dorothy Rice's bold, matter-of-fact pictures admirably set off the text.

Charley, Charlotte and the Golden Canary all live in Paradise Street, London. When the demolition gangs move in the friends are parted, but the canary finally brings them together again. Matter-of-fact would be the very last words to describe Charles Keeping's work: here, the colours are glowing bright, but always misty, in a way that does perhaps convey the special quality of London light. More down-to-earth pictures, you might say, in Michael Foreman's *The Perfect Present*, but since the story concerns the journeys of a London bus flying (by kind intervention of Father Christmas) high above London's rooftops, the adjective seems misplaced. Still, Big Ben, Tower Bridge, Southend pier and other landmarks are all more or less faithfully presented, with invigorating panache.

Now for the foreigners. Maryke Reesink's Dutch tale of *The Two Windmills* is about a good miller, in a nice white windmill with his wife and nine children, and a bad miller across the fields alone in a dirty grey windmill, with his disagreeable wife. The stingy miller tries to ruin his cheery rival, but an Act of God turns evil to good and brings repentance and a happy ending. Georgette Apol's confident, breezy pictures exactly reflect the wide Dutch landscapes, and the text is cunningly tailored into each scene to allow maximum scope for the artist: exceedingly well produced.

There is clever typography in Wade Ray's *A Train to Spain*, in which ingenious French villagers, led by the engineer, build a train and lay track through forest and mountain so that they can go to the fiesta in Spain. "The Mayor said, 'We will be back next year'. 'Nonsense!' said the Engineer. 'We will be back next week!'." Flat, comical pictures that look like lino-cuts.

Alessandra Goes to Spain shows what a real little girl sees when her artist parents take her with them to live in Spain. Alessandra is two, and she goes to a small white house high in the mountains. A Spanish boy shows her farm animals, the mill with its great wheel, the village market; in summer they go down to the sea and watch the fishermen bringing in their catch: authentic scenes of Spanish country life, with big, sunny pictures painted by a loving hand.

Joanjo performs the same kind of service for the fishing village of Nazaré, in Portugal. Here, the little boy of the title is allowed the luxury of a dream in which he escapes from his native village, but the great world proves too much for him, and he is happy enough to return to his own patch of windswept, stormy shore. Stylized pictures, which suit the medieval atmosphere of this strange community; good authentic detail, vivid colours.

Papas, the well-known cartoonist, is in playful mood with *No Mules*, his story of Faan, a little black boy who lives on a South African timber farm. Faan's first visit into town with his father and mother and his white mule Golo leads to the boy getting his mule to do the shopping; No Blacks becomes No Mules, but only after Golo has wrecked the general store. This could be quite humbly produced, at half the cost, without losing point: a missed opportunity?

Back to fact with *The Noah Family Circus*, which gives some idea of the hard work involved in keeping the show on the road. The Noah circus was founded by a Swiss family in 1860; the performers shown here are members of the sixth generation. They are among the last of the family circuses still touring Europe. The subject suits Celestino Piatti's flat yet forceful style, and the text is content to echo the pictures.

Travelling to Tripiti is rather an interesting first children's book by a Swiss cartoonist: it tells how a collection of broken toys, cast out by their owners, make their way across Europe to Greece—where, in Mikropolis, there is a street full of craftsmen to mend them. Even this is not their journey's end: they embark in a boat for the island of Tripiti, where children are waiting to play with them. Chief of the disabled band is a one-eyed Teddy bear: he meets a wooden horse in a rubbish pit, a wooden cow by the side of a road, a doll in the mountains. More toys are picked up en route, each appropriate to its background: Maggie would probably be intrigued by this, and rush to the atlas to find out exactly where those toys did ta

Having gone so far, why no
farther? *The Rumbling Mar*
"an original Persian folk tale
in Iran and illustrated by
Kalantari"; Antony Kamm, o
Brockhampton Press, tells us
was by far the most attractive
ren's book seen in the region
took part in a Unesco missio
South Asia in connexion with
ren's literature in 1964. Worth
ing, perhaps, on those grounds,
folk tales are folk tales the
over, and this might just as
The Cock, the Mouse, and the
Red Hen for all we learn of
customs.

When I go to the Moon will
haps soon be folklore; meanwhile
is an imaginative attempt to see
with the Moon's eye

Imagine the colors I
I'll see them if I look through
and filters—
Deserts dusty red,
Green fields
and dark green patches that are

Leonard Weisgard won the
Medal twenty years ago; these
tures conjure a lunar image
lessly it is easy to take their
granted.

For many it is a short step from





And Also . . .

RUDOLF NEUMANN: *The Bad Bear.* Illustrated by Eva Johanna Rubin. Translated by Geoffrey Strachan. Methuen. 13s. 6d.

"Now listen to me and the tale I'll unfold
Of a bear that was greedy and cunning and bold
Until he was charmed with a fiddle and bow.
It happened in Germany long, long ago."

Jolly verses, with large comic-opera drawings in bold colours.

GÜNTHER SPANG: *Clélia and the Little Mermaid.* Illustrated by Pepperl Ott. Abelard-Schuman. 18s.

Clélia is a little girl who lives in a village in Bavaria. One day she is fishing for trout with her net and she catches a mermaid; she takes it home, and looks after it (the mermaid lives in the swimming-pool), and even takes it to school. When it suddenly vanishes Clélia is heartbroken, but shortly afterwards a new little girl comes to school, who looks strangely like the mermaid. Off-beat plot, but the drawings are unsuitably coarse.

EVE TITUS: *Anatole and the Piano.* Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.

Anatole is a splendid character, now riding his sixth book: a mouse of Gallic wit and fertile mind, who lives near Paris. His current epic features pearls cast into the piano of a famous concert pianist, and Anatole the resourceful to the rescue. Paul Galdone at his best as illustrator.

LISL WEIL: *Melissa.* Collier-Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

A little girl is taken from the United States to France, to visit her aunt and uncle in the country. Melissa thinks it will be a nothing-at-all summer, with no adventures, but she finds she is wrong. Gay pictures of Melissa involved with *foie gras*, gypsies, grape-picking and a shooting-party.

THE WAY

to magic: *The Smallest Wizard* ...ge book) embraces both:

...dent travelled for several hours. ...ssibly it would lose height, pause, ...n and then abruptly set off again, ...ing across the sky. At last it stopped ...e peak of a very high mountain. ...ount rocks bestrid all around it. Even ...alleys were of bare rock and the ...ere all enormous.

"this is just the 'place for me!" ...ked Wizard Peterkin, poking his ...ort of the cloud.

...sible, all the other wizards are ...ded on the moon: they travelled ...on a beam of light for a Sunday ...ng, and carelessly left their wands ...ne: no wands, no magic. Isabel Quigly translates this ridiculous frolic from the Italian original, Maria Enrica Agostinelli dresses the wizards in cycling caps and knickerbockers so that they all look rather like W. G. Grace, and the main plot, in a multitude of plotting, concerns Mandragora's efforts to change from a nasty witch into a nice wizardess. Delightfully dotty.

Dottier still, the latest Dr. Seuss: what Maggie would have made of this is beyond the reach of the wildest imagination, but twentieth-century Toms and Maggies, conditioned to electric shock nonsense, will tingle anew to the flubbulous floods of Solla Sollew.

...Y REEVES: *Rhyming Will.* Hamish ...lton. 13s. 6d.

...LTHOE: *The City Adventures of ...malade Jim.* Macmillan. 18s.

...ES KEEPING: *Charley, Charlotte ...e Golden Canary.* Oxford Uni...ity Press. 16s.

...L FOREMAN: *The Perfect ...ent.* Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

...K REESINK: *The Two Windmills.* ...ford University Press. 16s.

...E RAY: *A Train to Spain.* Chatto ...d Windus. 12s. 6d.

...E and CHRIS LOVELL: *Alessandra ...es to Spain.* Leslie Frewin. 12s. 6d.

...E BALET: *Joanjo.* Macdonald. 16s.

WILLIAM PAPAS: *No Mules.* Oxford University Press. 16s.

C. PIATTI: *The Noah Family Circus.* Text by Ursula Huber. Translated by Barbara Kowal Gollob. Benn. 21s.

H. U. STEGER: *Travelling to Tripiti.* Bodley Head. 25s.

The Rumbling Morrow. Brockhampton Press. 12s. 6d.

CLAUDIA LEWIS: *When I go to the Moon.* Collier-Macmillan. 15s.

MARIELLA LINDER: *The Smallest Wizard.* Hutchinson. 16s.

DR. SEUSS: *I had Trouble in getting to Solla Sollew.* Collins. 15s.

Return of Nurse Matilda

FAMILY JOKES and stories are often best kept between their own four walls. Nurse Matilda is an exception. She began, as readers may recall, in a story told by Christianna Brand's grandfather (or was it great-grandfather? she is not sure) and passed down in her family. Miss Brand herself, as it happened, missed hearing it at the right age—she was brought up in the Far East and her mother was dead. But she heard it later, and when she came to want something for her anthology *Naughty Children*, published by Gollancz five years ago, she remembered Nurse Matilda and rang round to all her cousins, including Edward Ardizzone, to find out their versions. Their Nurse Matilda was just as she is described in the books—dressed all in black, with her nose like two potatoes, and that huge tooth. The main point was that, when the children were naughty, she banged with the big black stick she always carried and the children had to go on doing whatever they were doing. And in the end, as the children improved, she got less and less ugly, and finished up by becoming beautiful, except for the huge tooth; and then just before she departed she pulled this out and threw it on the floor and it grew into an enormous box full of toys.

The *Naughty Children* story was later expanded into the first Nurse Matilda book and published by Brockhampton in miniature format and gilded binding, a mid-Victorian pastiche. The book was an enormous success, selling 10,000 in its first year. It was inevitable perhaps that there should be a sequel. Critics, one in these columns among them, who suggested that the story would have been more compelling with a manageable number of children, have been ignored. In *Nurse Matilda Goes to Town* there are even more children, dozens of them—for foolish doting Mrs. Brown has "gone out and adopted several more".

And of course Christianna Brand was right to ignore the critics. Child readers love the numbers (they spend long hours with pencils making lists of the names), even if they do love most of all the baby, the sexless infant with its roselea f hands and nappies round its ankles, who is the only one of the horde to have individual identity. This Baby is a good symbol of Miss Brand's own peculiar mixture of sentiment and robustness. Basically the books are farce, and the numberless family enables readers to know from the beginning what they are in for: not realistic stories about realistic children but marvellous farce, best read aloud at a cracking pace.

Those who might have thought Christianna Brand's invention would flag have no need to worry. The second book is as funny as the first. The Brown children go to stay with Great Aunt Adelaide Stitch and Evangeline. There are dreadful adventures with fleas and a concert that goes on for ever. Everything culminates in a wonderful *tour de force*—a dream in which all the elements of the stories are blended in even odder conjunctions until the children wake up and find Nurse Matilda has gone.

Modern children, with neither the restrictions to chafe against nor worthy opponents to plague (no one can get much fun out of plaguing an overworked mother), can really enjoy this vicarious naughtiness. Moreover, the Brown children are fundamentally decent—they will not let Miss Prawn be dismissed on account of the fleas, and, indeed, later buy her a pink satin handkerchief-sachet—and the punishments are so appropriate. It is all very satisfactory.

In the new book the Brown children have from time to time an "odd feeling that something very much like this had happened before". Readers will have that feeling too, but it is not an unpleasant feeling. *Nurse Matilda Goes to Town* may be the mixture as before, but it's an excellent mixture.

CHRISTIANNA BRAND: *Nurse Matilda Goes to Town.* Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Brockhampton Press. 12s. 6d.

RHYTHM AND RHYME

PICTURE BOOKS come and go, but nursery rhymes go on for ever. It seems odd that there are not even more collections to choose from, considering the number of talented artists prepared to illustrate children's books. A nursery rhyme book is, after all, the very first book which a mother can actually read to her child; as the already familiar words are repeated, the infant learns to connect the sheep, or whatever, in the picture with the words floating into his ear. None of the collections noticed here is outstanding, but all are pleasant.

My First Book of Nursery Rhymes, illustrated by Jenny Williams, manages to include all the favourites and allow room for large, gay pictures in bright colours. Two innovations: King Cole's pipe is musical, and Tom's stolen pig is a small gingerbread one, from the pieman's tray; good value for 9s. 6d.

Norah Montgomerie is another who captures simply in her pictures the essence of the text: *One, Two, Three*, consists of sixteen counting rhymes varying in scope from Four Corners to my Bed to Nick-nack, Paddywack and Going to St. Ives.

The Red and Black Rhyme Book is meant specially for children between five and seven; it is printed in red and black with the intention that the child should read the responses and repeated phrases (in red) and the adult the main part (in black). A good idea, which would perhaps have repaid more lavish production—better quality paper and bolder print.

Hector Protector, on the other hand, is lavish to a fault. The publishers express the situation succinctly on the dustcover: "Maurice Sendak . . . has taken just eight lines of Mother Goose nonsense and turned them into a sixty-four page picture book . . .". This is justified by the next words—"of outstanding originality": well, yes, but why could not we have sixty-four nursery rhymes, or anyway thirty-two? It is like giving an Aldwych production to a play of eight sentences.

Annie, Bridget and Charlie gives a bright new look to a collection of Victorian limericks illustrating the alphabet ("P is for poor little Paul, Who doesn't like lessons at all"); Jan Pienkowski is a successful young designer with an *art nouveau* echo—his jaunty pictures look as if they should be cut out and stuck on the wall.

My First Book of Nursery Rhymes. Nelson. 9s. 6d.

NORAH MONTGOMERIE: *One, Two, Three.* Abelard-Schuman. 10s. 6d.

J. GIBSON and R. WILSON, (Compilers): *The Red and Black Rhyme Book.* Illustrated by Gareth Adamson. Macmillan. 11s. 6d.

MAURICE SENDAK: *Hector Protector and As I went over the Water.* Bodley Head. 21s.

JESSIE G. TOWNSEND: *Annie, Bridget and Charlie.* Cape. 21s.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Novels for the Over Nines—3

FAIR PLAY FOR ERIC!

by Mary Hobbs

NO DOUBT Kipling's contempt for "beastly Ericking" has influenced many to set aside *Eric, or Little by Little* as ludicrously morbid and unreal without even reading it. Despite the faults so glaring to modern eyes, however, the unprejudiced reader of *Eric* begins to see why, to his contemporaries, Farrar was a writer of such distinction. The story has still tremendous impact and strength. When, some years ago, I picked it up in an idle moment from some old books consigned to jumble, I found myself reading far into the night to finish it.

There are the usual ingredients of sensational adventure, fights, rescues, wrongful accusations, night chases. There is even sudden death, and here Farrar builds up the suspense magnificently. It is a half-holiday. Eric is rowing in the bay with some friends while his brother Vernon is bird's-nesting along the cliff-top. They do not notice him fall with a wild shriek, followed immediately by silence. In response to the frantic waving of Vernon's companion, they pull in towards the shore laughing and carefree, till Montague's horrified gaze identifies the white thing they glimpse in the water.

* * *

There is more than crude thrill, however. Often the Dean almost attains to poetry. There are Wordsworthian phrases like "the gorgeous pageantry of quiet clouds"; the fresh description of Ayton (the Aylesbury plain Farrar loved as a boy) and the wild Manx scenery round the school are Wordsworthian too. He transmutes the violence of Vernon's death by describing the tide coming in:

> The little ripples felt over him wonderingly, with the low murmur of their musical laughter, and blurred and dimmed the vivid splashes and crimson streaks upon the white stone on which his head had fallen, and washed away some of the purple bells and green sprigs of heather round which his fingers closed in the grasp of death.

It is when one contrasts *Eric* with *Tom Brown* or *Stalky* or *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* that the truth of the book comes home. Before becoming Dean, Farrar was a schoolmaster at Harrow, then at Marlborough. The Rossiyn masters come from staffrooms he knew, men like Gordon, who "had not learnt that to trust growing boys to any great extent is really to increase their temptations", or Rose who warns Eric that

> the innocence of mere ignorance is a poor thing; it cannot under any circumstances be permanent, nor is it at all valuable as a foundation of character. The true preparation for life is not to have been ignorant of evil, but to have known it and avoided it.

One can see why, when real schoolmasters were still considered the natural enemy of boy, Farrar's book ran to nearly fifty editions and countless young men wrote him their grateful thanks.

* * *

Farrar's schoolmasterly eye reproduces faithfully boys like Upton, the fifthformer. He

> hated bullying and often interfered to protect little boys, who accordingly idolized him and did anything he told them very willingly. He meant to do no harm, but he did great harm. He was full of misdirected impulses.

The stages of Eric's downfall are convincingly accurate, his passionate attempts to make a fresh start after each failure, foiled each time by his fatal weakness, the desire to be accepted—to be in fact (like the characters in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*) a jolly good sort, neither very virtuous nor very bad. Farrar published *Eric* the very year after that great ancestor of school stories—was it expressly to show the reverse of the picture there given?

The wonder seems always how so many survive successfully their moulding into Average Public Schoolboys. It is not a matter of home background: Eric learnt from his mother a firm if simple faith which recalled him time after time, but the temptation to go with the crowd proved stronger.

When Eric first becomes a boarder, an unpleasant adolescent in the dormitory talks in a way unfamiliar to Eric. An uncomfortable silence follows, since the rest are not sure how the new boy will take it. He does nothing.

For half an hour, in an agony of struggle with himself, Eric lay silent. Since Bell's last words, nobody had spoken. They were going to sleep. It was too late to speak now, Eric thought. The moment passed by forever.

Why has such a penetrating novel been consigned to derision and ignominy when others equally outmoded are still read? Vivian Ogilvie, in *The English Public School*, dismisses it as "mawkishly false"—its greatest crime apparently being "managing to avoid almost any reference to games". Perhaps this was a natural reaction from the smugness of Kipling's generation, with its reformed public schools, towards what by then seemed outmoded and exaggerated.

In the preface, however, Farrar points out that "If the Pictures here painted are not always such as it would have been most pleasant to contemplate, they owe the darker shadows of their colouring not to fancy but to life". Few schools of those earlier days were as advanced as Rugby, where Arnold allowed veterans like old Brooke to drink beer and smoke, and Rugby's system of preposters in charge of small dormitories was rare. Most schools followed Rosslyn and the earlier Eton described by Thring: "Cruel at times the suffering and wrong, with the profligacy. For after 8.0 at night, no prying eye came near until the following morning." In Farrar's own schooldays at King William IV school (the original of Rosslyn) a few masters were influenced by Arnold's reforms. Eric's companions could nevertheless gain redress against bullies like Barker only through an unwilling authority: there was no obliging Study Three, as in Kipling's day, to exercise Moral Suasion on behalf of a benevolent School Chaplain.

* * *

Admittedly there are florid and sentimental passages—*The Children of the New Forest* and countless others, not least *Tom Brown*, retain their popularity and even appear on film and television screens in spite of such. Farrar's sermons are at least good ones, and he knows when to stop. Thomas Hughes will abandon Tom for pages at a time in order to chat to his readers. And let us be fair—if we are going to accuse *Eric* of sentimentality, let us at least not forget the enormities of *Tom Brown*.

There is little to choose between the abbreviations "Vernie" and "Geordie", and the discussions of Eric's spiritual state pale in awfulness against Tom's decision to join Arthur in saying prayers in the dormitory. The most embarrassing scene in *Eric*, Edwin's death, is no worse than Arthur's sickbed: "Never till that moment had Tom felt how his little chum had twined himself round his heartstrings."

Nevertheless, *Tom Brown*, reprinted in numerous cheap editions, will remain more popular. The author flatters his "brave and gallant" readers, slaps on the back the "English boys for whom this book is meant (God bless your bright faces and kind hearts)". The characters are such decent and uncomplicated fellows. The bully seeks out the preposter who thrashed him to say it was the kindest act ever done him, whereas Eric felt his first flogging an intolerable disgrace to his proud spirit: "he hated Dr. Rowland, he hated Mr. Gordon, he hated his schoolfellows, he hated everybody."

Eric is an uncomfortable book. So is *The Lord of the Flies*. Both are about boys but neither is really for them. Eric may rightly no longer appeal to maiden aunts like Stalky's as a birthday gift, but it deserves to be read by *us*, for its remarkably penetrating study of adolescence and as an invaluable document on nineteenth-century education.

FAMILIAR FAMILIES

SINCE CAIN killed Abel, the family story has been of absorbing interest. It flourishes in contemporary children's fiction, although with more of the cosiness, less of the steel-cold-ness of siblings. The genre attracts many writers, including the weakest.

So readers must be grateful for *Milestone 67* by Marian Potter, a new American writer for children. The railway milestone, sixty-seven miles from St. Louis, marks the home-ground of the Stevens family, whose father is foreman of a track-repair gang in the 1920s. The book is dedicated to the memory of the author's father, himself "a railway station agent", and this surely provides a clue to the irresistible liveliness of the meandering tale.

So far as there is a story, Evaline is the heroine—Evaline who "could walk on the rails faster and further without slipping off than anyone she knew". Her time out of doors, with brothers, sisters and cronies, is divided between the railway on one side and the wild countryside on the other. The book is rich with the lore of both ways of life, hard but not unhappy, and the style of writing is permeated with a gentle humour.

Noel Streatfeild is an old hand at the family story, and *Caldicott Place* has some of the usual virtues. Of course, the Johnstone parents are in general irreproachable in the carrying out of parental duties; but Mr. Johnstone has had his car accident—not his fault—and is suffering shock and long-term incapacity. Bravely Mrs. Johnstone goes out to work, and the whole family starts on bitter economies, which include moving house.

But comes the death of the rich old lady whose chauffeur caused the accident, and she has left Tim her white elephant of a mansion and estate. The family decide to live there, for the therapeutic value of country life to Mr. Johnstone—and to Jelly, their dog. They make do by taking paying guests—three unrelated children whose problems and adventures help to carry the story to its happy ending.

Writers of family fiction seem to find it helpful to incapacitate one or both parents of the sibs. (A physical incapacity, never the psychological, moral kind that, in reality, many families have to face.) In *The Family at Foxy Beck* by Marjorie Lloyd, Father is so ill—by over-exposure in his job as a London photographer—that all the family has to move for his sake to a primitive cottage in the Lake District. There are worse places; but the older children worry about their educational chances. Doubts are laid to rest in chapters as informative and enlightened as even the Ministry could wish. The children have little individuality; but life on the Fells is obviously something that the writer knows and appreciates. The writing is easy, without distinction.

A Family Likeness by Barbara Kerr Wilson is an Australian story. Present-day Debbie, leading her breezy, sociable family life in Sydney, spares a wondering thought for her Aunt Adelaide, the only survivor of a family who emigrated from England to Australia more than a century before. The story moves to and fro in time, without deep reason—although much is made of the family photographs and a dressing-mirror passed down through the generations. Curiously, the doings of the older, stuffier family make much the more attractive reading.

More sophisticated, more talented than any of these is *The Ready-Made Family* by Antonia Forest. The eldest Marlow daughter, aged nineteen, marries a much older man, an Oxford don, a widower with three children; and this ready-made, ill-made family have to begin by living with the Marlows. Great honesty, real imaginative depth are needed in such a situation is to be treated with adequacy. Instead, the author evades her plain duty in page after page of glittering, self-indulgent Marlow-style dialogue. Readers not actually Marlows may feel terribly out of it all.

MARIAN POTTER: *Milestone 67*. Illustrated by Sally Stiff. Bodley Head. 18s.

NOEL STREATFEILD: *Caldicott Place*. Illustrated by Betty Maxey. Collins. 13s.

MARJORIE LLOYD: *The Family at Foxy Beck*. Hutchinson. 15s.

BARBARA KER WILSON: *A Family Likeness*. Illustrated by Astra Lacis Dick. Constable Young Books. 16s.

ANTONIA FORREST: *The Ready-Made Family*. Faber and Faber. 18s.

Novels for the Over Nines—4

GANGING-UP ON THE GROWN-UPS

GANG WARFARE is the legitimized breakaway of boys from eight to ten from the confines of their homes which, during this period, they treat as hotels. Secrets are buried in the Den, but never leaked to the family. Girls are interlopers, tolerated for an occasional contribution to the funds or as cover for the enterprises of the brotherhood, but not fully trusted with full membership. Authors find the lure of peer group



From *The Viaduct*

initiations hard to resist, but excellent gang stories are fewer than the lengthy list of titles suggests. In writing about boys' adventures in towns the author needs to be committed to more than his plot or else he may find his characters in situations of grave physical or moral danger from which they can be extricated by only the police or the probation officer, while other adults are then forced into attitudes of wrath and indignation.

Subtleties in writing about gangs are of three main kinds: the boys tend to extend their skills in ways denied them at home; this is "the gang as hero" where individual differences of background and experience are levelled by loyalty to the group. Then "the gang as menace" offers scope for showing a growth of social awareness in those who reject the destructive mores of massed hooligans. Most interesting and often most successful are attempts to write about gang experience from the inside, with the hero telling the story. In these the quality of the writing is all-important and offers an extra dimension in the exploration of group feeling. The author's skill is judged by his ordering of the dialogue to give the impression of the staccato speech of children for whom action is everything. *The Otterbury Incident* is still the prototype for books of this kind.

The activities of bands of townees are successfully established as hero is the boy from the less-favoured home. There is no trouble in getting adults away from the scene when both parents have to go out to work, although illness and death still account for some, in real life. The success or failure of the story is bound up with the likelihood of the events and the credibility of the characters in a well-

And Also . . .

E. W. HILDICK: *The Questers and the Whispering Spy*. Illustrated by Richard Rose. Brockhampton. 15s.

The third book in the series about Invalid Jane Brahne who keeps in touch with his friends by two-way walkie-talkie radio. The set is stolen and has to be recovered: the plot is less convincing, a touch too long-winded, but the speed and quick turns of the writing keep the pages pelting along behind the now familiar gang. The next book will need more than an electronic device to distinguish it.

MARGARET MONCRIEFF: *A Small Piece of Cheese*. Illustrated by David Knight. Collins. 13s. 6d.

A fairly convincing story of how a boy and his old man withstand the take-over bid of a Property Groom who wants to demolish the garden they have made. Sandra, Anthony's aunt and a lovely fellow, also increases the pathos. Girls and boys may not.

ROBERT BARNARD: *Guano Boy*. Illustrated by John Wheeler. Constable Young Books. 12s. 6d.

Tony Purvis's plan to turn an overgrown bog into a boating stretch in the summer holidays arouses opposition from a powerful local Conservation Committee, and the ensuing wrangling and competent bullying make reading a pleasure. Boys who prefer action

DANIEL ROBERTS: *Roller Skate War*. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Methuen. 15s.

Gang warfare in Paris between middle-class children and the *Voyous* from the *Zone* is entangled in complex dialogue and semi-adult asides from the author. The time is 1938, the children curiously old-fashioned in all but speech. The only convincing adult is a nightwatchman who brings the gangs together. Does not quite come off and is strangely difficult to read.

DAVID HERSER: *The Stranger and the Gang*. Illustrated by Roger Payne. Oliver and Boyd. 16s.

After the gang let an escaped prisoner hide in their Den their friendship is menaced by their unease about the consequences of their decision. They determine to find out if he was guilty or not. The climax is less convincing than the study of the interrelatedness of the gang members and the nature of their commitment to each other.

ERICH KÄSTNER: *The Flying Classroom*. Translated by Cyrus Brooks. Illustrated by Walter Trier. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

The first appearance in Puffin Book of Erich Kästner's story about Johnny Troiz, author of a play, *The Flying Classroom*, and his friends and rivals at Kirchberg boarding school. It was first published in 1934.

Henry McAlpine but I'm always called Fred, I'll explain why later. I am thirteen now but when this happened I was eleven and two months. My sister Jinny was fourteen then but she doesn't come into the story much except to complain about my grammar and to suggest a different way of putting things, nor do my Mum and Dad. The most important member of my family in this book is my Gran, and as she began it all I had better start with her.

Fred's gang is the Cemetery Committee whose Den is a broken-down Humber saloon at the bottom of the side of a disused motor racing track. When Fred's Gran is robbed of her savings by the sinister lodger, the Committee is sworn to secrecy lest she be considered unable to look after herself. A Gran is a natural ally where parents exert pressures, so that the Committee decide to track down the thief. They rush into a pursuit which is both dangerous and comic. The adults take over when they should.

This is a most distinctive gang, with each child a different person to his parents and to his peers. The story bounces along, so flexible is the prose, so deliberate the telling. Young readers will enjoy the energy of the characters and adults admire the craftsmanship which conveys the quizzical self-regard of the story-teller, who varies between being totally engrossed in his narrative and humorously portraying his friends. A considerable achievement.

Although the ingredients of *Mile-a-Minute Ernie* seem as familiar as building blocks—family-in-high-flat, Dad-with-telly, Mum-with-Bingo, sister-with-hairdo, boy-very-bored—the compilation result is above average, thanks to a character called Ernie, once a champion runner, now a tramp who emerges at crucial points in the story when Jack is discovering his interest in running and the problems of coming to terms with himself when threatened by a gang of "busters". Constable's "Out and About" books are subtly aimed at readers whose interests may be more advanced than their reading skills. The print, the length of the episodes, the associations with everyday experience bring these books within the scope of those who might be unwilling to read more involved stories. Alan Delgado orders boys' speech into authentic dialogue which breathes life into puppet-like adults and animates two book-typical schoolboys.

The Viaduct is quite another matter. Roy Brown has produced a book outside the limitations of any formula in which success is a written-in condition of the story. There is a strong elegiac note in this account of the railway Bensons whose lives have passed for 125 years in the shadow of the Deptford railway viaduct where Ebeneezer Benson built his house and began the legend of his lost fortune. Phil, the last of the line, lives in the old house with his grandfather and makes his Den with his friend Andy in a cave under the viaduct where old railway stores have been overlooked. When Grandfather Benson dies without discovering Ebeneezer's wealth, Phil and Andy move a box of documents to the caves and set about discovering its secrets. They are menaced by the Eccles gang at the instigation of feckless Uncle Ern. At the climax of the plot, Phil is linked in dreams with Ebeneezer's son Jamie who died while still a boy. The fact of the dream is not disturbing; it is the natural retreat of the sensitive only child, but one has a certain unease about the use of this device to solve plot difficulties. Although it resists the obvious reward motif, the end of the book is weaker. The rest is entirely convincing by reason of the vivid concreteness of the description of the locality and the boys' preoccupation with their search. It is not by accident that towns provide "adventure playgrounds" for children.

In direct contrast to the English parochial settings of these books is *The Growing Season* in which the three main characters live on the rural edge of a corrupt American town. Their father is a lawyer who is menaced throughout one summer by political bosses. The children become involved because involvement in everything is natural to them. The most attractive features of the book are the sheer animal spirits of the young and their growing realization that actions bring consequences, a hard lesson for those to whom to think is to do.

ROGER COLLINSON: *A Boat and Box*. Illustrated by Barry Wilkinson. Oliver and Boyd. 15s.

CHRISTINE PULLEIN-THOMPSON: *Robbers in the Night*. Illustrated by Andrew Sier. Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.

NINA BAWDEN: *A Handful of Thieves*. Gollancz. 15s.

ALAN DELGADO: *Mile-a-Minute Ernie*. Illustrated by Colin Wheeler. Constable Young Books. 12s. 6d.

ROY BROWN: *The Viaduct*. Illustrated by James Hunt. Abelard-Schuman. 18s.

STEPHEN COLE: *The Growing Season*. Illustrated by Jillian Willett. Macdonald. 16s.

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Mousekin Finds a Friend
Edna Miller
The successor to this author/illustrator's highly successful *Mousekin's Golden House*. "The delicate paintings of mice and birds and grass and flowers and wild strawberries and such, have real appeal for the imaginative young"—NAOMI LEWIS
18s

The Youngest Reader—3

PICTURES SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

IT IS DIFFICULT to eavesdrop on small children—they are forever turning the tables and observing the observer; demanding help, time, attention. But children are most fascinating when enclosed in a bubble of their own blowing, unaware of anything outside. Mr. Harold Williamson, producer of the brilliant television series "Children Talking", manages to convey to the viewer just this feeling of exploring a secret world—presenting his material with no distractions or interference, like so many slides under a microscope. The same kind of pleasure is to be had from listening to two to four year olds reading themselves a story; if a book takes their fancy they will "read" it again and again, bringing out different details and embellishments each time.

The important point is that the pictures must tell a story. Peter Rabbit crept under the gate/ate the lettuces/saw Mr. McGregor, or, Babar ran away from the hunter/came to the town/met the rich old lady. *Little Black Sambo* is the classic case. How many of today's stories are designed to be read in this way? Sadly few; all the books noticed below are attractively produced and will give pleasure for a season; only Zozo, now on his seventh adventure, seems certain to survive the next generation.

In choosing a small, inquisitive monkey as their protagonist the Reys made a shrewd beginning. Zozo can plausibly be set to explore and find out about anything likely to impinge on the lives of the under fives; best of all, he fits in among the humans without jarring credulity, which is stretched beyond endurance in so many of the nursery tales. *Zozo goes to the Hospital* is a particularly successful adventure; Zozo, unknown to his owner (always referred to as "the man with the yellow hat"), swallows a piece of jigsaw puzzle, and is taken to hospital when he complains of a tummy-ache; he is shown drinking barium, having an X-ray, sleeping in a children's ward, having injections, going to the operating theatre—everything, in fact, which could happen to a sick child. He gets into all kinds of mischief and makes the other children laugh; most blessed of all, he never actually speaks, he simply acts. There is an obvious benefit in writing so well and so wittily about the unfamiliar and potentially frightening world of the hospital, but the Reys' talents go far beyond this; their work shows real understanding of a child's mind. Myra Berry Brown's domestic tales look rather boring at first glance, but she, too, has the knack of pinpointing small details that are important to a child. *Benjy's Blanket* describes how a small boy manages to cast aside the beloved, dreadful piece of blanket that acts as his talisman; plain, uncondescending writing, perfect for the similarly afflicted.

Chatto and Windus, Helen Bannerman's publishers, have been bold enough to introduce a new pocket-sized heroine who looks game for many adventures: Maggie lives with her mother and father and her baby brother Noah in a caravan in the woods; in *Maggie and the Roundabout* she goes off to a fair with one and sixpence to spend, and gets into trouble with the owner of the roundabout; in *Maggie and the Chickens* she uses her own (wicked) initiative to find the family dinner. Excellent pictures, and plenty of action—splendid stocking-fillers. And for very little boys, Robert Bright's *My Hopping Bunny* shows the fun of the fair to a boy and his pet rabbit—a rabbit that hops so high it has to be rescued off the moon.

And now for the prize-winners. It is probably fair to say that the books already mentioned are all too humble to be awarded prizes; one sees the difficulty, but it doesn't alter the fact that the children approached by your reviewer have shown no particular enthusiasm for the two books that follow. First, *Sam, Bangs and Moonshine* (the title speaks for itself) was awarded the American Library Association's Caldecott Medal last year; it is about a little girl called Samantha whose too vivid imagination nearly causes a sea tragedy when she sends her trusting



From *Maggie and the Chickens*

(alas, never doubtful) disciple Thomas out to Blue Rock to look for a kangaroo. Your reviewer thought the pictures, in muddy green and misty grey, attractive and clever; the children did not like them. *The Snowy Day* was awarded the Caldecott Medal when it first appeared in America, four or five years ago. A boy goes out and amuses himself in the snow—making patterns, snowmen, climbing and sliding. The colours here are bright and bold (bits of material, scraps of wool, and so on, were used to make the original pictures), but there is no attempt at a story, and the boy has no individual character whatever.

Another extravagantly praised artist is Jaap Tol ("If 1966 is remembered in the history of the picture-book in England, it will be for the emergence of Jaap Tol"—*The Junior Bookshelf*). *The Sea Horse* is a little fairy-tale about a boy called John who is taken in a dream by his rubber sea horse to visit the king of the sea horses in his palace deep under the sea; John rescues the king's favourite horse from the clutches of a giant spider, and thus loses his own fear of the dark. It is something like a tiny episode from *Pinocchio*, but the genius of that story lies in the way it holds a child's attention through all the ramifications of its unending plot; here we have a snippet, a mere flash, blown up by fourteen very beautiful double-page paintings into a book. The balance is wrong; one would like to see an edition of *The Water Babies*, say, with Jaap Tol's pictures; something intended for an age group that could appreciate the subtlety of those watered-silk colours in their flowing, graceful shades.

Brian Wildsmith, another magnificent artist-illustrator now gets round the difficulty of an inadequate text by providing only the names of the beasts together with the collective noun by which a herd is known—a crash of rhinoceroses, an ambush of tigers, a shrewdness of apes. *Wild Animals* is a book for all ages and likely to be more successful with the youngest than Mr. Wildsmith's *Birds*, which are on the average intake all of a feather.

Tomi Ungerer, with typical audacity, has seized upon the least auspicious bird for his *Orlando, the Brave Vulture*. The plot is devious, the drawings hilariously funny; the action takes place in Mexico and Prattleborough, Vermont, United States: a father is rescued, a son is kidnapped, gold is found and lost and found again—ideal for cowboys and indians. Tomi Ungerer also illustrates a rather charming, douce jungle story, *Mr. Tall and Mr. Small*, about a giraffe and a mouse who find that tiny size and outsize both have virtue.

John Burningham provides a happy frolic with his story of *Harquin* the fox who disobeyed his wise old father and went down to the valley to explore. The pictures of the inevitable hunt have all the pounding excitement of the hunting scene in the recent film of *Tom Jones*; and Harquin bags the master's cap as a trophy of the chase.

More modestly, again, Elizabeth Shaw's tale of the timid little rabbit who outwits the bullying fox has been found to give great pleasure; good value for six shillings. Also in the rabbit warren, the Trez team have devised a typically ingenious story using dozens and dozens of rabbits that children will count with tireless satisfaction—only red and black ink outlines, however; no magic paintbox colours.

The Day the Crocodile Stole the Sun is remarkable for its startling pictures of the crocodile doing just that—gaping wide its horrible jaws and embracing the molten, shiny lump of the sun: the story is a Russian folk-tale, and the book was printed in (? east) Germany; it would be good to see more of Erich Gürtzig's work.

Gwyneth Mamlok's half-mark is the immense thickness of her black outlines: it works very well here in this innocent story of an elephant who longed for beauty and found it when he was adorned as a personal carriage for the tiny Indian princess. Bernard Waber's jungle story is on much the same lines, except that the hippopotamus simply dreams that she borrows stripes and spots and tusks from the other animals, and is relieved to find when she wakes that she remains as she always was, "a big, fat, wonderful hippopotamus".

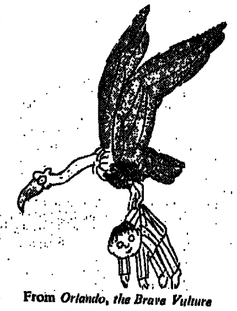
Louis Slobodkin goes farther; his hero is a young dinosaur named Dinny, who makes friends with a cave boy named Danny. It really is a refreshing change in this country to read about a dinosaur, and the book has reached its eighth printing in the United States.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff is an old favourite. This latest version from the Bodley Head has really splendid pictures by William Stobbs, and comes up full of new life and excitement; as good as the same artist's recent *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Finally, three to share with fathers. Val Biro has written a sequel to *Gumdrop*, in which he told some adventures of his own vintage car—an Austin Clifton heavy twelve-four of 1926. *The Farmer's Friend* of the present title is a single cylinder six horse-power Fowler Traction Engine of 1903. The book can safely be left about in the presence of enthusiasts, and is likely to please boys too.

The Sandbergs, a Swedish couple, make original and stimulating picture books; *The Boy with 100 Cars* uses the story-within-a-story plot to great effect in an entertaining tale about little Matthew, who thinks of nothing but cars from morning till night. "Beep, beep, honk, honk!" The pictures are very good indeed—full of interest, but so presented as to be easily understood; each re-reading discovers new details. For all who beep and honk.

If nothing that has gone before sounds suitable, Messrs. Constable have published a delightful edition of a little story written by H. G. Wells when he was recovering from an illness; it concerns a boy who rescues a rich man from drowning, and the rich man's reward to the boy. The drawings are simple and witty, the colours fresh and prime, the layout beyond reproach; back, thirty years back.



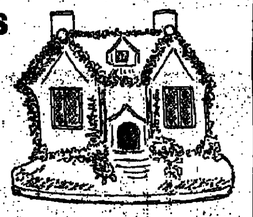
From *Orlando, the Brave Vulture*

MARGARET and H. A. REY: *Zozo goes to the Hospital*. Chatto and Windus. 15s.
MYRA BERRY BROWN: *Benjy's Blanket*. Illustrated by Dorothy Marino. Heinemann. 15s.
JANE HOLLOWOOD: *Maggie and the Roundabout*. *Maggie and the Chickens*. Chatto and Windus. 6s. each.
ROBERT BRIGHT: *My Hopping Bunny*. The World's Work. 13s. 6d.
EVALINE NESS: *Sam, Bangs and Moonshine*. Bodley Head. 13s. 6d.
EZRA JACK KEATS: *The Snowy Day*. Bodley Head. 13s.
FRANS VAN ANROOY: *The Sea Horse*. Illustrated by Jaap Tol. Oxford University Press. 16s.
BRIAN WILDSMITH: *Wild Animals*. Oxford University Press. 16s.
TOMI UNGERER: *Orlando, the Brave Vulture*. Methuen. 15s.
BARBARA BRENNER: *Mr. Tall and Mr. Small*. Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer. Oliver and Boyd. 12s. 6d.
JOHN BURNINGHAM: *Harquin the Fox who went down to the Valley*. Cape. 16s.
ELIZABETH SHAW: *The Little Rabbit*. Translated from the German by Richard Sadler. Richard Sadler and Brown. 6s.
DENISE and ALAIN TREZ: *Rabbit Country*. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.
K. TSCHUKOWSKI: *The Day the Crocodile Stole the Sun*. Illustrated by Erich Gürtzig. English text by Richard Sadler. Richard Sadler and Brown. 6s. 6d.
GWYNETH MAMLOK: *The Sun Shone on the Elephant*. Nelson. 16s.
BERNARD WABER: *You Look Ridiculous Said the Rhinoceros to the Hippopotamus*. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.
LOUIS SLOBODKIN: *Dinny and Danny*. Collier-Macmillan. 15s.
WILLIAM STOBBS: *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.
VAL BIRO: *Gumdrop and the Farmer's Friend*. Brockhampton Press. 15s.
INGER and LASSE SANDBERG: *The Boy with 100 Cars*. Richard Sadler and Brown. 15s.
H. G. WELLS: *The Adventures of Tommy*. Constable Young Books. 13s. 6d.

And Also . . .

ALTHEA: *Desmond, the Dinosaur*. 4s. 6d. *Clubber and Bimbo*. 3s. 6d. *Benjamin*. 4s. Bodley Head (5 Short Lane, Willingham, Cambridge).
Desmond is another dinosaur, Benjamin an elephant, Clubber, Bimbo and Bimbo's grandpa bears; these little paper-bound books are written and printed by the Rubrics' kind-hearted husband at Cambridge (they have also "Alec" drawings and simple texts and are printed on orange, green and grey paper: an enterprising effort).
W. AWDRY: *Small Railway Engines*. Illustrated by Peter and Eunice Edwards. Kaye and Ward. 6s. 6d.
The twenty-second addition to an addictive series. The small engines run off the rails when new to the shed, pulling a train of trucks full of stone. Peter puts things right and all ends happily.
KATHLEEN HALE: *Hebrietta the Fifth Pet Baby*. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.
The fifth pet baby hen's frantic scratchings in Mr. Fowler's back garden unearth a Roman pot. Poor old Mrs. Fowler becomes spending rich, and old lady and hen live happily ever after. First published in 1943; the drawings are amazingly well done, it is difficult to account for their ghastly virginity.
DAVID MCKEE: *Hans in Luck*. Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.
The Grimm fairy-tale retold. Hans is a good-natured simpleton who keeps exchanging his possessions for something less valuable—silver, horse, cow, pig, goose, stone. The stone sinks in the river, and Hans goes home delighted. Wiry drawings.
MARK TAYLOR: *Henry the Explorer*. Illustrated by Graham Booth. Oliver and Boyd. 15s.
Henry (who looks about three) finds an exciting book about exploring, and one day he decides to go, so he makes ready provisions and lets off little flags and sets off into the snowy landscape with his dog, Angus. The paintings are wide; probably Canadian winter scenes are splendid, and it is no surprise when Henry gets lost and grown-ups come to look for him. But Henry finds his own way, loftily answers "Is frank in bed?" "I haven't been lost. But I did get a bear. Is supper ready?"

Anne Viccars BARBER



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BLES

Under Nines—1

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

THE IMMEDIATE reaction to this pile of fantasies, given their content and size, is how fantastically expensive they are with 6d., for instance, for books of 60 and 39 pages respectively. Publishers say costs are impossible to cut, but assuming authors write to be bought and read and publishers publish books they want bought and read, it really seems that there was some radical rethinking of production methods. One thing certain is that the more copies you can print the cheaper you can afford to sell them; but obviously you cannot produce and sell large editions of all the books now published. So to the second, the main point really; too many books. There are plenty of first-class distinctive books now for children of all ages, interests and abilities, so why go on churning out the avérage and mediocre? Many of these are quite competently planned and written—like the American imports here, *The Doll in the Cakeshop* by Carol Beach York, and *The Little Leftover Witch* by Florence Laughlin—but have nothing much else to make them worth loading off on to an already over-loaded market.

Books for younger children are difficult enough to make distinctive anyway. The stories have to be relatively simple in conception—hence no doubt in fantasy the prevalence of talking animals and minor witchcraft—and also simply written with only a limited amount of detail. Unless the writer has almost a poet's eye for witty and imaginative detail, a poet's ability to see things from odd and interesting angles, he is only too likely to turn out soppy, predictable pap.

Which said, thank heavens for



From *Uncle and the Treacle Trouble*

Uncle, who is none of these things; J. P. Martin broke all the rules but was genius enough to get away with it. Alas, he is no more, so this latest book must certainly be his last. *Uncle and the Treacle Trouble*, like its predecessors, is amateurish, hilarious, brilliantly inventive and, of course, unique. It's good to meet Doctor Lyre again, among others, and this reviewer is particularly fond of Anna the Respectable Horse, but there are such splendid new characters and inventions as Brashbag the Antique Dealer, the Monkey-and-Engine-Room Wood and the snowstorm volcano. It all needs to be devoured in smallish doses like Stilton cheese, which is why the readings on B.B.C. storytime were such a delight and probably why a few reviewers, having to devour it whole, get critical indigestion and dislike it extremely; not this one, though.

Generally old hands come off best here; starting with Ester Ringnér-Lundgren's *Little Trulsa's Secret*—the secret a kettleholder Trulsa is knitting for her mother's birthday. For the youngest children this, very simple, very short, a bit sweet sometimes for adult tastes, but the troll background makes it fresh and joyful as well. Small children are just like Little Trulsa, too.

Ruth Ainsworth's *Roly the Railway Mouse* does battle with hostile elements among the station staff. He also lives with his family in the Refreshment Room with its attendant gastronomic advantages (margarine paper sheets, for instance, which you can lick in bed) and attendant perils (Roly gets trapped inside a glass cake dome). The detail is just right and often funny; yes to this book certainly.

Yes to Barbara Euphan Todd's *The Clock Shop*, too, as one might expect. The clocks are genteeler versions of her scarecrows perhaps, with their grumbles and gossip and engagingly crazy logic, less robust, but sometimes almost as funny. The adventures they relate to Colin the clockmender's grandson spring in the best possible way from their shape and nature, from the kind of noise they make. The cuckoos from the cuckoo clocks lay eggs which hatch out midget young, the querulous alarm clock gets sent in a parcel and mistaken for a time bomb, the belligerent cupids from the ornamental French clock fire arrows at everyone. There is also a rather charming mouse called Miss Hickory.

Professor Tolkien's fairy stories have the right sort of simplicity, driving one through the story and out the other end. Your reviewer likes the latest, *Smith of Wootton Major*, more than some of his others, but still finds the simplicity studied, to say the least, the rustic and faery almost too tastefully balanced. Pauline Baynes's illustrations are pastiche medieval too.

The more traditional of Edith Unnerstad's *Twilight Tales*—those dealing with trolls and so forth—seem in some ways more satisfactorily robust, perhaps because rooted in a living fairy tradition and not one academically excavated like Professor Tolkien's. "Little Monster", about a lost (and hideous) baby troll, is especially good, and in fact all these stories are preferable to her more whimsical modern ones, inventive as they are. Their sweetness has roots, like fruit from a tree rather than candy from a box.

Now *Pyewacket* by Rosemary Weir; a good 1967 story but less imaginative in detail than some of the books already mentioned. Cats from a row of aged and decaying houses, led by the terrible Pyewacket himself, decide to frighten off their owners and so have the houses to themselves, not realizing they are to be demolished anyway. The freedom they win isn't all they expect, in fact it's downright uncomfortable. The ideal solution, however, is at hand in catfood factory overrun by rats). The picture of decay, demolition, reconstruction is almost the best thing in the book, and the illustrations are splendid.

Last, another cat story, *Lucky Les* by E. W. Hildick. This at times is crude as a comic strip—so are the illustrations, one suspects deliberately. The language ranges from feline Billy Bunter, almost Yardosh-Garoo, to the near poetic and sensitive. Alternative plots are offered (do we want Lucky Les to have adventures with pirates or cannibals, to become a sailor or a farmer?—turn then to page so-and-so). The vitality is enormous, some solutions engaging—particularly ingenious use is made, for instance, of radish seed. . . . The adult, swings between irritation and admiration; children, unless they feel patronized, should love it.

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Very nearly good, but rather ruinous tendency to be arch.
LAURA WOOD: *The Hag Calls for Help*. Illustrated by Kiddell-Monroe. Dent. 8s. 6d.
Hag Dowsabel is a rather amiable character who thinks that English witches should always be simple and unadorned. This book, the second of her adventures with the Lindley children, was first published in 1937, and now joins the first, *Regone by Broomstick*, in Dent's Pennant series.

BARBARA EUPHAN TODD: *The Clock Shop*. Illustrated by Jill Crockford. World's Work. 15s.
J. R. R. TOLKIEN: *Smith of Wootton Major*. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.
EDITH UNNERSTAD: *Twilight Tales*. Translated by Lilian Seaton. Illustrated by Viva Kallsirom. Michael Joseph. 21s.
ROSEMARY WEIR: *Pyewacket*. Illustrated by Charles Pickard. Abelard-Schuman. 15s.
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Children Abroad—2

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

ASSAM, New Guinea, the Leeward Islands, Somaliland—the vernue of children's novels becomes ever more exotic. The heroes of three of these four are natives of their countries and the authors of the best of them have succeeded in getting inside their characters and showing the world through their eyes. All have succeeded in imparting information about their chosen country without allowing it to get in the way of an enjoyable story.

Phyllida and Annabelle, the *Children of Bird God Hill*, have lived all their lives in Assam, on their father's tea plantation. Now, at the ages of eight and seven, they are soon to leave for school in England. They are conscious of doing everything for the last time, and they see everything with a heightened perception. This is not, however, a melancholy story; it is a happy one, beautifully written with sympathetic insight and frequent humour.

The tea plantation and its surrounding jungle are nowhere directly described. Seen through Phyllida's eyes, they are referred to with a familiar intimacy which is perhaps more effective in conveying a vivid picture of, and feeling for, the scene. The Indian characters, too, are very clearly portrayed as they appear to the girls: familiar, yet different from themselves.

Phyllida becomes devoted to Krishna, "the blue god", and dedicates to him a small ruined temple she finds in the jungle. Wanting to make the glade in which it stands a sanctuary for wounded animals, she enlists the aid, first of a strange Indian boy and his haggish grandmother, then of her sister, and finally of their ayah. They celebrate the seasonal Hindu festivals at the temple, and undergo some almost mystical experiences there.

The author successfully conveys the advanced and complicated mental and emotional experiences with which Phyllida has to cope. Though she is English, it is Assam that is her home, and the concept of the English school is alien, chill and slightly ridiculous to her. Her devotion to Krishna is as real as her Christianity, and, though puzzled, she does not struggle to reconcile the two but accepts them as compatible. Most difficult of all: though disillusioned when she learns that the Indian boy has acquired animals for the sanctuary by cruelty, she genuinely understands and forgives him, realizing that his actions were prompted by love and intended only to please her.

It should not be inferred from the intrusion of these deeper issues that the girls are impossibly adult. On the contrary, they behave much like most little girls of their age. Where they differ is in their environment, and their reactions to that are wholly convincing. The book is concerned with a part of their development, and, because they are real characters, one is left with a desire to know more about their progress.

It is doubtful whether most English children have more than a hazy notion where New Guinea is, let alone what the country is like or what sort of people live there. They will be able to discover all this and more from *Ninji's Magic*, for Ninji lives in a very remote village in that most remote country.

The impinging of western civilization on the traditional way of life forms the impetus of Ninji's story. He and his friends wear nothing but bark-string aprons, and their people follow the subsistence-farming practices of their ancestors. Though aeroplanes are commonplace, they have never seen a car; and much of what we take for granted is unfamiliar to them. Ninji's first encounter with a chair is both funny and revealing. His grandfather, the village headman, resists all change and instructs Ninji in traditional ritual; but younger elements in the village, among them Ninji's father, want to adopt western ways. It is characteristic that Ninji should go to a sorcerer for a spell to get him into the white man's school. The magic works—or Ninji thinks it does—and he feels he has achieved the best of both worlds.

The author manages to show the world as it appears to Ninji, and so his story ends on a note of satisfaction and hope. At the same time there is the suggestion that Ninji's view of the white man's world is a mistaken one—inevitably so, since he was brought up in the circumscribed environment of a New Guinea bush village. Mamoru Funai's delightful illustrations and a helpful map admirably support the text.

Bonus L. T. Hamilton, hero of *The Bonus of Redonda*, also lives on a remote island, the tiny Nevis in the Leeward group, and his creator, too, has succeeded in showing the world as he sees it. Like Ninji, Bonus has a grandfather who resists change (though his position as "king" of a fishing village is an unofficial one), and like Ninji, he enlists the aid of magic. Unfortunately, in his case, the magic has disastrous results, and Bonus and his grandfather feel compelled to go into hiding. Again like Ninji, they are the products of a circumscribed environment, and the misunderstandings that lead to their adventures arise because of the difficulties of communication between them and outsiders with wider experience and progressive ideas.

A Camel in the Sea is an altogether slighter and more superficial book, intended for younger readers. It gives a glimpse of life in another little-known part of the world, Somaliland. Here again, the people live in much the same way as they have done for hundreds of years, their only contact, if any, with the outside world being with alien government officials.

Disaster hits Mohammed's village when locusts devour the crops and no rain comes to water new ones. How Mohammed proves the old adage that persuasion is better than force, and at the same time saves the village, makes an amusing story.

IRIS MACFARLANE: *The Children of Bird God Hill*. Illustrated by Susan Shaw. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

ELISABETH MACINTYRE: *Ninji's Magic*. Angus and Robertson. 16s.

ROBERT D. ABRAHAMS: *The Bonus of Redonda*. Illustrated by Dennis Brown. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s.

LEE GARRETT GOETZ: *A Camel in the Sea*. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.

And Also . . .

MARGARET PLUMMER: *One Rupee and a Bundle of Rice*. Illustrated by Albert Whitear. Odhams. 15s.
Without a bullock, there can be no ploughing and no crop, and so no money and no food for Ramu's family in rural Mysore. When his family's bullock dies, therefore, he sets out for the city to earn enough money to buy a new one, and incidentally displays various aspects of Indian life. A good background to the geography lesson is readable form.

EILIS DILLON: *The Key*. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Faber and Faber. 13s. 6d.
This is a naive and sugary story of how a poor Basque melon-seller's son uses his village's well and turns a haughty landowner into a kind one. Not up to the author's usual standard.

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Fred J. Speakman
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Little more need be said about Mr. Speakman's well-proven talents and his latest book enhances a major reputation. It tells the stories of some of the animals and birds that have come to the door of his Epping Forest home to be nursed or fostered. *Drawings by John Avis.* 15s. net

Sons of the ARCTIC
Doug Wilkinson
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ROBERT FROMAN'S book which boys in their early teens will read with pleasure.' TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT. *Drawings.* 13s. 6d. net

THE CRAB That Crawled out of the Past
LORUS AND MARGERY MILNE'S 'little gem.' BIRMINGHAM POST. *Drawings.* 13s. 6d. net

BELL

BOOKS FROM FRANCE

AMONG the books now appearing in France for the Christmas season many of the stories for the nine-year-olds upwards have a historical setting. Below is a selection of the best of these and others which have been published recently.

PIERRE DEBRESSE: *Le Trésor de Carthage*. Magnard. 6.75frs.
A vivid description of Carthage in the year 416; it was awarded the Prix Fantasia for 1968.

J. LE ROZAT-GUIGNER: *Le Pré du Roi*. Magnard. 6.75 frs.
The Prix du Salon de l'Enfance for 1967. An adventure story in which the hero is the victim of bitter jealousy. He works in the galleys and endures many changes of fortune.

CLAUDE CÉNAC: *Les Cavernes de la Rivière Rouge*. Magnard. 6.75 frs.
A successful imaginative reconstruction of prehistoric times and the life of a young man among the wild beasts in the swamps and marshes of the far-off world of 15,000 years ago.

M. PERROY: *Aloyse et l'Ecuyer du Roi*. Amitié. 6.40frs.
Aloyse is threatened with the confiscation of all her possessions by the sinister Seigneur de Laisy. But thanks to the protection of Louis IX (Saint-Louis) and the devotion of her friend, Guillaume, the enemy is foiled.

M. REBOUL: *Nikios revolte à Babylone*. Rouge et Or. 6.75frs.
The setting is the ancient Chaldean city, where Nikios plays a primary role.

M. VIDAL: *Le Prince des Steppes*. Amitié. 6.40frs.
The story of Prince Dikesoual the Brave, born in 1167, future Genghis Khan, and of his implacable struggle with the Mongol tribes to avenge the death of his father.

F. BALSAN: *Les Contrebandiers du Pélicutchistan*. Amitié. 6.40frs.
Here again a young man settles a score with assassins. This time the scene is Pakistan, where Iskander avenges the death of his grandfather after a long series of dangerous adventures.

R. GUYOT: *La Belle au Bois Dore*. Hachette. 6.75frs.
Another aspect of this author's many talents is seen in the story of Yasmina, the Caliph's daughter who comes to the aid of her friend Prince Ranao, when his avaricious uncle tries to dispossess him of his fortune.

RENÉE TESNIÈRE: *Le Petit Roi d'Ell Evnad*. Rouge et Or. 6.75frs.
The latest story to be based on the long-discussed theory of the escape of the young Louis XVII from the Temple.

PIERRE DEBRESSE: *Les Larmes d'Isis*. Magnard. 6.75frs.
An exciting adventure story of ancient Egypt.

GUILLEMOT-MAGITOT: *Franz Schubert*. Amitié. 10.00frs.
A new and interesting addition to a successful series of story lives of the great musicians.

SUZANNE PULICANI: *Monsieur Toumlnou Cosmonaute*. Magnard. 6.75frs.
Another episode in the adventures of the agreeable M. Touminou, who, it may be remembered, bought an island in the Pacific which he saw advertised in the press. An amusing combination of fantasy and humour for younger children.

ZOÉ PICTET: *Le Naufrage du Nelson*. Rouge et Or. 3.00frs.
During a fire which breaks out on board their ship Carol and her mother are separated. But with the help of a sailor—Sebastien—and some Indian fishermen, mother and daughter are reunited, after many adventures, on the coast of Malabar.

ANDRÉ MASSEPAIN: *L'Ile aux Fossiles*. Lafont. 10.00frs.
Out and out adventure story, in which two boys who have set out by air to join their father at the atomic base of Murmora-Bad themselves, after an accident to their aircraft, on the extraordinary Fossil Island of the title.

MARGUERITE THIBAUD: *Lili et sa Mule*. Hachette. 3.00frs.
All sorts of adventures are waiting for Lili in the mountains—adventures which call for all her courage and self-discipline.

GEORGES CHAILLET: *Fantajuette et le Demi du Diable*. Hachette. 3.00frs.
A variety of strange happenings trouble the children in a holiday camp in the mountains; Pantomette gets to the bottom of the mystery.

MARCEL AYMÉ: *Enjambeur*. Gallimard. 10.00frs.
Marcel Aymé, who died recently, wrote many successful books for children, of which this series of recollections is the last.

RENÉE MASSIP: *L'Aventure du Lièvre Blanc*. Castergan. 9.00frs.
A delightful picture book in which the text (very well written) is complemented by the illustrations of B. Ivanowski.

CLAUDE MALOIS: *Giuliano le Petit Sicilien*. Nathan. 10.00frs.
Seen first on television, Giuliano and the little goat which is his inseparable companion appear now in book form with very attractive photographs.

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by K. TSCHUKOWSKI
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SLEEPING BEAUTY
by the Brothers GRIMM, illustrated by Regina Grube-Heinecke
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Illustrated by BARBARA COONEY
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13/6 **FELIX THE BALD-HEADED LION**
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Animals

LIVING WITH ANIMALS

MAN'S relations with animals, in modern children's stories, are nearly always a two-way business. The animals are still helpless, dumb, and persecuted, but so, soon help them, are the humans. Dead, orphaned, resentful, parent-less children in these stories turn to the animals for what might be called mutual zootherapy, and the resulting happy endings are logical and unsentimental.

The simplest of these stories is *Trust a City Kid*, by Anne Huston and Jane Yolen. The city kid is Reg, from the slums of Harlem, who is sent on a holiday to a New England farm run by an attractive and convincing foster family. Reg is a very real character, suspicious and resentful of the people who try to be kind to him, but his love of horses leads him into an adventure that sets him right with his friends and teaches him that goodness can be trusted.

Summer has Gone, by James Dillon White, has the irresistible setting of an island in the Hebrides, whose rocky shores and bare hills are described with loving precision and illustrated equally well by Douglas Hall. The story is chiefly concerned with a motherless fawn, cared for by the boy Neil, with the dog who is jealous of the fawn and the ancient dog who protects it. The cross-currents of their relationships are well worked out, but children may find it all a bit prosaic and slow. The more interesting themes are barely touched on: Neil's gradual discovery of his grandmother's feelings about him and her island home, and the problem of the people who leave the island to find an easier life elsewhere. Neil's grandmother shows him a deserted village where six families used to live by fishing and growing crops. "There's good soil under the grass", she says. "And the fish are still in the sea." And the few islanders who still make tweed can't keep pace with the demand for it. This is real life, urgent and fascinating, with a hint of hope for the future, and in contrast the animals seem artificial, especially when they start reasoning like humans. This is an attractive book, but as a story for children it doesn't quite come off.

The uncritical child who likes a good story will enjoy *The Wild One*, by Monica Edwards. It has an excellent plot, full of suspense and excitement but keeping within the bounds of possibility. After all, if a puma can really remain at large in darkest Surrey, a cub could also hide there. As an animal-lover the author is realistic, admitting that nature must often be ruthless. As a writer, she needs to take a long look at her characters and to listen critically to their conversation. The parents are clichés—artist father (successful, of course), vague and super-tolerant mother. The children, as the illustrations suggest, are just wholesome jolly youngsters out of a cheery schoolgirl mag. Their conversation is slick, facetious, and quite unnatural. Monica Edwards has written a great many books; perhaps her characters are now so real to her that she forgets to observe what people are actually like.

For real life, racy and refreshing, Vian Smith's *Come down the Mountain* is the best of the lot. Here is the genuine world that our children inhabit; the world of the school bus and the telly and agonizing doubts about your looks and clothes and friends; a world where parents can be discouraging and hopes be dashed and trust be abused, but where courage and compassion can find a response in the most unlikely places. Brenda, the heroine, is humbly aware of her clumsiness and timidity, but she cares enough about the neglected horse out in the fields to take charge of it and help it in spite of all obstacles. The gradual response of her parents and friends, who progress from grudging sympathy to wholehearted support, is very convincing. Brenda herself, fat and ordinary and kind, is a most appealing character, and the rest are equally vivid. We can believe in her Dad, with his inferior job and shabby car and fundamental decency, and her anxious mother, and her difficult grandfather who is a link with the near-feudal past, and fickle flashy Eve, and glamorous Brian who is really a bit of a coward. The only stereotype is Harold, who is short-sighted and *therefore* wet, weedy, and learned. Why cannot we ever have a tough athletic hero in glasses? However, this is a very minor detail, and even Harold proves his worth in the end. It is a very cheering book altogether, with seriousness underlying its light-hearted style, and a moral all the more effective for being suggested rather than stated.

Perhaps humans *are* as admirable as animals, after all?



From *Summer has Gone*

ANNE HUSTON and JANE YOLEN: *Trust a City Kid*. Illustrated by J. C. Kocsis. Dent. 18s.

JAMES DILLON WHITE: *Summer has Gone*. Illustrated by Douglas Hall. Hutchinson. 16s.

MONICA EDWARDS: *The Wild One*. Illustrated by Geoffrey Whitham. Collins. 13s. 6d.

VIAN SMITH: *Come down the Mountain*. Constable Young Books. 16s.

And Also . . .

ELMA WILLIAMS: *Paul's Secret Courage*. Illustrated by Albert Whitear. Odhams Press. 15s.
The odd but attractive story of Paul, who is scared of everything but animals, and his final triumph over his ultra-tough cousins. Plot and characters are wildly improbable, but the author obviously knows the right way to handle any animal from a kitten to a circus lion.

Out of Captivity

WHY CAN'T PEOPLE write as well about people as they so often can about animals? Sometimes it almost seems as if people don't on the whole like people all that much; certainly not enough to want to observe them intimately.

How different from, say, Fred Speakman in *Out of the Wild*. Here is a collection of biographical sketches inspired by love—love communicable and valuable to readers of almost any age. The subjects are miscellaneous, ranging from various dogs (including the fascinating one who *sailed*, before witnesses, "Oh, come on!") to individual wild animals and birds brought into a Field Centre in Epping Forest. At one time the author adopted a young owl. They had to share a bedroom, although their sleeping times differed awkwardly; but love conquered all:

> Up my legs he walked again, and so to my face. I had closed eyes, pretending sleep, waiting to see what he would do. Very gently he plucked at my eyebrows, pulled my hair, nibbled an ear. Then with the softest touch he would pass his beak over my closed eyes, as if to say "Waken, it's time to open eyes", and open them I did, and spoke to him.

Moving to animal fiction, readers can find the same intensity of observation and care. *Leon*, by Helen Griffiths, is the story of a shepherd-dog in Spain who meets ill luck and worse masters as an indirect result of the Civil War. His career reaches crisis when the worst master of all throws him for dead into a macabre animal graveyard, from which he escapes—to canine nothingness:

> He had no one to command him or arrange his days. He was utterly free to do as he wished, but his freedom was an illusion, for his spirit was chained to man. All the earth was his and the vastness of it frightened him, for there was nowhere for him to go.

Soon Leon sinks to the killing of farm-stock, and only human love and patience finally redeem him.

Panther by Roderick Haig-Brown is also a convincing study, but less sympathetic. The species is beautiful, perhaps. The species is beautiful, fascinating and chillingly ferocious. In spite of the arguments of the preface (unsigned), the panther's actions have the appearance of cruelty—at least, there are occasional killings for fun, from boredom, or from exasperation. This particular panther of Vancouver Island is forced to match its strength and cunning against those of a professional hunter. Their two stories are neatly interwoven; but it seems proper in the end that the animal meets his end through animal enemies, not human ones.

Two American horse stories by C. W. Anderson would hardly be of interest here but for a kind of horsey, artless integrity. There is really no characterization in the stories; no twist to the plot; no real suspense. *The Outlaw* is about an impossible horse brought into faultless training by a method of almost non-stop fondlings and gentle whisperings. (Human nerves would undoubtedly have snapped, not steadied.) *Another Man o'War* is the story of a colt's development into a first-class racehorse, on the pattern of an heroic forebear. In spite of its limitations, horslove can rise into literature. Here is a retired trainer speaking of one of the horses he had known:

> A strange spotted English horse. He had great blotches on his grey coat, like a rockinghorse. And big. He looked a four-year old at two. He never was beaten. Went wrong and only raced one season. But his rider said he knew everything there was to know about racing, the minute he stepped on the track. They never had to teach him anything. It was almost as if he had been on this earth before. Some of the stable boys were sure he had.

Finally, mingling fiction and fact, the *Animal Stories* chosen by Alan C. Jenkins make a very good and varied read for the money. Some of the best tales, such as Kipling's "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" and Maupassant's "The Wolf", are really stories that concern animals less than men. But the reflection of one upon the other is always interesting. If not always flattering to what is known as the higher species.

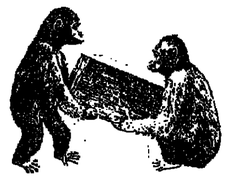
F. J. SPEAKMAN: *Out of the Wild*. Illustrated by John Avis. Bell. 15s.

HELEN GRIFFITHS: *Leon*. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Hutchinson. 16s.

RODERICK HAIG-BROWN: *Panther*. Illustrated by Theyre Lee-Elliott. Collins. 9s. 6d.

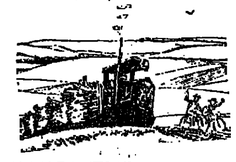
C. W. ANDERSON: *The Outlaw. Another Man o' War*. Collier-Macmillan. 15s. each.

ALAN C. JENKINS (Compiler): *Animal Stories*. Blackie. 17s. 6d.



HOW ANIMALS COMMUNICATE
BIL GILBERT
In a book to fascinate the young (and not so young) naturalist, Bil Gilbert brings together the most important theories about communication between animals and between men and animals. Bees, birds, dogs, apes, dolphins and whales are the main subjects of this splendid study.
Illus. Ages 11 and up. 21s.

THE WISH CAT
JEAN CHAPMAN
'I wish . . .' sighed Margaret. And in walked Lisa, the wish cat, who proceeded at once to disrupt the whole household, as only a Siamese cat can. This amusing, very true-to-life story, illustrated with drawings and photographs, is for children from 7 to 10. 15s.



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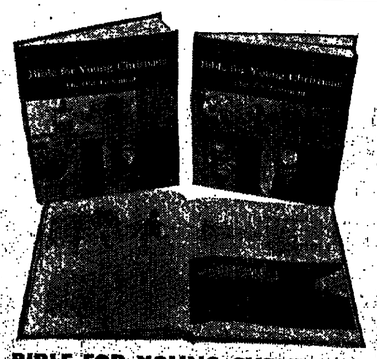
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NEW VIEWS TO LIFE

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that where the chief characters of a novel are children and not adults recalling their childhood, the age-group of potential readers will usually be that of the central character. This means that those girls whose chief desire is to put away childish things may miss two very unusual books.

The first, Rumer Godden's *The Kitchen Madonna*, may capture older children nevertheless if it comes their way, through Carol Barker's shiny fresh sophisticated-primitive illustrations, which epitomize the British Museum or a milliner's shop as well as they caught the Greek scene in *Achilles*, and the enchanting black-and-white motifs scattered through the text, particularly Rootle, a most satisfying cat.

The humour of the characterization of nine-year-old Gregory will appeal less to his contemporaries than to those who delightedly recognize in him younger brothers and sisters. He is a sensitive withdrawn child with a disconcertingly adult understanding of situations. His mother's despair with this apparently unnatural child is amusingly real; so is the small sister who says loudly what she thinks wherever she may be, to Gregory's chagrin, and imagines her pocket-money should be more than enough to buy a priceless ikon. Gregory determines to satisfy the old Russian maid Marta's longing for a "holy place" in her expensive modern kitchen because she represents security while his mother is out working, unlike the uncertain succession of au pairs. The quest type of plot and the illustrations will appeal also to younger children, and the accurate recounting of small detail at which Miss Godden is so good in her more specifically "young" books. The ending is delightfully realistic after the moving scene when the home-made madonna placed in the kitchen unaccountably (to Gregory) dissolves all the grown-ups in tears—he falls asleep like any normal small boy with wildly exaggerated dreams of achieving world fame.

The heroine of the second book, *Katrin*, by the Swedish writer Nan Inger, is only ten, but this is in fact an excellent picture of the pains of beginning to grow up. The isolation of the less sophisticated girl is shown when children in the same form are at such varied stages of emotional and physical development, and the uncertainty produced by the change in her relationship with the boys who were formerly her playmates. There is also the alarming insecurity of finding that men one knows can run away with young telephonists, and that the maid has designs on one's own father and brother.

The dominating character of the book is indeed not Katrin but Gurli, the truly horrific vulgar teenager employed by Katrin's mother, a schoolteacher, for her ability to quell dogs and toddlers. Gurli is the more shattering for being so convincing, with her layers of make-up and miniskirts and the daily bulletin of lurid local crimes, and her laziness and tyranny towards the children when alone with them. We begin to experience the terror of Katrin's powerlessness in face of this evil which has invaded their family privacy and most cherished customs. Ironically, it is by childish weapons that Katrin at last ousts the tyrant. In spite of the stupidly misleading dustjacket, riding is here relegated to a realistic place; it is Katrin's outlet in a world where she cannot compete in precosity with her contemporaries.

It is a relief to turn to the amusingly exact picture of a seven-year-old's comparatively uneventful life in Ann Thwaite's *Home and Away*: the morning rush to school, the district she lives in, ups and downs of life in the junior school and school dinners. The story is well constructed, with an interesting and unexpected twist at the end. While Mary learns to make the most of a holiday at home which the rest of the class can afford to spend away, she finds an archaeological treasure in the river at low tide, the detail of which, together with the perfect realism of Mrs. Thwaite's style, lifts this out of the run of "daily bread" stories.

One of the most interesting books in this group is *Wooden Swallow*, in which an English artist, his wife, son and daughter find a house in the village of Lindos for a year's painting. This provides Dana Faralla with the excuse to show them and the reader in remarkably full detail not only daily life on the Island of Rhodes, but also its traditions, mixture of cultures and long history.

One is occasionally conscious of being taught, but the reader's interest is held by the place, and people such as the crippled tailor's apprentice with whom the children become friends, who watches for the weekly's yearly visit to Lindos, his simple friend, Marcalla, the oldest woman there, and the boisterous kind-hearted baker. The discovery of the wooden swallow leads to a search for the traditional ceremonies connected with the children's Procession of the Swallow and its restoration to the island that one chiefly remembers, however: the colours and scents of early spring and the November rains, the ancient grandeur of the Knights' buildings and the remote magic of a still older civilization, and the fountain, gathering-place for a whole village, human and animal.

It is the careful setting again, in French Canadian this time, which is chiefly interesting in *The Letter on the Tree*, though as usual Natalie Savage Carlson's style is polished and the story moves well. Bébert Caron, the ten-year-old narrator, son of a poor dairy farmer, has the idea of writing for financial help to the rich Americans to whom their Christmas trees are sold. His father teaches him that poverty is less important than the self-respect which comes from working for what one needs, and he makes a good American friend nevertheless. The natural scenery of Quebec province and the outdoor life are beautifully drawn, and the little community centred on its church and school. Much of the charm derives from the authentic feeling that the speaker really is a French boy, translating in his mind, slipping in odd French words when at a loss, then explaining them. Books like these last two can do more than terms of geography to convey the real spirit of a country.

RUMER GODDEN: *The Kitchen Madonna*. Illustrated by Carol Barker. Macmillan. 21s.

NAN INGER: *Katrin*. Translated by Joan Tate. Hamish Hamilton. 16s.

ANN THWAITE: *Home and Away*. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Brockhampton Press. 12s. 6d.

DANA FARALLA: *The Wooden Swallow*. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.

NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON: *The Letter on the Tree*. Illustrated by Julia Willett. Blackie. 13s. 6d.

STORIES IN SERIES

WHATEVER reservations there may be about books in series, it is a fact that most of those now available for the under-nines following the paths first trodden out by the Antelope and Reindeer do manage to keep up an acceptable general standard of content and appearance. At worst they are dull, at best some authors contrive to produce stories that stay in the mind; at all times they offer safe buys for classroom libraries or the gift that has to be produced in a hurry, there are some individual books which stand out from the rank and file of those published recently, and comments on new series.

Antelope Books. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d. each. 6 to 9 years.

ALAN JENKINS: *White Meg's Magic*. Illustrated by Peter Warner.

Unusual and well-written story of a boy and a seal. The setting on the Ayrshire coast and the description of the seals is memorable. Good pictures.

ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF: *The Chief's Daughter*. Illustrated by Victor Ambrus.

How Nessin, daughter of a chief in the Welsh mountains, saves the life of her captive, when prisoner from the raiding Irish war boats. The spare, plain style is very effective.

Early Bird Series. Kaye and Ward. 8s. 6d. each. 5 to 9 years.

These stories appear independently for the first time, but in fact they were originally published between the wars as items in Bell Blackwell's long-remembered *Joy Street* anthologies.

ELEANOR FARJEON: *Jim and the Pirates*. Illustrated by Juliette Palmer. *The Wonderful Knight*. Illustrated by Gabrielle E. Ace.

Two characteristic Farjeon fantasies, in the first an old sailor sells the Spanish Main with "the most notorious pirate" in the second—a sort of primary-age Martin Pippin—Sir John o'Dreams looks for adventure.

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE: *The Stairs that Kept Going Down*. Illustrated by Juliette Palmer.

William, aged 10, finds a kidnapped girl in the cellar of the big house of which his parents are caretakers. Amusing, and somehow stylish; it would be a pleasure to read aloud.

NAOMI MITCHISON: *The Big Surprise*. Illustrated.

Mum, Dad and the five children are moving house. Detailed and very realistic picture of the preparatory clearing up.

Gazelle Books. Hamish Hamilton. 8s. each. Very young.

JEAN MACGIBBON: *The Great-Great Rescuers: Sandy in Hollow Tree House; The Tall Ship*. Illustrated by Janet Duchesne.

Three books about Jane, her little sister Sandy, and her friend Stephen. Entirely successful pictures of families and friends and quarrels and adventures. The first two are the best and simplest. In the third the adventure, unlike the earlier ones, is rather larger than life.

WILLIAM MAYNE: *The Big Egg*.

Katharine, aged six, insists that she has laid an egg, and is going to hatch it, but the farmer says that it's a turkey egg and will never hatch. Charming, inconsequential Mayne children and good drawings by Margery Gill.

CHRISTINE PULLEIN-THOMPSON: *Little Black Pony*. Illustrated by Lynette Hemmant.

The pony strays into the garden of Adam, Nicholas and Lottie, and his schoolgirl owner lets the children keep him. The unassuming story leaves a wonderfully strong impression of family life and childhood in the country—an achievement in such small compass.

Wren Books. Burke. 9s. 6d. each. 7 to 10 years.

OLIVE DYNE: *The Caretakers of Wilverhurst*. Illustrated by Dorothy Clark.

Another good story about the children of Wilmhurst and their friends, parents and teachers. Wilmhurst is entered for the best-kept village competition; the children are keen about it, but the grown-ups lag in lamentable fashion. Authentic and subtle flavour of village life and thought.

Red Bison Books. Hamish Hamilton. 4s. each.

MICHAEL GIBSON: *Midnight Rally*. Illustrated by George Lane. ELSPETH KYLE: *The Money Cat*. Illustrated by Cecil Leslie. DIANA ROSS: *The Dreadful Boy*. Illustrated by Prudence Seward. DONALD SMITH: *The Television School*. Illustrated by Constance Marshall. DIANA PULLEIN-THOMPSON: *The Hidden River*. Illustrated by Sheila Rose. URSULA MORAY WILLIAMS: *Goodbody's Puppet Show*. Illustrated by the Author.

For so remarkably cheap a series the Red Bison books are well got up in laminated paper boards, with good print and reasonable paper. The stories themselves are reprints of early Aberlady topes, all published between 1950 and 1960, and, reading them one is struck by the rise in standards in even a limited made series. These reprints are pleasant and ordinary besides the best of the new. Antelopes and Reindeer they are all reasonably lively, competently written and completely inoffensive. With their emphasis on plot rather than character—lost heirlooms, hidden adventure in London, the country, the seaside, and so on—they will go the bill as bait for voracious, if not stop-gaps for the voracious. A point in favour on the back cover may cause confusion. "B.B." and Pauline Clarke have indeed won Carnegie Medals for their Mary Williams has not but her books listed there. The latter should be aligned with the others namely not the books title.

Tales of the Middle Ages

History in Fact and Fiction

IT IS RATHER a pity that twentieth-century England has so little time for pilgrimages. There are exceptions, of course: crocodiles of children trailing through Norfolk to Walsingham (or do they go by bus?); and the ironic anti-pilgrimages of the C.N.D. marching away from Aldermaston. But exceptions prove the rule. The idea:

"Goodly folk, by aventure yfalle
In fellowshipe

social and sociable; and travel, however, strips the masks from man. For slogging it out on foot for a few days, at however leisurely a pace, alone will know plenty about one another, and perhaps a little more about themselves.

By taking a pilgrimage as the unifying theme of *The Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer was able to represent many different strata of society meeting on equal ground. In *Chaucer's World*, companion to the Cambridge series of *Selected Tales from Chaucer*, Maurice Hussey has compiled an admirable picture of that society. Maps, plans, aerial photographs, drawings and pictures of castles, churches, cottages and local details—all well selected and well reproduced are linked by a skilled and sympathetic text. The Ellesmere manuscript illustrations of the pilgrims are the points of departure; Mr. Hussey proceeds from the Prioress to a picture of medieval convent life, from the Clerk to a picture of university life, and so on. Slowly the jigsaw is assembled and the reader is led to a fuller appreciation of medieval life and thought. The book is described as being intended for those "approaching the poet's work for the first time", but there will be many already familiar with Chaucer's poetry who should derive both new knowledge and continuing pleasure from it.

Ian Serraillier's *Chaucer and his World*, at a quarter the length and half the price, is less specifically related to *The Canterbury Tales* and can be read with enjoyment by the child who has not yet tackled the poem. Mr. Serraillier's text is a model of condensation and, while providing a wealth of vivid social detail, he does not fail to paint in the sombre events of the time—the Black Death, the Peasants' Revolt, The Hundred Years War. The illustrations are profuse and highly pertinent but somewhat lifelessly reproduced.

Although it takes account of the known facts about the poet's life, *Chaucer, Teller of Tales*, is a largely notional biography. Crammed and colourful but ultimately choking, it reads as if Miss Stanley-Wrench could not bear to waste any scrap of knowledge about day-to-day life in fourteenth-century England. This is a real pity, for one feels that she has imaginatively understood Chaucer the man through his work, and that if she had been a little less didactic, she would have written a much better book.

In *Medieval Tales*, Jennifer Westwood has translated and adapted an excellent selection of stories of heroism, magic and love—including the incomparable Aucassin and Nicolette—from British and French sources. But her style is somewhat stilted: having picked up his bend from the floor, the Green Knight rounds on Sir Gawain, saying, "You must see to it that you fulfil the promise that you made. . . . Fail not to come, or else be recreant". Mrs. Westwood is loyal, perhaps too loyal, to the letter, and somehow the spirit escapes out of the back door. Pauline Baynes's illustrations are delightful and the book is particularly well produced.

Peter Vansittart's approach could barely be more dissimilar; in *The Shadow Land* he retells stories (and translates fragments of verse) from Celtic, Saxon, Viking and Romance sources with tremendous imaginative power. This is a book of dark and light and half-light, of frenzied excitement and despair. But the facts pour out higgledy-piggledy, and in the end the author's lack of self-discipline may nettle rather than magnetize the reader. Mr. Vansittart is like the Sorcerer's Apprentice; he knows the spell but cannot control the flood. If only he could order and restrain the endless welling, he nas it in him to become the Sorcerer himself.

MAURICE HUSSEY: *Chaucer's World*. Cambridge University Press. 35s. (Paperback, 15s.)

IAN SERRAILLIER: *Chaucer and his World*. Lutterworth Press. 16s.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH: *Chaucer, Teller of Tales*. Illustrated by Erwin Schaechner. World's Work. 18s.

JENNIFER WESTWOOD: *Medieval Tales*. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.

PETER VANSITTART: *The Shadow Land*. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Macdonald. 16s.

And Also . . .

HOWARD PYLE: *Otto of the Silver Hand*. Illustrated by the Author. Dover Publications. London: Constable. 12s.

First published in 1888, this story of a murderous feud between two baronial households in medieval Germany is melodramatic, sentimental, and not for the squeamish. But Otto, the innocent boy victim, is fully and sympathetically realized; those who grow up with him will not readily forget him.

PICTURES ARE NOT ENOUGH

AT A TIME when the standard of illustration in history books is higher than ever before, it is salutary to consider whether we are not being deluded by the excellence of colour-spreads and fascinating small details from contemporary illustrations into demanding too little from such books.

Jay Williams has produced a lavish *Life in the Middle Ages*, dealing in turn with the feudal system, village, town and castle, fighting, the Church, education and exploration, each chapter characterized at the beginning by an amusing, mock-medieval double-page illustration. One is immediately attracted by the beautiful alternate black-and-white and coloured reproductions of medieval paintings and details on every page, for which the editors of the pictorial material, Dr. Hassall and Dr. Kup, deserve high praise. And yet, is this enough?

The "Picture Credits" at the end satisfy copyright, but the reader gains little merely from knowing that an anonymous original is in the British Museum or the Pierpont Morgan Library; Cassell's Caravel Book at least make this acknowledgement unobtrusively in the text where it will be seen. We ought to be more than aesthetic pleasure seeking as representations of medieval life, yet many of the captions state no more than the obvious. Some have been given the century concerned, some mines of information about medieval customs, such as the Luttrell Psalter, are used, the reader should already be familiar with their name and fame. To label the Duc de Berry with his squires, then on a later page, William of Normandy at table with no reference to the time-honoured Riches Heures or the Bayeux Tapestry seems irresponsible.

The same bewilderment marks the text. Mr. Williams does not define "the middle ages". This is perhaps unavoidable in some respects, one sympathizes with any author who uses the phrase "at this time" of the feudal period, but the absence of society and geographical limits has allowed little from the Wars of the Roses. In the section on armour and weapons and foreign trade Mr. Williams shows the chronological development over the whole period, occasionally with dates, more often by "later" and "in time". This gives a reasonable historical view.

More frequently, however, he makes inadmissible generalizations about life over five centuries, like "There was no sugar". He describes the Guild situation or the state of the Church in the fifteenth century as though this were the picture throughout the period, whereas he deals almost entirely with the earliest conditions in the universities. He jumps back and forth within his subjects from one century to another.

Nevertheless, the book is packed with valuable details and the many well-chosen examples are drawn from the whole period and from the whole of western Christendom, while excellent use is made of contemporary writings. It is regrettable, however, that the English publishers present the American text unedited.

By contrast, Tom Hastie's useful reference book on *Home Life* is careful and accurate. In keeping with modern teaching methods he stresses trends and causes (such as the influence of social habits on the structure of homes) instead of merely observing phenomena. In the first three chapters he gives a good brief summary of life from the Romans to the Industrial Revolution, although more ought perhaps to have been said about the Tudor and Stuart middle classes, in view of their importance and the wealth of source material. The remaining two-thirds of the book deals with the past 200 years. With the ample illustrations in black-and-white from photographs, prints and paintings, this makes fascinating reading (in spite of occasional rather heavy classroom humour). Mr. Hastie is particularly good when tracing the origins of modern words and customs, and making striking analogies and cross-references to other countries and earlier periods.

Although the captions are much fuller than in Mr. Williams's book, and must presumably be kept simple for the C.S.E. readers the publishers have in mind, yet even here there is far too little guidance on sources. Some closer indication of origin or whereabouts would surely have been feasible in the long index of illustrations, instead of leaving the reader with unascribed paintings, unlocated museum objects and bas-reliefs; for instance, merely "from a Roman tomb". If one does not give children even an elementary idea of where to look for original sources, one reaches a stage where the compiler is himself regarded as the primary authority, a dangerous position of influence.

The third volume of Walter Hodges's pictorial *Story of Britain* gives a straightforward account of events leading up to the Armada, and of the engagement itself. He gives a helpful outline of the principles behind the Reformation and of the tactics of the battle, with fair hearing for the Spanish commanders. The excitement of the narrative is maintained by good short quotations from contemporary writers. It is sad to have to criticize what usually merits most praise in his series, the illustrations, which show lack of variety, almost of care. It is all ships and outdoor scenes, and he views them too often from the same distance. The Spanish fire boats in reds and purples are bright, but many of the paintings are drab and fussy in their detail.

JAY WILLIAMS: *Life in the Middle Ages*. Illustrated. Nelson. £2 2s.

TOM HASTIE: *Home Life*. Illustrated. Batsford. 15s.

C. WALTER HODGES: *The Spanish Armada*. Illustrated by the Author. Oxford, University Press. 15s.

And Also . . .

EVERSLEY BELFIELD: *Sieges*. Illustrated. Batsford. 18s.

Beginning and ending with Malta, the Great Siege and the modern blockade, the full straightforward accounts, using eye-witness reports, also include Vienna, Gibraltar and Paris in 1870. An interesting introduction considers their effect on human behaviour and shows that in great sieges commanders "the emphasis is on impersonal qualities alien to most great military leaders". There are tiresome errors of punctuation.

TIMES PAST

IN *Jonah and the Cat* E. K. Seth-Smith tells a story of medieval London in which Sir Richard Whittington plays a small and important part, a story which, like Sir Richard's own, includes a trade venture abroad, and a poor boy who achieves a promise of a bright future and a charming sweetheart. As always the author's scholarship is impeccable, but temporarily she seems to have lost her gift of evoking the past. All the facts are here, London in all its mess and squalor and colour, but somehow it smells not of garbage but of the study.

To a lesser extent this is true of the latest instalment of Alice Mary Hadfield's *William Chronicles*. Mrs. Hadfield is a first-rate social historian. Literally every page of *William's Return* is packed with accurate detail. She is incapable of anachronism. The reader must admire her integrity without reservation, and still find the result tedious almost beyond endurance. Children who stick the book out to the end will learn a great deal about Chartism and the conflict of the railways and the battles for social reform, but how many will be so persistent?

There is some tedium also in the early pages of Giuliana Boldrini's *The Etruscan Leopards*, but as soon as Vel escapes from his tearful mother and goes to sea things liven up splendidly. The Etruscans are as exciting as they are mysterious, and the author gives them life without translating them too completely into modern terms. Her book clearly rests upon good scholarship, but she has digested it well. The result is a book which puts story before history without harm to the latter. An interesting experiment in historical fiction with illustrations (by Michael Charlton) which would be equally admirable were they not so meanly reproduced.

No reservations are needed about *Orphans of the Wind*. Period: American Civil War; setting: Bristol, a brig on the American run, both sides of the war front; style: Stevenson with a social conscience. This is superb story-telling, if just a little less than perfect story-planning, with the added interest of a point of view. The qualities which make *Orphans of the Wind* a very good book make it also a very good book for children. Mr. Haugaard writes happily, and effortlessly, within the limits of a child's understanding.

E. K. SETH-SMITH: *Jonah and the Cat*. Illustrated by Daphne Rowles. Harrap. 15s.

ALICE MARY HADFIELD: *William's Return*. Illustrated by Rodney Shackell. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

GIULIANA BOLDRINI: *The Etruscan Leopards*. Translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly. Illustrated by Michael Charlton. Bodley Head. 18s.

ERIK CHRISTIAN HAUGAARD: *Orphans of the Wind*. Illustrated by Milton Johnson. Gollancz. 18s.

And Also . . .

LEON GARFIELD: *Jack Holborn*. Illustrated by Antony Maitland. Penguin. 3s. 6d.

A vivid picture of London, Bristol and the high seas in the mid-eighteenth century, seen through the eyes of a parish foundling and stowaway. First published in 1964, it is now added to the Puffin list.

E. NESBIT: *The House of Arden*. Illustrated by Clarke Hulton. Dent. 21s.

This favourite Nesbit, in which the Arden children are spirited about in time, has new illustrations in colour and line for its introduction to Dent's Children's Illustrated Classics.

ELIZABETH GEORGE SPEARE: *The Witch of Blackbird Pond*. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

Life in a little Puritan community of New England in the late eighteenth century, where a lively sixteen-year-old girl is at cross purposes with the local people. It won the Newbery Medal in 1959 and was published here the following year.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN



Rosemary Books
by ROSEMARY HAUGHTON Illustrated by JOANNA ROSS

A series of books for the very young reader who wants to see plenty of pictures of what he is reading about. The first four titles are *Saint Peter, Jesus' Mother, My Horse, Three Saints*. 3s each



The Bible for Children
by HAMISH SWANSTON Illustrated by EMILE PROBST

Two more titles are now available in this highly popular and catechetically-approved series. Volume 4—*David and his Son*, Volume 7—*The Good News is given to us*.

Other titles already available are: Vol 1—*God makes the World*; Vol 2—*Abraham was God's Friend*, Vol 3—*Moses received God's Law*, Vol 6—*God gives us his Son the Redeemer*, Vol 8—*Jesus works Miracles*, Vol 9—*Jesus dies to save us*.

Available in two editions 3s 6d and 10s 6d

Leisure Crafts

A brand new series, each individually designed showing examples of decorative objects that can be made by children with the minimum outlay on materials. The first six titles are: *Pipe-cleaner Figures, Mobiles, Fruit and Vegetable Figures, Homemade Enamel Jewellery, Paper Scissors and Paste, Tinfoil Decorations for Christmas*. 6s each

BURNS & OATES
25 Ashley Place London SW1

Science Fact and Fiction

IDEAS OF THE PAST

THE SUCCESS of the Jackdaw series on historical events is well deserved, and the publishers have now started a new series of Science Jackdaws dealing with the important events in the growth of scientific knowledge. Their first three subjects are Newton, the discovery of the galaxies, and Pasteur's work on micro-organisms. The mode of presentation remains unchanged: facsimiles of letters—a totally illegible script from Lord Rosse to Herschel is included—portraits, and other contemporary documents are accompanied by explanatory broadsheets. One wonders whether the youthful reader will be excited by this material. Compared with the blood and thunder of splendid military victories, or the drama of the Princes in the Tower, the lives of eminent scientists make very dull reading: a portrait of Pasteur wearing a ridiculous hat, or a facsimile of Newton's household accounts, is not likely to inspire an enthusiasm for science. Moreover, the language of the eighteenth century may well be a superb instrument for expressing historical truths, but as a vehicle for scientific ideas it is hopelessly inadequate. The enormous significance of Newton's achievement is obscured from the modern reader by his medieval terminology.

The fascination of science lies in the scientific method—the critical testing by experimentation of hypotheses suggested by observation of natural phenomena. Surely nothing can be more appealing to the young person than a well-documented and clear demonstration of the scientific procedure at work. Unfortunately the demonstrations given in these three Jackdaws are far from clear. The whole of Pasteur's career was a triumphant example of the scientific method; but the triumph is best celebrated and demonstrated by simple experiments on the behaviour of micro-organisms, and not by dressing it up in period costume.

Fortunately the compilers have not allowed themselves to be entirely restricted to contemporary documents. In each publication they ask their readers to solve a set of fascinating problems, some of them requiring practical experimentation. A pleasant feature of the Newton and the Galaxy Jackdaws is a sealed envelope containing the answers to the problems. *The Discovery of the Galaxies* is the most successful, followed by *Newton*, then *Pasteur*. The idea of these publications is a very good one and they will make acceptable presents; but it is to be hoped that future Science Jackdaws have more science and less history.

SCIENCE JACKDAWS. Edited by Gerald Leach. No. 1: *Newton and Gravitation*. No. 2: *The Discovery of the Galaxies*. No. 3: *Pasteur and the Germ Theory*. Compiled by J. K. Crellin. Cape. 12s. 6d. each.

AND OF THE FUTURE

IT is not chance that most of the really satisfactory science-fiction stories—satisfactory, that is, as fiction—have been in short-story form. The short story gives point and urgency to a single idea. There is no room for contributory evidence, the clutter of scientific apparatus: none for psychology, surely the weakest weapon in the armoury of most SF writers. There is convincing proof of this in the latest, and sixth, of Ambel Williams-Ellis and Mably Owen's anthologies *Out of this World*. This annual combing of the SF of the English-speaking world is not designed specifically for young readers, and the individual contributions certainly are not. Only one has a young hero, and this, "The Heart of Blackness", from Australia, is the most difficult of all. None of the concepts is easy. Isaac Asimov introduces a computer who longs for death. William Tenn has a puzzling story about the qualities of leadership. Arthur Clarke, with perhaps the least unconventional theme, shows Tibetan monks printing the nine billion names of God by computer; when the last appears the stars "without any fuss" go out. The two best stories are of space flight: James White's "Fast Trip" has a telling point about conditioning; Murray Leinster's "The Aliens" is a brilliant glimpse of the meeting of cultures in deep space.

In this last story sex rears its charming head. It is a pointer towards a change coming over SF, and one which can only be to the good of the form. Instead of "terrible aliens" we are getting people, not yet very complex and interesting people but something a good deal better than the dummies who have walked for so long through the perilous wildernesses of space. James Blish's *Welcome to Mars!* provides an illustration of this. Much of the plot, but not the technology, of this story is conventional enough, but in spite of a limited degree of conflict—there are really only two characters—the persons involved have personality. The story is on the tall side. Dolph, eighteen and American, discovers antigravity and goes to Mars in a home-made packing case in under four days. A minor technicality prevents his return, and his girl friend follows him in a similar crate, knocked up so hastily that it disintegrates on arrival. They live in moderate discomfort for a year and then, having just made contact with the last living Martian, they are rescued. Though there is only one recorded kiss between Dolph and Nanette in 150-odd pages, Dolph's mother decides that it would be prudent for the space-craft's captain to marry them without delay. *Welcome to Mars!* is sometimes funnier than the author perhaps intended, but it has good things, especially in the details of Martian climate and landscape.

James Blish is entirely readable. Andre Norton nearly defeated one reader. The first few pages of *Victory on Janus* are very hard going, and the way never becomes easy. Readers who persist, however, become hypnotized by this peculiarly glutinous style—a little like the higher-flown passages of *The Lord of the Rings*—into a fascinated acceptance of its thrills and absurdities alike. The book is more fantasy than science-fiction, in spite of the mechanics; it is in effect a straight fight between good and ill. Some of the incidents in the long narrative of journeying and fighting stick persistently in the memory, even when, as may happen, their actual meaning escapes the render.

The City of Gold and Lead, by contrast, is straight going. This is a sequel to John Christopher's *The White Mountains*, and there is more to come. Will, who escaped the Wellsian Tripods to join a resistance movement in the Alps, now bends the tyrants in their stronghold. The story is exciting enough, but all the original concepts—of the "Capped" humans whose thoughts and reactions are controlled electronically by their masters and of a future society returned to medieval feudalism and chivalry—were introduced in the former book and no surprises are left.

There are no great surprises either, in Lester del Rey's *Rocket from Infinity*, an agreeable and ingenious story of goodies and baddies in space, with thrills and romance and a touch of intellectual makeweight. This is not less readable for being written strictly according to the conventions.

Space Hostages, which of all these books seems most clearly designed for the young reader, has paradoxically some of the most adult ideas. It depends on one huge improbability. A flight lieutenant, seeing that the world is heading towards nuclear war, steals a spaceship—designed to get his betters away from the dangers they have created—and kidnaps the children of Little Mowlesbury in order to blackmail the governments of Earth into peace. It was a poor idea, the more so because the flight lieutenant dies of radiation burns leaving the children alone in space. So far silly enough. Among the children there is Tony, the natural leader, big, tough, conceited. Obviously he must take command; obviously, too, power will go to his head. His antagonist is Brylo, who at eleven is heading for mathematical honours, but who is crippled by a feeling of inferiority—he is coloured. The conflict between these two is brilliantly, and not quite predictably, resolved. Here is a startlingly exciting story about highly individual and credible children, with just a touch of a *Lord of the Flies* ruthlessness in its conclusions.

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS and MABLY OWEN (Compilers): *Out of this World*—6. Blackie. 15s.

JAMES BLISH: *Welcome to Mars!* Faber and Faber. 16s.

ANDRE NORTON: *Victory on Janus*. Collanez. 16s.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER: *The City of Gold and Lead*. Hamish Hamilton. 16s.

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Biography

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WE HAVE COME a long way from the days when to schoolboys history was a list of kings, the dates of battles and a rousing cheer for the British Empire. Now it is background, great meaningful sweeps of social development to which focus is given by the lives of the men and women who pioneered change—or reacted against it.

Lady Hester Stanhope was a pioneer. In *Queen of the Desert* Jean Gordon Hughes describes the life of this unhappy motherless girl aristocrat, whose wanderlust led her to reject fashionable early nineteenth-century society and flee from England after the death of her beloved uncle and guardian, William Pitt. She travelled in Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Syria and the Lebanon, wore oriental male clothes and delighted in her ability to communicate with primitive tribesmen in regions where few European men had travelled, let alone a European woman. Self-assured, stubborn, brave and iron-willed, Lady Hester flouted convention at every turn; Jean Gordon Hughes succeeds brilliantly in keeping her eccentric, modern-minded heroine in the centre of the stage without losing sight of the aristocratic Whig background which she spurned. The book is scholarly, restrained, well written and entertaining.

Maria Montessori, as Norah Smaridge shows in her biography *The Light Within*, also flew in the face of convention, but in a quiet, determined and productive way utterly different from Lady Hester's. In the 1870s Italian girls did not study mathematics—but Maria became a pupil in a boys' school to study not only mathematics but also engineering; medicine was out of the question, said her father—but Maria became a doctor; slum children were unteachable, thought the Rome education authorities—but the Montessori method, based on an understanding of children's physiological and psychological needs, proved otherwise. Apart from the bantering tone of the introductory chapter and the appalling (and unnecessary, since children under twelve are unlikely to be interested in Montessori) illustrations, this is a worthwhile book for intending teachers; a fascinating short study of a woman whose long life (1869-1952) was a quiet embodiment of the feminist revolution.

Revolution was the keynote of the life of another great Italian, Giuseppe Mazzini, whose inspiration and devotion to the cause of Young Italy were the foundation stones of the united Italy brought into being in 1870 shortly before his death. In *Giuseppe Mazzini: the Great Conspirator* Edgar Holt never shies away from the difficulties of presenting this great man against the complex background of European power politics, from the strands of which he wove his many plots. Not without romance and excitement, this is nevertheless a hard and detailed book, even for older children; because revolution is hard and detailed work.

So is ballet dancing; balletomanes will welcome Lorna Hill's life of Marie-Taglioni, *La Sylphide*, because this biography of a ballerina is also an important link in the history of her art. Through Taglioni and her father the Romantic school of ballet was born; Taglioni was the first dancer to wear the white tarlatan dress and delicate flower wreath which we today associate with classical ballet but which was, in 1831, a breakaway from the ponderous, cumbersome costume then worn. Lorna Hill, whose ballet novels inspire many younger girls, reaches out to an older and more dedicated readership in this formal, yet passionate, biography.

Another novelist successfully turned biographer is Frank Knight, whose *Prince of Cavaliers* faithfully follows Prince Rupert of the Rhine on his soldiering expeditions—sea as well as land—in the mid-seventeenth century. All the minor characters and their motives are lightly but surely sketched in. In the same series, and to redress the balance weighted in Royalist favour by *Prince of Cavaliers*, comes I. E. Levine's *Oliver Cromwell*, thoroughly Parliamentarian in outlook. The conflict between Cromwell's principles and the practical demands of good government comes through well in a book which is strictly for older children with good eyesight: a contemporary print or two would have helped to break up this formidable mass of small type.

But a book without illustrations is to be preferred to one in which the illustrations are misleading. Charles Israel's *Five Ships West*, an adequate retelling of the story of Magellan's expedition, is illustrated with steel engravings, wood engravings, photographs of paintings, anything which looks old. A young reader will excusably jump to the conclusion that these "old-fashioned" illustrations are contemporary sixteenth-century; except in the case of one map, Collier-Macmillan do nothing to disabuse him of this idea.

Jean Haynes's *The Young Kens*, also for under elevens, is an attractive fictional account of the life of Ken from early childhood until he qualified as a doctor. The author gives a lively picture of the turbulent, big-headed yet sensitive boy inside whom the poet gestated almost unperceived. Norah Smaridge, in *Master Marine*, would have been wiser to write only of the youth of Conrad, for the early years of his life in Russia and Poland are packed with wonderful material, here desperately compressed to make way for subjects such as his relationship with Cervoni and the connexion between his life and his books, neither of which seems at home in a volume copiously supplied with boys' adventure-type illustrations. A book which will satisfy neither young nor old; whereas *Mallory of Everest* by Showell Styles should stimulate adult and boy alike. Showell Styles passionately believes in man's endeavours to master the universe "for it is the questing spirit alone that sustains humanity above the abyss". This is the theme of his inspired biography of a man who "belonged to Everest", who strove to climb it and died in the attempt.

Inventors are less spectacular than climbers, but Sir Frank Whittle, as John Rowland shows in his biography *The Jet Man*, had the same dogged determination and questing spirit as the mountaineer. One of his test pilots was John Grierson, who is author of *Heroes of the Polar Skies*, a book of short biographical sketches of airmen who conquered the Polar regions.

JEAN GORDON HUGHES: *Queen of the Desert*. Illustrated by Hilary Abrahams. Macmillan. 18s.

NORAH SMARIDGE: *The Light Within*. Illustrated by Janet and Alex D'Amato. World's Work. 16s.

EDGAR HOLT: *Giuseppe Mazzini: the Great Conspirator*. Dennis Dobson. 18s.

LORNA HILL: *La Sylphide*. Evans Brothers. 21s.

FRANK KNIGHT: *Prince of Cavaliers*. Illustrated by John Lawrence. Macdonald. 15s.

I. E. LEVINE: *Oliver Cromwell*. Illustrated by John Lawrence. Macdonald. 16s.

CHARLES E. ISRAEL: *Five Ships West*. Collier-Macmillan. 15s.

JEAN HAYNES: *The Young Kens*. Illustrated by Leslie Ach. Max Parrish. 12s. 6d.

NORAH SMARIDGE: *Master Marine*. Illustrated by Charles Waterhouse. World's Work. 18s.

SHOWELL STYLES: *Mallory of Everest*. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

JOHN ROWLAND: *The Jet Man*. Lutterworth Press. 11s. 6d.

JOHN GRIERSON: *Heroes of the Polar Skies*. Heinemann. 21s.

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HUMAN ENDEAVOUR

MEN AND MOUNTAINS have been together since man began to move about. The odd thing about their association is that it suddenly changed less than two centuries ago. Before then, mountains were objects of fear and dread, to be avoided if at all endured. Then in what seems the twinkling of an eye men were captured by the beauty of mountain scenery and filled with desire to climb them themselves on mountain tops. In *Mountain Conquest* Eric Shipton begins by explaining how this movement started about a century ago when Englishmen of the professional classes began holiday rambles in the Alps. His story goes from Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn to the Himalayas. He is an old Everester who knows what he is writing about and can write. Everest, he says, and a few Himalayan giants who have yielded their summits bitterly to modern techniques of reconnaissance and assault, are only the beginning of the climbers' story. Hundreds more await the attack of men who can push their bodies to the limits of high altitude endurance. The photographs of Miss Cassell's Caravel book provide a magnificent endorsement of the enjoyment that will continue to lead young men to the top of whatever is there.

The Suez Canal is now so saturated with the bitterness of international politics that it is a relief to turn to a book telling very simply how a splendid dream in the mind of a French diplomat became against heavy odds a ditch dug in an isthmus of sand uniting Mediterranean and Red Sea waters, thus reducing by 7000 miles the east-west passage of seaborne trade. This happened because Lesseps befriended Mahommad Said, an Arab boy who when he became the Turks' Viceroy of Egypt gave Lesseps his first concession. Lesseps was no engineer; his piece of paper only gave him the right to dig if he could raise about £8m. for the job. He turned from the cold shoulders of the British, French and Turkish governments to the small French investor and got enough to start work. The rest was obtained from Said and his nephew Ismail by turning confidence into a confidence trick; the canal was raised on an immense Egyptian debt. It was begun with the shovels and palm leaf baskets of innumerable fellaheen and completed under Lesseps's demonic energy by conjuring massive dredgers out of the west. The fantastic colour of this story is reflected in its illustrations. It is well written for the young; and the older, skipping all that happened between 1875 and 1956 and 1967, may be glad to read how a good deed can rise and shine in a naughty world.

Richard Armstrong has the advantage of personal experience of the trade whose beginnings he writes about in *The Early Mariners*. His story covers about fifty centuries, from the Stone Age man who felled a tree and floated hopefully away on it to the mariner who was first helped by the magnetic compass. For most of this time it is easier to be sure of where the mariner went than to make a reasonable guess at the shape and size of his vessel. Mr. Armstrong's maps of the expansion of the early voyagers are very good and clear. But his sketches of the development of boat building, bold as they are, admittedly rest largely on deductions from the evidence of decorations found on pottery and fabrics. The archaeologist can rarely dig directly for the marine historian, and, as Mr. Armstrong ruefully observes, the chroniclers of early voyages seem to be interested in everything but the details of the designs that kept them afloat. He maintains that his mariner is a man of peace, intent on smiling men by seaborne trade. But when he has finished his breezy story of Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans, Vikings, Arabs and Polynesians, one can only mark how very often they had war thrust upon them.

CARAVEL BOOKS. ERIC SHIPTON in consultation with Bradford Washburn: *Mountain Conquest*. S. C. BURCHELL in consultation with Charles Isaac: *Building the Suez Canal*. Cassell. 25s. each.

RICHARD ARMSTRONG: *The Early Mariners*. History of Seafaring. Volume I. Benn. 25s.

And Also . . .

ALEC HARRISON: *With Cartier up the St. Lawrence*. JOHN MEEHAN: *With Darwin in Chile*. K. M. WILCOX: *With Kinglake in the Holy Land*. Illustrated. Muller. 12s. 6d. each.

Of the latest titles in the Adventures in Geography series, *With Cartier up the St. Lawrence* is well among the best. Based on Cartier's own accounts, it combines an exciting tale of pioneering among Red Indians with sound historical geography, and does not neglect comparisons with the Canada of today. *With Darwin in Chile* is nearly as good. The third volume deals mainly with modern Israel and its neighbours. Kinglake is rarely mentioned except in the form of "Had Kinglake made his journey today . . .". The style is sometimes stilted and often coy.

All three volumes would be improved by better maps. The price is satisfactorily modest by present standards, so perhaps one should not risk raising it by asking for more photographs, but they would be welcome.

TRAVEL IN SERIES

CHILDREN are always interested in their counterparts in other countries, but endless repetitions of similar types of books feed this interest less successfully than well-told stories such as DeJong's *Wheel on the School*. In the present batch are two titles from Chatto & Windus's Children's Life in Other Lands (15s. each): *Orongo* (Easter Island) and *Natasha* (Russia); four picture books about *Fenella* (Spain, South of France, Ireland and Greece), from Cape; two titles from Methuen's Children Everywhere series (12s. 6d. each: Thailand and Portugal); three titles from Chatto & Windus's Around the World Today series (12s. 6d. each: Egypt, South Seas, and Greece); two from Angus & Robertson's Children Around the World series (12s. 6d. each: Italy and Holland); and one from Collins's Panorama series (18s.), *Feliipe the Bullfighter*. Of these series, David Gentleman's Fenella books and the Angus & Robertson series are new, the others have been running for many years.

The four Fenella books are delightful small picture-books, in colour, for the very youngest age group, at 5s. 6d. each. The content is slight and the books give a flavour of the different countries from the point of view of a small child on holiday. The Angus & Robertson series is almost indistinguishable in appearance from the Fenellas. Children Everywhere are great, but the text is wordier and the illustrations less carefully related to the children referred to in the title. Sally and Steve, Like The Young Travellers series, this device of having four children visit two other children in a different country seems an awkward and unwieldy method of describing life in that country, for Sally and Steve, unlike Fenella, who stays put, and the children in the other series who live in the countries concerned, travel from place to place in the countries they visit.

Only the Around the World Today series includes maps, and the books are all interlocked for a slightly older age group than the others mentioned. Marguerite Ernst in *Portugal* and *Nay Lwin in Thailand* (Children Everywhere) are superbly photographed and are cleverly planned as accounts of a day in the life of an individual child that they scarcely need a map, but *Natasha* and *Orongo* (Children's Life in Other Lands) pick out national features and events, and maps would be useful in this series. Robert Vavra's *Feliipe the Bullfighter* (Panorama) is superbly photographed, as are most titles in this series, but this, surely, is not an outstandingly happy choice of subject for a children's book about Spain.

Geography text-books and travel books also abound and increase and two new series are represented here:—three titles in the Geography in Colour series (Ward Lock, 15s. each): *Britain and Southern Lands*, *Neighbours in Europe*, and *Rich and Poor Lands in North America and Asia*; and two in Finding out about Geography (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 10s. 6d. each): 1. *South Asia*; II, *Scandinavia*). Of these two series the first, though more traditional in appearance, is likely to be more useful since it includes many suggestions for further reading and makes constant references to atlases and other media. Both series contain some maps, and the photography in the Finding out about Geography books is superb, but coverage here is very wide indeed. The text in this latter series is brief, there is no index, and there are no suggestions for further reading. The Black/Lippincott Looking at . . . (Holland, Greece, Norway; 15s. each) are more attractive in appearance than the Let's Visit . . . (South Africa, Brazil) Burke series (9s. 6d. each); both are travel rather than geography books and give information about the present life, politics and history of the countries concerned. The books in the first series are simple and are likely to appeal to a slightly younger age group than those in the second; neither gives much geographical information, but both contain maps.

Books from India

A LARGE BATCH of books from the Children's Book Trust of New Delhi includes traditional stories, a book about the crow, another of elephant stories, and a strange little paperback picture book called *Home*. The Trust is a non-profit-making organization, which publishes large quantities of low-priced books in both English and Hindi. *Home* is available in this country from Oxfam. It has some crudely effective drawings and an ironical text—ironical when one considers to how few children in India the word "Home" means shady trees and pets and ponds with water-lilies. The last words in the book are the cliché, "There is no place like home", but one remembers words that come earlier in the text: "Home is what everyone would like to have", and the enchanting picture opposite those words of birds in a nest.

Standards of production and illustration, however, vary a good deal from title to title. The two books of *Tales from Indian Classics* and the two *Stories from Panchatantra* (a collection of fables, many of which found their way to Europe via Persian and Arabic, hundreds of years ago) are not good to look at. But *Hari and Other Elephants*, with its gorgeous full-colour endpapers, and *Four Brothers*, a variation on a familiar story with unusual assured illustrations by Sushil Saxena, show what the Children's Book Trust can do. The selling of all the stories in English is straightforward and perfectly acceptable.

Stories from Panchatantra. Book I. Illustrated by Pulak Biswas. Book II. Retold by Shivkumar and illustrated by Reboti Bhushan. 9s. 6d. each.

Tales from Indian Classics. Books I and II. Retold by Sdvitri and illustrated by Pulak Biswas. 9s. 6d. each.

K. SHIVKUMAR: *The Crow*. Illustrated by Pulak Biswas. *Four Brothers*. Illustrated by Sushil Saxena. 4s. 6d. each.

SHANKAR: *Hari and Other Elephants*. Illustrated by Pulak Biswas. 9s. 6d.

KAMALA NAIR: *Home*. Illustrated by K. S. Kulkarni. Obtainable from Oxfam. 4s.

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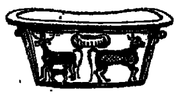
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History in Fact

ROME AND CRETE

JOHN GUNTHER'S claim to tell *All about Julius Caesar* seems, on the face of things, somewhat exaggerated. He is, after all, writing primarily for youngish children. But even though the absurdity of the title may have been unavoidable, since the book is one of a series, the author's penchant for sweeping judgements suggests a certain superficiality in his attitude to history.

On the whole, however, this is a clear and intelligible account of a confused and often unpleasant period of history. Mr. Gunther evidently admires and likes his subject and paints a sympathetic portrait of Caesar as a man, as well as an able general and wily politician. His description of Caesar's military strategy is excellent and he conveys something of the fascination the general who went through a lifetime of hard campaigning without a scratch must have exercised over his troops.

It is a pity that he should have chosen to write in a tone of avuncular simplicity which recalls the children's books of fifty years ago. Phrases like "... more than five thousand stout Romans . . . died" and "the citizenry was aroused" ring somewhat oddly on the modern ear, while to dismiss that odious thug Clodius as a "scamp" seems a good deal short of justice, especially when Sulla is written off in one sentence as a monster. Whatever his faults Sulla was at least a man of enormous capacity and considerable stature, whereas Clodius appears in history as little more than a trigger-happy strong-arm man.

For younger readers Richard Erdoes's *A Picture History of Ancient Rome* is an attractive production, though the quality of the illustrations is lively but rather uneven. All the same, the book provides a simple and unvarnished account of some of the characters and events which ultimately made Rome the mistress of the known world.

Lion Gate and Labyrinth by Hans Baumann is a beautifully produced and entertainingly written account of the early archaeological discoveries made by Shliemann at Troy and Mycenae and by Sir Arthur Evans in Crete. The book is full of fascinating details about the men themselves and their methods of work and some of the difficulties they encountered as they pursued their obsessions.

This is well-trodden ground but there can be few books for young readers on the subject which answer so many of the incidental questions usually ignored by scholarly authors. The legends on which Schliemann based his conviction that he would find Troy and the practical methods by which he set about achieving his ambition are dealt with equally fully. This is not a cheap book, but it offers value for money. A word of praise, too, for Stella Humphries's highly readable translation.

JOHN GUNTHER: *All about Julius Caesar.* Illustrated by Joseph Cellini. W. H. Allen. 16s.

RICHARD ERDOES: *A Picture History of Ancient Rome.* Collier - Macmillan. 21s.

HANS BAUMANN: *Lion Gate and Labyrinth.* Illustrated with photographs and line drawings by Hans Peter Renner. Oxford University Press. 25s.

The Maya

"OVER the eastern slopes of the Cordillera, passing through Guatemala, Honduras and San Salvador and over the lowlands between the mountains and the dry limestone plateau of Yucatán, a great rain forest covers the land. . . ."

It sounds like the beginning of some fantastic fairytale and this, in a way, is what it is. The ancient Maya civilization which flourished in Middle America until the end of the tenth century, when it mysteriously disappeared, is one of the great mysteries of history.

In *The Ancient Maya*, latest in Weidenfeld's admirable Young Historian series, C. A. Burland describes what is known of the Maya people and their ways. This is a fascinating book for any child with a real interest in history. The clear and highly informative text is enhanced by excellent line drawings and diagrams and by photographs of poignant and romantic beauty. Altogether remarkably good value for 12s. 6d.

C. A. BURLAND: *The Ancient Maya.* Illustrated by Elizabeth Hammond. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.

Riot, Revolution, Reform

THE JACKDAW *Gordon Riots* is an imaginative and original production. It is not a "must" in history, because the Gordon Riots did not have any lasting effect on the life of Britain, but it is good background material. The riots were a flash in the pan of religious intolerance which blazed into mob violence. In 1780, under the colourful leadership of Lord George Gordon, thousands of self-respecting, orderly men and women, calling themselves the Protestant Association, marched to the Houses of Parliament to present a petition for the repeal of an Act giving Roman Catholics a measure of legal freedom. Parliament kept the petitioners waiting and some went home. Their places were taken by thugs who took up the cry of "Popery" as an excuse to air their own very real grievances. Their anger was born of poverty and hunger and nourished in the squalor and filth of the London slums. They transformed the procession into a week of bloodshed and looting; stormed the prisons and released the inmates; and burned down Papist homes and others in the process.

When government troops finally subdued the rioting twenty-five people were punished by hanging and Lord George was charged with provoking the uprising. He was found "Not Guilty", for the court could not prove that he had any link with the mob. Later he was imprisoned on a totally different count. He died of typhus in 1793 in Newgate prison. By this time he had tried a number of faiths and become an Orthodox Jew.

The Gordon Riots were a storm in a teacup, but they make fascinating reading and they were certainly forerunners of the class conflicts of the Industrial Revolution.

Vivid, but not unduly sentimental, descriptions of the appalling social conditions resulting from that revolution—the woman and child labour, the hunger and filth—are part of the fund of accurate information contained in Sir Charles Petrie's *Great Beginnings*. This is a delightful book. The author covers a wide range of Victorian activity, accompanied by lively and opinion with a pleasing lightness of touch.

The whole book is a timely reminder to the young of today how lucky they are in the 1960s. A hundred years ago if they were poor they would probably have been broken in body by work in the factories or mines; and if they were rich they might well have been crushed in spirit by the pattern of parental discipline.

The book would have been better balanced with a little less wordage on the Great Exhibition and a little more on ardent reformers like Owen and Cobden. Also some mention should surely have been made of men of outstanding intellect like Karl Marx, who ground out *Das Kapital*, within a few miles of Buckingham Palace, and Charles Darwin, who by his *Origin of Species* changed the scientific outlook of the world.

The clutter and the class inhibitions of Victorian England come out well in the words and drawings. Sir Charles's style does not pull any sensational punches, but he gives a sound picture of the impact of machines on a rural people and a way of life abruptly ended by two world wars.

JOSEPHINE KAMM (Compiler): *The Gordon Riots.* Jackdaw No. 48.) Cape. 11s. 6d.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Great Beginnings in The Age of Queen Victoria.* Illustrated by Jane Dickins. Macmillan. 15s.

COEXISTORS

A. J. MARCHAM'S *Two World Powers* is the first volume in a new series combining history and current events for secondary school students. In a book of 128 pages generously illustrated with photographs, maps and diagrams it is virtually impossible to do more than skim the cream of history. The declared aim of the series is to arouse curiosity and give a lead for further reading. The text is crammed with facts and dates, and almost devoid of causes and characters. It is difficult to predict how much potted information teenagers of today can digest. The lists of Presidents of the United States at the beginning of certain chapters are somewhat reminiscent of the long column of the kings and queens of England that school children committed to memory early in the century. Times have changed. Most young people in the 1960s want to know *why* things happened as well as *when* they happened. However, if *Two World Powers* catches their interest they will have a framework to build on.

There are two notable omissions they will have to read up and fit into their proper context: a total lack of any explanation of Marxist ideas as a background for Lenin's revolutionary actions; and secondly, a brief dissertation on Nazism, the rise of Hitler and prewar conflicts. There is no reference at all to the fact that France and Britain declared war on Nazi Germany in 1939. According to the text it seems as if the Second World War began with Operation Barbarossa.

In defence of United States isolationism it is important to realize that many Americans had made the big decision to leave Europe and make a new life in a new country mainly in order to liberate themselves from ancient feuds and repressions. They had suffered in Europe and they had formed a new loyalty.

Certainly the suggestions for further reading are constructive and far-reaching. *Two World Powers* is an ambitious project which deserves to succeed and if it stimulates understanding of United States - Soviet relations it will do a good job.

A. J. MARCHAM: *Two World Powers.* The United States and Russia. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

And Also . . .

EDWARD FOX: *Desert Victory.* The Battle of Alamein. Illustrated by Edward Mortelmans. Lutterworth Press. 12s. 6d.

The two earlier books in this series for ten to fourteen-year-olds, each relating a famous event, were concerned with the Conquest and the Fire of London. This one jumps to contemporary history, telling the story of the North African campaign and its culmination in the battle of Alamein. Line drawings and bold two-colour maps illustrate Mr. Fox's short but clear narrative of the ebb and flow of the desert fighting.

RUSSIA'S HALF-CENTURY

ONE FEATURE of the Cold War has always been the fear and antipathy to communism with which children have often been inculcated, particularly in the United States but also in this country. This sort of ignorance and simple-mindedness is certainly disappearing, however, and the books under review should all contribute to a more realistic and fair-minded attitude.

Mr. Seth has had the easiest task. Isaac Deutscher's biography of Trotsky runs to 1,500 pages and contains so much information that Mr. Seth can hardly be blamed for relying on it closely; yet it is not too much to ask of anyone to read Deutscher and then condense it to an accessible 176 pages. There is little evidence that Mr. Seth has done much more than that. Mr. Seth's book, though, at times reads like Deutscher not only condensed but also diluted, for it lacks Deutscher's intoxicating enthusiasm for his subject. Even a popular children's version could, moreover, have described Trotsky's complex quarrel with Stalin with more subtlety. But on the whole *Lev Trotsky* is sound and unbiased, and it will serve its purpose usefully.

The two Benn's Twentieth-Century Histories deal with their respective subjects modestly and competently. Descriptions of the February and October revolutions usually defy simplification because every assertion made about them must at best be carefully qualified. Mr. Cash in *The Russian Revolution* sensibly plumps for the physical rather than the dialectical aspects of the revolution and thus succeeds in avoiding too much dubious generalization.

Soviet Russia is a misleading title for Mr. Lawrence's book, which is not an appraisal of present conditions in Soviet Russia but rather a lightning history of the republics that now form the Soviet Union. His approach is strictly regional, and he deals with the different republics in separate chapters. Like Mr. Cash, Mr. Lawrence's attitude is liberal, passing, for instances, from ritualistic denunciation of Stalinism to equally ritualistic praise for present rising standards of living.

The ritualistic mould is happily overcome in Mr. Cash's Jackdaw version of *The Russian Revolution*. Among the best items are a police file featuring a rather seedy-looking Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili in three poses, and a facsimile from the *Manchester Guardian* of November 9, 1917, Mr. Lenin's activities in engineering the "Maximalist" *coup* in Petrograd earn only a second leader, first place going resolutely to the Balfour declaration, which is also treated with far greater prominence on the news page. The Twentieth-Century Histories seem dismally pedestrian when compared with this Jackdaw version of the revolution.

RONALD SETH: *Lev Trotsky: the Eternal Rebel.* Dennis Dobson. 18s.
ANTHONY CASH: *The Russian Revolution.* JOHN LAWRENCE: *Soviet Russia.* Benn. 25s. each.
ANTHONY CASH (Compiler): *The Russian Revolution.* (Jackdaw No. 42.) Cape. 11s. 6d.

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Books from Abroad—2

PASSPORT TO PICTURE BOOKS

By Janice Dohm

TOWARDS the end of last year I made a haphazard series of criss-cross journeys with a railpass for western Europe, in search of material on children's literature. Almost continual travel and frequent returns to key points allowed all sense of sequence and balance and my final view of children's books was neither comprehensive nor coherent. Yet it was a pleasant time on the whole, full of agreeable encounters and plenty of good talks with a librarian in this city, a lecturer in that, a bookseller in another in the next. All added to the stock of ideas and information on children's literature, but the random nature of my visits may have fostered misconceptions which I have not yet had time to sort out. It seems best, therefore, to confine this report to a discussion of some of the books, lists, journals and collections I came across as a sample of what other flying visitors might expect to find on a similar tour.

Histories of children's literature, especially if they contain many illustrations and bibliographies, are a first purchase for anyone unable to stay long and take notes from the collections held by national libraries, pedagogic libraries and book study centres and institutes. I was particularly anxious to obtain the recent Swedish survey by Eva von Zweigbergk, *Barnboken i Sverige 1750-1950* (Rabén and Sjögren, 1965, reviewed in this journal on May 19, 1966), for I had never been able to see a copy. It proved even more massive, fully illustrated and expensive than I had anticipated, but what I wanted, though I must confess it was rather a relief not to be able to read it. But I did wish I knew Swedish when I was given Bonnier's 1964 publication by twenty-one authors now writing for children, *Vår väg till barnboken*, as they are such a lively lot and obviously tell good books they enjoyed as children as well as how they came to start writing juveniles. When I reached Copenhagen I learnt that a standard Danish history, Inger Thomsen's *Den Danske Børnebog I det 19. Aarhundrede* (Nyt Nordisk, 1960), had just been republished, a great stroke of luck, as I had never been able to trace a second-hand copy of the 1940 book, which describes many picture books published throughout the Scandinavian area, and chronicles the rise of Lorenz Frølich, one of my favourite illustrators. The most covetable Frölich I have ever seen, by the way, are in the collection of the Pedagogic Library in Copenhagen, and the only exhibit from the French Hetzel collection I found on this trip was also in Copenhagen, in the little cellar corner crammed with picture books in surprisingly good order in the Fredsberg Antiquarian Bookshop.

I hoped to find something new or old on German books to supplement the handsomely illustrated East German history, *Schatzbehalter* by Horst Lemke (Kinderbuchverlag, 1964), I had purchased earlier in the year, but, though I found more good picture books in German than I could possibly afford, I had no luck with bibliographic aids, until my last week, when I was shown what seems the equivalent of the American *Children's Catalog*, *Jugendbuch im Unterricht*, compiled by Helgard Schmidt (Alfons Dürr/Julius Beltz, 1966), who annotates some 4,200 currently available books in all categories for school libraries. Two auction house catalogues featuring a good proportion of German language books helped fill in information on earlier books—the 1966 catalogue of the Hans Adler Antiquariat in Berlin and the No. 78 of Baur in Zurich—and I have now learnt that a standard history, *Das Jugendbuch des deutschen Jugendbuches* by Jens Dyhrenfurth-Graetsch, has been released.

In Spain there was Carmen Bravo-Villasante's *Historia de la literatura infantil española* (Doncel, 1959) and a useful companion anthologies which I found in 1963 (which really requires more knowledge of the language than I possess). I also learnt that a new and recently completed history of the development of children's literature in other Spanish-speaking countries, especially the Latin-American countries and including Portuguese areas. An attractive pamphlet I received in Barcelona gave useful information on the many pseudonyms used by children's authors in the course of tracing the history of periodicals for Spanish children during the past century.

A series of forays on Paris and my single day in the bookstores of Milan (which was all I saw of Italy after the floods diverted an earlier attempt) failed to disclose the sort of history I had in mind but did turn up two entertaining substitutes which included a fair amount from children's books though chiefly devoted to comic strips and picture sheets. These two volumes, *I primi eroi* (Garzanti, 1962), containing samples from all parts of the world, and *Les copains de votre enfance* (Denoël, 1963) on French pictorial histories from Epinal prints to Tin Tin, are difficult to assess, but marvellous to browse in.

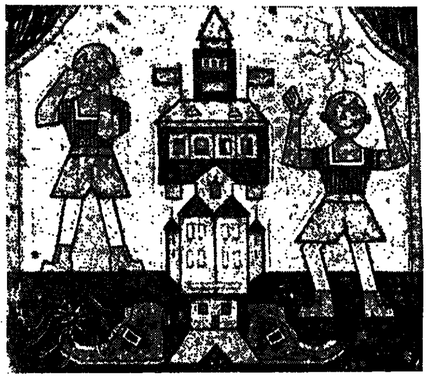
In almost every country I found useful booklists of one sort or another; I was especially grateful for the catalogue of the travelling exhibition: "Children's Books in Sweden, 1945-1965", sponsored by the International Youth Library in Munich in association with the Swedish section of the International Board on Books for Youth and the Swedish Institute for Children's Books. The last-named institute had not yet taken over its new headquarters when I was in Stockholm, and its head, Mary Örvig, was in Czechoslovakia with the exhibition, but judging by the catalogue, which she compiled with Lorentz Larson, and the plans announced for the institute it will be one of the best-founded, most worth-while and reliable agencies of its kind. Mr. Larson provided another pamphlet most useful for my records, on Swedish illustrators, which I had earlier discovered at the International Institute in Vienna.

No two countries seem to provide lists in quite the same way, yet most made some provision in a form worth keeping. For example, in Holland the Bureau Book en Jeugd issued a general list in 1965 with a supplement in 1966 which is available at a modest price in all libraries and bookshops; in a bookshop in Zurich a general list of recommended juveniles made by the Schweizerischer Lehrerverein sponsored by a booksellers' and publishers' group was added to my purchases, and in Paris the Association Nationale du Livre Français à l'Etranger had made a list of French books published between 1962 and 1964 with a 1965 supplement. Accumulating all these welcome and helpful little pamphlets made me sympathize with full-scale libraries and institutes who are not always certain how to classify and store them, but I was glad to have them as a running record of what was in the shops at the moment.

An even more important running record for librarians and collectors is supplied by journals which review the newest publications and often contain articles on a wide range of related matters. I had known the excellent library journals of Sweden and Denmark for many years and used publications from most parts of Europe, but now learnt for the first time about the *Bulletin d'analyses de livres pour enfants*, a series of French review sheets issued quarterly since 1963 by La Joie par les Livres (59 Avenue du Maine, Paris 14e.). This is the organization which also helped sponsor the children's library with the same name in the suburb of Clamart, a delightful place with a staff (and insufficient time to discover the "best" picture books and the choice depended entirely on what happened to be available in the shops I happened to find. In some countries there *were* few recent picture books to find, though I did feel Norway should have had more than one when the Oslo librarians and lecturers I met were so enthusiastic and Bergen was so full of material for dozens of children's books and films. Their problems are great, however, for with only three million total population the publishers cannot expect to market sizable editions and even government subsidies cannot work miracles.

The inspiration for picture books is inexplicable, however. I do not know why Holland should suddenly have picture-book artists as satisfying in three totally different ways as Jaap Tol, Céline Leopold and Dick Bruna, and I have never understood why the French and Italians have so rarely produced anything outstanding in this line since the war.

Denmark has several reliables, though I had quite a search to track down Ib Spang Olsen's 1964 book about an enchanted kiosk (the book that most made me wish I knew Danish), and all the Scandinavian countries share the basic collections co-edited and co-produced as *Barndomslander*, a set of anthologies with extracts and some complete picture books taken from many literatures, necessarily much reduced at times but ensuring a sound shared background. Sweden has some steady producers, too, but I was most pleased to find a recent reprint of an old favourite, Carl Larsson's *Spadarvet*, with its loving evocation of nineteenth-century farm life. The little Zwergenbücher series issued by Atlantis in Switzerland includes several charming nineteenth-century books as well, and the more expensive collectors' editions now being published by Carlsen as the Reinbeker Historische Kinderbücher also make available some long out-of-print books. I found some of the original editions for the first time at the Institut für Jugendbuchforschung in Frankfurt, which sounded rather modest about its holdings, but had recently been left a collection of picture books published before the First World War which made me wish I could stay for weeks.



The illustrations on this page are from publications issued by the Slovak house, Mladé Letá, which is discussed below.

But there was so much else to see and I had already taken a week off to attend a library conference, feeling that the ideal solution would be to hold such meetings every *other* year in the same area as the Frankfurt Book Fair and with children's section meetings synchronized with I.B.B.Y. meetings, also nearby and biennial. Once a year seems too often to expect a rather small group of people already overworked and involved in a dozen or so other projects to travel to even one such affair, and does not give them time in which to prepare either publications or meetings thoroughly.

It may be safer not to double anything with the Frankfurt Book Fair, where the sheer quantity of books to be seen, many of them rather dreadful, the noise, the people and the sheer effort of staying upright for six hours on end at each visit soon reduced me to a state of stupor. Still, it was there I learnt that Mrs. Pepperpot is really Mrs. Teaspoon, and found the latest Zábranský on the Czech stand, and first saw Margery Gill's illustrations for the new Swiss edition of *Swallows and Amazons* and heard of Tove Jansson's illustrations for *Alice*. Just being able to see so many forthcoming books was a great help, though seeing some of the shoddier stuff being contracted for was rather depressing.

This was the biggest "exhibition" on view during my trip. I had been able to see only a portion of what seemed a very informative and more selective small exhibit of Spanish books at the International Youth Library, which maintains a high standard, but finished my trip at exhibitions. My penultimate day I visited the attractive picture book exhibition shown annually at the Klingspor Museum in Offenbach (but *why* won't people note the original source of each translation instead of leaving the uninitiated to infer that Wildsmith is a Swiss and that the Zábranský-before-the-last first saw the light of print the previous year in Germany?).

My last day I attended the opening of the International Youth Library's display of the outstanding children's books of the past year, which made a good finale by reminding me of many of the books I had seen during my travels—and of my good memories of the whole trip, in fact, despite hours spent in being lost, nightmarish searches for train platforms, losing my luggage for nearly a week and similar hazards of travel.

BOOKS FROM BRATISLAVA

NUMBERS of titles issued per year and sizes of editions are one measure of a publisher's activity; variety of choice and approach to the design of books are other, and perhaps more significant, ones. In all these respects, however, what Mladé Letá is doing is interesting.

Mladé Letá is the children's fiction book publishing house in Bratislava, capital of the easternmost, and once backward, province of Czechoslovakia. For youngsters in a Slovak-speaking population of only about four million, Mladé Letá provides 130-180 titles a year in editions that range from 2,000 to 60,000. The books are from native and Czech authors, Russian, German, French, English, American and others. In the lists one finds the names of Swift, Dickens, Wilde, Stevenson and Fenimore Cooper, and titles that reveal sources in Chinese, Red Indian, Norse and biblical stories. This year there will have been twenty-four translations from other languages.

A policy of getting good illustrations is energetically pursued, with advantage being taken of the talents of young Slovak artists who have come to the fore in what can well be called a cultural upsurge since the war—Mladé Letá itself is a sign of this. Four, five and even six-colour illustrations are used in numbers of books, the price of which is kept lower than it must otherwise be because overall costing is helped by large editions of lower priced best-sellers. But the relatively more expensive books sell readily anyhow, thanks to attractive stories and illustrations.

The work of new authors and artists is tried out on their potential audience in a number of ways: for example, illustrations in little one and two-story books, sold at two and four crowns respectively (roughly one and two shillings) and usually printed in editions of 20,000; stories in first editions of 4,000. Prices run from the lowest, already mentioned, to 12.50, 16 and 18 crowns for the books with illustrations in several colours.

Apart from its ordinary publishing activity, Mladé Letá is connected with another enterprise that brings books to youngsters. It is a network of readers' clubs, based on the schools, which was started about five years ago. Membership is free, the only requirement being that two books be taken; and children join and rejoin year by year. Mladé Letá issues sixteen new books between September and June, and they are in four groups to meet the tastes of different ages (six to fifteen-plus). The success of the clubs is proved by a membership of 100,000. Do club books go on sale too? Yes, after two or three years the titles appear in a new edition for the bookshops.

Finally, besides encouraging the work of authors and artists by accepting and commissioning it, Mladé Letá awards prizes each year as a further stimulus to create literature for young readers.



Père Castor

The attractive and long-established series of Père Castor Books now goes bilingual for the benefit of primary school French learners. The French texts have a vocabulary for each page; they are not all that simple but the pictures help and so of course do the English versions, provided it is understood that they are not literal translations. The six titles now available are: *Kathy's New Dress*: *La Belle Robe d'Anne Cathérine*; *The Old Grey Mare and the Little White Hen*: *La Grise et la Poulette*; *Three Little Pigs*: *Trois Petits Cochons*. The English texts are all by Antonia Ridge and cost 4s. each. The French texts, simplified by John Watson, are 5s. each. Harrap are the publishers.

Other Non-Fiction—1

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

BERWICK SAYERS published his *Manual of Children's Libraries* in 1932 and, as Marcus Crouch remarks in his foreword to Peggy Heeks's pamphlet, *Administration of Children's Libraries* (Library Association, 16s.), the world has not stood still in the meantime. Looking back and trying to chart the course of the steady, continuing revolution in the world of children's books and children's libraries it seems that it was around 1935 that things really began to get moving, in publishers' and booksellers' offices as well as in the libraries.

There had been earlier stirrings of course. In 1931, for instance, the National Book League took over the compilation of the booklist "Four to Fourteen" from the *Nursery World*; henceforward for a number of years it was put out by them as a leaflet with Miss Kathleen Lines as compiler and has since grown into the standard and respected bibliography we know today. But the Carnegie Medal was awarded for the first time—to Arthur Ransome—in 1936; *The Junior Bookshelf* began publication in 1937, and *Family from One-End Street*, a seminal book, however it may now be regarded, appeared in the same year. The end of the war and the Education Act of 1944 gave the extra push; between them the state schools and the libraries began to encourage and cater for an entirely new child render; writers and publishers joined in, and the old division between the two nations of the reading young—*Alice* and *The Secret Garden* at one end; *Froggie's Little Brother, A Peep behind the Scenes*, and all the other "Rewards" and Sunday School prizes at the other—was finally healed.

Many organizations, as Mrs. Heeks is quick to emphasize, have helped to make and uphold standards in this new book market, but the libraries, and the children's librarians in them, have always led the field so far as overall coverage of the child population is concerned. It was high time that young students had an up-to-date guide to the entire field of administration of children's libraries in the 1960s. Mrs. Heeks, organizer of youth libraries in Berkshire, has provided it, and much more besides. For though she gives all the facts about running, stalling and stocking the children's library, and about designing or adapting the buildings to house it, and discusses, in an interesting opening section, its functions and aims, she is never dogmatic, cheerfully admitting that in the field of administration "a variety of methods are acceptable". Above all she makes the job of a children's librarian sound both interesting and worthwhile, not a kind of back-room activity of the public library but important in its own right and linked with many other outside agencies engaged in the same task of introducing books to children.

Mr. John Rowe Townsend wrote recently: ". . . if we want literate children we must (among other things) pay some serious attention to children's literature." Among the critics of children's books Naomi Lewis owes her special place to just this quality of serious attention, and her annual selections of the best of the fiction and non-fiction is always useful and stimulating. *The Best Children's Books of 1966* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.), is as well produced as its three predecessors, is indexed by titles and authors, and in the sections of general fiction and fantasy, where Miss Lewis's own interests seem mainly to lie, is as good as anything in the field. The annotations are readable as well as descriptive and the introduction always makes some point that is worth thinking about.

Elaine Moss is the experienced and reliable compiler of an annotated list, *One Hundred Books for Children 1966-7* (1s. 6d.), obtainable from the National Book League at 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Mrs. Moss explains in her introduction that hers is a personal, not a computerized, choice of books that she has read and liked and she explains that since the object of the list is to suggest books that might be given as presents she has tried to strike a balance between the various kinds of books and the various age groups.

Finally, in contemporary do-it-yourself, consumer association fashion, *Books for your Children*, an independent journal published by Anne Wood from Belvedere, 100 Church Lane East, Aldershot, continues to bring out four issues a year. (Single issues 1s., annual subscription 5s.) Although it appears to assume in its members almost complete ignorance of the aids to children's reading already available, its success seems to prove this rather sad judgment correct, and since it is also a medium for children's book news and views of a general kind it can do nothing but good, particularly in areas where libraries are thin on the ground and there is no school library service.

The World at Large

THREE more volumes in the Oxford Children's Reference Library, a handsome series of information books edited by Laura Salt and Patrick Moore. Each book consists of forty-three articles or chapters, each occupying two facing pages; each double spread is illustrated in colour and a variety of page designs is used. The volume on India describes the history, topography and social background of India, Pakistan, Nepal, Ceylon and Burma. The complex story is told vividly by Taya Zinkin and strikingly illustrated by an Indian graphic designer, Biman Mullick. One small fault: the map of India gives no indication of its longitude and latitude or of the sub-continent's relationship with other countries. *Stories of Courage* includes the expected names—Joan of Arc, Thomas More, Nurse Cavell—and a number of more obscure figures—Sir Edmund Verney, Madeleine de Vercheres, John Mould: they range from the fifth century B.C. to the present, but more than a quarter lived in this century. This is a personal choice and as such easy to criticize for its omissions or inclusions, but the stories are well told and, very properly, cover both physical and moral courage. Jean Petrie's *The Earth* deals with physical geography, describing clearly the formation and structure of the earth, its physical features and climatic regions and even making comprehensible such minor mysteries as the International Date Line and anti-cyclones.

Oxford Children's Reference Library. Volume 4: TAYA ZINKIN: *India and her Neighbours*. Illustrated by Biman Mullick. Volume 5: CYRIL MACKINNON: *Stories of Courage*. Illustrated by Peter Brandield. Volume 6: JEAN PETRIE: *The Earth*. Illustrated by David A. Hardy. Oxford University Press. 21s. each.

MORE FACTS FOR OLDER READERS

Ballet

NAOMI CAPON: *Dancers of Tomorrow*. Postscript by Ursula Moreton. Illustrated. Brockhampton Press. 16s.

First published in 1956, this book was well worth a revised edition, as it answers nearly every question an anxious parent is likely to ask about what training at the Royal Ballet School entails and what prospects there are for a dancer today. It is, however, written with the child reader in mind and sensibly does not minimize the possibility of disappointments and the need for unremitting work in both the conventional schoolroom and the ballet class.

IAN WOODWARD: *Ballerina*. Illustrated by Peter Revitt. Museum Press. 21s.

A more general book, intended for the audience as well as the prospective dancer, and including chapters on notation systems, make-up, and salaries and conditions of work.

Hobbies and Pastimes

ANNE VICCARS BARBER: *Curios for Young Collectors*. Illustrated. Bles. 18s.

Mrs. Barber is out to encourage the young to collect antiques. Stamps, shells and butterflies are outside the scope of her book. Parents will appreciate that her recommendations are mostly on the small side and that the cost, in no instance, is likely to exceed thirty shillings. Collectable things include bobbins, lace, Staffordshire china, Victorian parasols, thimbles and buttons. (It seems that the saying "Not worth a button" no longer applies.) The numerous line drawings are an asset.

LOUISE DANIELS: *Needlework*. Illustrated by Linda Youngman. Pastime Series. Burke. 15s.

A thoroughly practical sewing and dressmaking guide with very clear diagrams and photographs, including some charming examples of embroidery, antique and modern. It is nice to see instructions for alterations and mending too.

JOHN H. MOORE: *Your Book of Photography*. Illustrated. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

At a time when photographic books tend to be highly specialized, there is room for one designed to introduce the subject in the simplest possible terms. Mr. Moore's book does this most admirably. The second part, entitled "More Advanced Photography", covers the 35mm. film, colour and filters. The author provides the 22 halftone illustrations and Mr. David Playne the 13 diagrams.

MICHAEL BARSLEY: *Tape Recording*. Illustrated by E. Brooks. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

The good sense pervading this handbook is epitomized by its plea not to be "put off by all the expert talk and the luxury equipment. It's the idea which counts, and the use you make of your resources". Mr. Barsley is full of ideas; his book bulges with first-class guidance on selection of equipment and on things to do with it, and much excitement and pleasure will be gained from following his advice.

History and Travel

GARRY HOGG: *Union Pacific*. Hutchinson. 18s.

The building of the first transcontinental railway, just a century ago, between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts makes an exciting and well-told adventure tale of "a work of giants", illustrated by some contemporary photographs of the work in progress.

FRANK R. STOCKTON: *Buccaneers and Pirates of our Coasts*. Collier-Macmillan. 21s.

These tales of pirates who infested the coasts of America were first published seventy years ago. The present edition, with fresh prints and engravings, introduces them to a new generation. The villains are Blackbeard and Henry Morgan, Lafitte and Captain Kidd, and many others of their tribe, among them the women pirates Mary Read and Anne Bonny.

N. J. PRANGOPULO: *Today is History, 28: Manchester*. Illustrated. Blond Educational. 7s. 6d.

This textbook is one of a series on subjects outside the ordinary examination curriculum. It is designed for use in comprehensive schools to give children a sense of history, a knowledge of national institutions, and a taste for research. In *Manchester* Mr. Prangopulo has ample opportunity to describe high-grade urban development and civic enterprise. There is, however, a lack of continuity in his narrative. The first reference to the Manchester slums of the height of the Industrial Revolution occurs after the sections on John Dalton, Rolls-Royce cars and the Halle Orchestra. Young readers are not fully aware of the problems it is difficult for them to assess the achievements.

HOWARD LOXTON (Compiler): *Wessex Summer Adventure*. Holiday Publication 40. Cape. 11s. 6d.

The folder contains facsimiles, with accompanying notes and translations, of a few of the Abbey's treasured documents. There is Offa's charter of 785 with the earliest known use of the name Westminster; two pages from the illuminated *Liber Regalis*, the coronation book possibly made for Anne of Bohemia; and Elizabethan expense accounts in connexion with the Westminster boy players. Eleven documents in all, including Wren's design for the north front, invitations to the coronation of George II and that of the present Queen, and five broadsheets on the Abbey's history.

Medical Sciences

MEGAN HAYES: *Projects in Chemistry*. Illustrated. Barsford. 18s.

Mrs. Hayes has written a textbook of atoms and molecules, elements and compounds, formal equations and a profusional vocabulary are the keynotes. While usable in the classroom, it is hardly the sort of thing to be welcomed for out-of-school reading.

R. W. JOHNSON: *Disease and Medicine*. Illustrated. Batsford. 15s.

Clear text and scores of first-class illustrations are combined in Mr. Johnson's medical history for secondary schools. Social as well as scientific developments are included. Somewhat uncritical notes on the National Health Service will probably not worry the young readers for whom the book is intended; rather are they likely to be inspired by the humanity of the general approach.

LUCY KAVALER: *The Artificial World Around Us*. Illustrated by Gloria McKeown. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

Simple yet accurate descriptions of ways in which human judgment is deceived. What of supermarket smells of fresh bread, when the product is wrapped and behind glass? What of the manufacture of non-flavours? And what of the never-ending list of synthetic materials? Answers about the "artificial world" are revelatory and less likely to perturb the young than their elders.

SUZANNE LOEBL: *Fighting the Unseen. The Story of Viruses*. Illustrated by Victoria de Larrea. Abelard-Schuman. 18s.

The identification of a virus, research on antibodies or vaccines, and the progress of improved world health are all explained in lively, readable style.

B. B. SUCKLING: *The Living Battery*. An Introduction to Bioelectricity. Macmillan. 16s.

A natural for the young reader's library shelves. The physical and mental effects of electricity generated in our bodies (action on muscles and other organs, and brain functioning) are retailed accurately and clearly.

Natural History

GEORGE F. HERVEY and JACK HUSSEY: *The Breathing*. Illustrated by Eileen M. Hill. Faber and Faber. 15s.

A good downright guide to the keeping of frogs, toads, lizards, snakes, salamanders, tortoises in civilized vivaria. Full of wit and common sense. "If you started off on the wrong foot in the Garden of Eden and have never been able to live it down," it has this to say on breathing, "even if you cannot make up your father mind to abandon concrete evidence in the paddock all is not lost. Lots of attractive features like the lodoform."

SIGRID A. EVANS: *Wonders of the Sahara World*. Illustrated. Wonder Books. 3s. 6d.

So many books on the Sahara seem to surround the whole area with an aura of mystery that a book setting out the facts—not an insipid, apparently late penny-dreadful, Spider-following anatomy satellites, etc., are here interestingly described and well illustrated, too.

BRIAN LEHANE: *Natural History*. Illustrated by Pat Champness, Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

GEOFFREY G. WATSON: *Fun with Ecology*. Foreword by Ian McPhail. Illustrated by W. C. Cartner. Kaye and Ward. 15s.

JOY O. I. SPOCZYNSKA: *Practical Fieldwork for the Young Naturalist*. Illustrated by Melchior Spoczynski. Muller. 13s. 6d.

All these books aim to teach and to encourage young people to make the most of what lies about them, plants, animals, landscape; why they are as they are, why they are important to us and how they can be studied out of doors or at home, what equipment is needed and how to assess it when buying. The quality of the writing in all three is high, clear and unambiguous and free of the pedant's cant, with Mrs. Spoczynska perhaps taking the palm. Her book and that by Mr. Watson have photographs and diagrams but Mr. Lehane's publishers have been rather mean in this respect.

Science

IRA M. FREEMAN: *All About Sound and Ultrasonics*. Illustrated. W. H. Allen. 16s.

There is, of course, much more to sound and ultrasonics than is contained in these pages. But it is a helpful introduction for youngsters, with interesting references to echoes, psychological phenomena, music making and recording, sonic barriers, and the like.

VIVIAN GRAY: *Secret of the Mysterious Rays*. Illustrated by Ed Malsberg. Constable Young Books. 16s.

The build-up of discoveries about nuclear energy from the early work of Roentgen ("On a New Kind of Rays") and Becquerel is the fascinating theme of this book. Pleasing in appearance and performance, it will be welcomed by those who are attracted to a scientific career, but the going might be too heavy for others. Which is a pity, for the personalities of great physicists and the images of their work make a story that should be part of everyone's general knowledge.

Wonderlore of Science. FRED WARREN: *The Story of Things*. TIMOTHY JOHNSON: *River of Time*. Illustrated. André Deutsch. 18s. each.

Wonderlore books are concerned with miniature-reels concentrating on one of the principal properties of matter at a level of appreciation suitable for middle school pupils. Size means length and the very values of its units, with footrules and micrometer brain gauges and trian-gulation among the devices touched on. The chief features of the companion volumes include the historical progress of clocks, and modern techniques for assessing the age of matter of events. The books are expensive, being light in content and heavy in manner.

Space

LOIS COLLINS: *Telescopes*. Illustrated by the Author. Wonder Work. 25s.

Diving bells, underwater television cameras, oil drilling, treasure hunting and new fishing processes are exciting themes, all sensibly depicted in a thoroughly recommendable book.

JAMES V. PACILIO: *Discovering Outer Space*. Illustrated by George Robus. Oliver and Boyd. 30s.

The history of flight is appropriately told, with an abundance of pleasing drawings. Simple practical experiment are suggested to illustrate principles.

HELEN B. WALTERS: *Hermann Oberth Father of Space Travel*. Macmillan. 15s.

If children do enjoy pictures of lore wrought by rocket bombs, successful techniques are used by Dr. Wernher to introduce her biography of the man whose research (on fuels, silos, moon cars, space stations and the like) presaged current projects. It is biased adult, however, the approach is that of a Peabody book above (for some what younger readers) is much more appealing.

Technology

ALAN C. JENKINS: *The Silver Road*. Illustrated. Methuen. 21s.

An outstanding book, in terms both of content and presentation. The history of fishing, modern practice and future possibilities are all explained and splendidly illustrated. Electronics and automated fishing, and underwater factory farming, are intriguing concepts. Some sociological wisdom is written in also.

The Mechanical Age. FRANK GIFFORD: *Pottery and Porcelain*. JAMES HARRIS: *Photography in Industry*. Illustrated. Muller. 15s. each.

Here are two useful additions to a series already praised in these pages. Pottery is a satisfying craft, both in its practice and in the finished product. Photography and its uses, however, will be of more interest to those who are attracted to a scientific career, but the going might be too heavy for others. Which is a pity, for the personalities of great physicists and the images of their work make a story that should be part of everyone's general knowledge.

Wonderlore of Science. FRED WARREN: *The Story of Things*. TIMOTHY JOHNSON: *River of Time*. Illustrated. André Deutsch. 18s. each.

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Transport

JOHN DAY, PETER DUFF, and MICHAEL HILL: *Transport Today and Tomorrow*. Illustrated by Gordon Davis-now. Lutterworth Press. 25s.

This survey of what is and what may be sensibly avoids details of the sufficient issues surrounding transport and tells it clear that solutions of the problems of facilities, whether local or planetary, is inevitable. The authors consider all sorts of transportation in a manner highly appropriate for intelligent young readers; the result is stimulating and evocative.

Other Non-Fiction—2

JUNIOR INFORMATION BOOKS

formation books for young children should be related to things they know around them or to places, people and everyday events which interest them. In the small and shrinking world in which we live, it is right that books should be drawn from other countries other than Great Britain, but it is surely wrong to buy books for young children which are not based on observation of local flora and fauna and fauna from the United States. A young child's interest in nature springs from the plants and animals of his life he sees around him, an interest which is recognized and fostered by such books as Methuen's Nature and Stare series and the Ladybird nature books. Books such as these are open to criticism of format and illustration but they provide a useful link between the child and his environment and the child reader book, linking books to actual everyday life. This interaction between the known world of nature and the books describing it is freely acknowledged in the publisher's blurb of three books by C. J. Hylander, *Out of Doors in Winter, Spring, Summer*, introduced by Collier-Macmillan from their New York office at 18s. each. The same firm also publishes two titles for six- to eight-year-olds—*Elizabeth the Bird-watcher*, and *Elizabeth the Treasure Hunter*, by Felice Holman, both of which depend on local American flora and fauna for their interest. This is surely a wrong policy; the wild life of other continents is of great interest to adult naturalists and geographers and to older boys and girls, but younger children need books related to a countryside they know or books which indicate clearly that they are about exotic and unfamiliar animals, flowers or birds.

ature Books

IAN AINSWORTH: *In Woods and Fields. Down the Lane. Beside the Sea*. Illustrated by Jennie Corbett. (Look About You Books, 1, 2 and 3.) Heinemann. 9s. 6d. each.

The illustrations in these books are disappointing since none of them is explained and they are artistic impressions rather than faithful representations of different species. Ruth Ainsworth is well known as a writer for younger children, and these books are probably intended for the younger age range, but the text, size of print and illustrations are unlikely to attract six nine-year-olds.

JOYCE CORBETT: *How-do-you-do Indoor Plants*. Nelson. 5s.

Strongly bound and unsuitable for use in schools or libraries, but at 5s. could be a good buy for a child interested in growing plants indoors.

DAVID O. BLOUGH: *Discovering Plants*. Illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. The World's Work. 18s.

This particular American import is well planned; the examples chosen are familiar on both sides of the Atlantic and children are encouraged to study and handle familiar plants.

The Children's Animal World Encyclopedia in Colour. Paul Hamlyn. 30s.

An alphabetically arranged dictionary of mammals, birds, fishes, insects, amphibians and reptiles, well illustrated and presenting interesting, though necessarily brief, information about each species.

JEANNE DILLON: *Animals Everywhere*. Illustrated by Vera Croxford. Paul Hamlyn. 5s. 6d.

A large picture book of attractive appearance wherein science has been realized in art; one double-page open-ing presenting European animals shows a grasshopper, pike, fox and butterfly in one row and a rabbit, dragonfly and lobster on the other; the butterfly, lobster and dragonfly, according to the artist, are approximately the same size as the rabbit, which are all the same size, while the grasshopper is rather smaller.

Look, Read and Learn Books. Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12. LES LANDIN: *About Atoms*. Illustrated by the Author. TERRY HENNINGSEN: *About Food and Where it Comes From*. Illustrated by Charles Pyrzant. MELVIN JOHN UHL: *About Grains, Grains and Canes*. Illustrated by Carol Rogers. DOROTHY HINER: *About Salt*. Illustrated by Ann Palm. Muller. 9s. 6d. each.

Good information books for younger readers, but they would be improved by the addition of an index and suggestions for further reading. In presentation and illustration they are less memorable than the Petersham Story Book series covering similar subjects.

ANNE PAILTHORPE RUSSELL: *Which is Which?* Illustrated by Gail Haley. Faber. 12s. 6d.

A very well-presented and interesting book seems likely to create confusion rather than resolve it since the two dissimilar animals (frogs and toads, seals and sealions), and discussed, but are identified, in outline, on a smaller scale, on the final page in the old-fashioned spelling which confronted one with their names, hear and here, permanent and transient—similar objects is the answer.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH: *The Earth Tells its Story*. Illustrated by David A. Hardy. (Science Books.) The Bodley Head. 15s. 6d.

Despite the high standard of illustration and the approach to its subject, which is logical and presented as a series of geological events, this book is not entirely successful. The text is overlong and add little information, because they are too domestic in character for so strong a story as that of the earth.

Zim Science Books. OLIVE L. EARLE: *Strange Companions in Nature*. Illustrated by the Author. HERBERT S. ZIM: *Corals*. Illustrated by Rene Martin. *Golden Hamsters*. Illustrated by Herschel Wartik. *Sharks*. Illustrated by Stephen Howe. World's Work. 12s. 6d. each.

Dr. Herbert Zim's three books provide useful introductions to these subjects for eight to eleven-year-olds and the illustrations are clear and well-labelled. Olive Earle's *Strange Companions in Nature*, however, is on a subject which is thought to interest children but usually does not, perhaps because the animals and insects concerned are, most of them, unfamiliar.

Books about People, Places and Things

MARY CHUBB: *An Alphabet of Ancient Greece*. Book 1: Early Days. Illustrated by Jill Wyatt. Bles. 21s.

Twenty-six double spreads, with text on one side and an illustration on the other, which, according to the blurb, show us "how men and women lived . . . from about 1500 up to 480 B.C." This is a large claim which is not fulfilled, largely because the artificial alphabetical structure prevents the building up of a picture of the country and its people according to any natural sequence: built-leaping has as much space as Delphi, Crete is given a few notes and so on. Aegean, Language is the entry under L. The map is not very clear and the illustrations fail to communicate any of the beauty of the land of Greece or of its buildings and art treasures.

Complete Science Course for Young Experimenters. Oak Tree Press. 25s.

Compiled from a number of shorter books first published in the United States, this book aims to provide an introduction to the major sciences for children of nine to fourteen years, by harnessing natural curiosity and directing it through a series of 300 experiments. The instructions are simple, the diagrams clear and the materials easy to obtain. Physics, anatomy, biology, chemistry and electricity are treated in turn and, since the book is planned as a progressive course, the scientific ideas explored become increasingly complex.

ELIZABETH K. COOPER: *And All Things Nice*. Illustrated by Julie Maas. Lutterworth Press. 15s.

Sub-titled "The story of sugar, spice and flavouring", this book explores by ways of history and botany to tell of the uses, origins and processing of these everyday commodities. It is an interesting story: we learn that Rome was once ransacked for peppercorns, of the Aztecs, of the Sultan of Zanzibar's theft of clove seeds, and, for good measure, a recipe is included in most chapters. The illustrations by Julie Maas are attractive and so, too, is the production generally. The book was first published in the United States and needed a few amendments for English readers, as we may search their larders in vain for corn syrup, maple sugar and pale brown cocoa.

H. J. DEVERSON: *The Map that came to Life*. Illustrated by Ronald Lampitt. Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d.

A revised and redrawn edition, with the maps drawn to Ordnance Survey standards, of a popular and imaginative book for children of eight upwards; in which John and Joanna make a cross-country expedition. The country they walk through is described in text and pictures and is also shown in clear sections of the ordnance map.

ALAIN GRÉE: *Keith and Sally by the River. Keith and Sally Look for Oil*. Adapted by Annemarie Ryba. Evans Brothers. 9s. 6d. each.

Two more in the lively information series for young children which originated in France, books which manage to look as informal as a comic without appearing vulgar and use the omniscient-adult device for conveying information without becoming tedious. The first describes how a river is formed, something of the wild life and sport associated with it, and its value for transport and power. The second describes where oil is found, the processes through which it passes until it reaches the petrol pump, and the many useful by-products. It is a pity that Mr. Brown, the engineer, had to do such an unlikely thing as run out of petrol to get the story under way.

WILLIAM C. HARRISON: *Dr. William Harvey and the Discovery of Circulation*. Illustrated by Laszlo Kubinyi. Collier-Macmillan. 15s.

This first book by an American journalist covers William Harvey's early life in Folkestone and at Canterbury Grammar School and Cambridge, his studies at Padua and work at Bartholomew's Hospital, and the publication, when he was fifty, of his findings on the circulation of the blood. It is a sober account which does convey the respect for the truth and the attentive observation necessary to a great scientist, but it is too much concerned with small incidents of Harvey's life and not enough with his scientific discoveries. The illustrations by Laszlo Kubinyi help to recall the period: at least one diagram of the heart should have been included to make the atrium/ventricle cycle easier to understand.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES: *Your Book of Surnames*. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

More than 10,000 surnames are known in the British Isles and Pennethorne Hughes, sets out to show the variety of their origin and the way in which names are formed and modified. This is an attractive book, suitable for the ten to thirteen age group and gives a clear account of the history of surnames, notes on names derived from places, relationships, occupations and nicknames, and suggestions for further reading.

C. M. MATTHEWS: *How Surnames Began*. Lutterworth Press. 16s.

Mrs. Matthews's book covers much the same ground as Mr. Hughes's, but is more detailed and nearly three times as long. The Faber book is more suitable as an introduction to the subject, arousing interest and showing the general pattern. Mrs. Matthews has an introductory chapter on the origin of surnames and then examines small groups of surnames which have some factor in common. Addenda include advice on tracing one's own name, a bibliography, time charts of kings and saints and an index—an item which would have added considerably to Mr. Hughes's volume. Both writers are authorities; both have written adult books on surnames.

MARIE NEURATH: *They Lived Like this in Chaucer's England*. Illustrated by John Ellis. Max Parrish. 7s. 6d.

A book that is physically a model of its kind: the page is beautifully set out, never oppressing by too many words and achieving a perfect balance between illustrations and text. The book is intended for junior school children and here again the level is right and the style is interesting, but there is no obvious organization of the material, no chapter headings. We have not one date, the name of not one king, the Peasants' Revolt is described, but its name and the name of its leader are never mentioned; by the end of the thirty-two pages one has gained some information but not a clear picture of life in England in the Middle Ages.

ROBERT PAGE: *The Story of the Post*. Black. 12s. 6d.

This new volume in the Black's Junior Reference series will be welcomed by schools, for whom the postal service, like transport, is a popular subject. This is an historical survey from the days of King Xerxes through the pigeon posts of the Middle Ages and the Mail Coach era to the beginning of Rowland Hill's penny post, and it includes a bibliography and a list of places to visit. It is a fascinating story, but not always explained in enough detail to make it clear.

GEOFFREY PALMER and NOEL LLOYD: *Exploring Superstitions*. Illustrated by Sylvia and Cyril Deakins. Oldhams. 10s. 6d.

Engagingly told stories of the origins of everyday superstitions, the actions like touching wood or avoiding ladders.

BOSWELL TAYLOR (Editor): *Aircraft*. Illustrated by John Young. *Tudors*. Illustrated by Leslie Marshall. Brockhampton Press. 3s. 6d. each.

Two more Picture Reference books, which aim to provide authentic background material for school and personal studies. The volume on aircraft, the sixth in the series, has 238 illustrations, including diagrams, photographs and silhouettes, showing the early machines, aircraft of two world wars, how an aeroplane flies, and the many types of aircraft used today. The book on the Tudors has over 200 illustrations, drawn from original sources, which show something of the work, pastimes, education, weapons and living conditions of the Tudors.

URSULA SEDGWICK: *My Learn to Cook Book*. Illustrated by Martin Mayhew. Paul Hamlyn. 9s. 6d.

A bright, bargain-price, outsize cookery book, a little large for kitchen handling but full of appetizing recipes. The 33 dishes range from the simple—boiled and fried eggs—to the exotic—pizza and baked Alaska. The recipes, which have been tested by a team of children, have been chosen to include processes which children particularly enjoy, such as weighing, mixing, cutting, but it is a lucky child who will be able to keep this book out of mother's clutches.

OLGA SINCLAIR: *Gypsies*. Illustrated by Kathleen Gell. Learning Library No. 35. Basil Blackwell. 8s. 6d.

The story of how the gypsies came to England and some aspects of their life and work, told with a flexible approach, unhampered by too many questions. The style is slightly old fashioned—"After the wedding there is much merry-making"—and the author has missed the opportunity of helping children understand the life of gypsies today: the problems of schooling, for example, of the separateness of the children, of the strength of the tradition which leads them to repeat the pattern of their parents' lives.

R. J. UNSTEAD: *Men and Women in History*. Illustrated by Ron Stenberg and John Mackay. Black. 25s.

A satisfying omnibus edition of four earlier books, older in approach than *People in History*, this presents characters like King John in the light of modern research. Mr. Unstead is a master of vigorous natural English and varied narrative devices to hold the attention. With just enough fiction to fill in accurate social background, he uses wherever possible actual quotation. Complex struggles are clearly outlined, his characters (including less usual figures like Alcuin, Margaret Paston and Celia Fiennes) are linked, the illustrations are lively, so that the reader literally sees a pageant of English history from Pytheas's visit to Leonard Cheshire.

EDITH LUCIE WYATT: *How you Breathe. The Story of Your Glands*. Illustrated by John Fairservis. (The Modern World, Nos. 5 and 6.). Muller. 12s. 6d. each.

Both these books were first published in the United States and describe in considerable detail certain bodily functions. They have some reference value but they cannot be regarded as successful. The subjects handled are complex and in neither book does the author manage to amplify without distorting, give the essence without unnecessary detail or produce a clear outline, yet on these hinges the success of an information book for children. Nor are the diagrams as helpful as they could be, for example, the picture of the thorax on page 24 of *How You Breathe* does not help one to understand the text below, the text in page 18 refers to a diagram on another page, and no attempt is made to relate two different diagrams on following pages each captioned "Swallowing"; a similar vagueness is found in the book on glands.

FRANCIS WILKINS: *Fairs*. Illustrated by Kathleen Gell. (Learning Library No. 33.) Basil Blackwell. 8s. 6d.

This is an historical introduction, clearly explaining the origins of fairs but slightly marred by the obtrusive questions; the author is constantly at the reader's elbow, nudging, questioning, never letting the child's imagination have time to work. Inevitably, some of the most interesting questions, for example the cause of the demise of Sturbridge Fair, are never explored. The book has adequate illustrations by Kathleen Gell, an attractive page layout and a clear contents page, but there is a marked contrast between the excitement of the story and the flatness of its telling.

IAN WOODWARD: *Ballet and the Dance*. Illustrated by Peter Revitt. Sidgwick Library, Oliver and Boyd. 12s. 6d.

A short book which covers many aspects of dance: its history, its basic elements and descriptions of famous ballets. It is almost too briefly summarized, so that one understands the facts but misses their significance, for example, Lully is mentioned but his part in the development of ballet is never explained. The explanations tend to be couched in terms which are too abstract for children: sentences like "Their ballets were bubbling with dance, geometric patterns, diverse emotions, while sometimes being purely symbolic" are going to have a limited impact. The illustrations are rather crude and although suitable for showing dance steps and patterns convey little idea of the beauty of ballet.

LOOKING IT UP

OF the general knowledge books for children *Junior Pears Encyclopaedia* is one of the most useful. Edited by Edward Blishen, it has sections on world history, geography, biography, transport, science, sport, the arts, and a quantity of miscellaneous information. It is now in its seventh edition, being revised annually to incorporate fresh information and new material suggested by readers.

Among general knowledge books are many which masquerade as compendiums of knowledge, but are simply haphazard collections of facts. An example of this kind is the newly published *The Living World of Learning*. In assessing these books look at the contents page, consider the scope of the book and its arrangement, the standing of the editor and its contributors; check information on some subject you know, test the index, see how far the illustrations help understanding of the text, and read a continuous passage of the text. *The Living World of Learning* stands up poorly to these tests. It is, like so many others, a glossy medley of snippets: it will be read, children will learn something from it, but it is a tawdry offering. Oddly enough, these books which, looking like puffed-up comics, seem especially suitable for backward readers, are often written in a most difficult style: the "Dark Ages supervened with their accompanying inertia" is a specimen from the current example. There will always be a place in the home for browsing books, latter-day Arthur Mees. They have limited reference value, but they lead many children to learning: they must, however, be of a higher standard than the perennial hack productions.

Three publishers have produced new children's dictionaries this season. Burke's *Picture Dictionary* is an attractive book for five- to eight-year-olds. It is unfortunate that many words are not defined, merely shown in use in a sentence, and could lead to confusion, for example between high and steep, accident and mistake. Even where definitions are given they are not sufficiently precise: a horse is "A large four-footed animal", a fox, "A wild animal". The *First Dictionary* is a more modest production, but still clearly set out: the descriptions are briefer, the number of words included greater and more words are explained by definition, a less ambiguous method than that of the illustrative sentence. Thorpe's *Junior Dictionary* is a workmanlike guide to some 4,000 words for seven- to ten-year-olds. Each word is defined, pronunciation and examples of current use are generally given and allied words are grouped to assist spelling.

The teaching of French in primary schools is growing, and there are a number of bright dictionaries available for young children. Collins have just published an exuberant *Dictionary in French*, in the Dr. Seuss Beginner Book series; it is of limited use as a French dictionary, but, like so many children's reference books, it will awaken interest.

Junior Pears Encyclopaedia. 7th Edition. Editor: Edward Blishen. Pelham Books. 18s.

The Living World of Learning. Collins. 23s. 6d.

Picture Dictionary. Compiled by Lavinia Derwent. Burke. 25s.

First Dictionary. Compilers: John Trevaskis and Robin Hyman. Illustrated by John Sears Riley. Evans Brothers. 8s.

Junior Dictionary. Compiler: E. G. Thorpe. Heinemann Educational Books. 12s. 6d.

Beginner Book Dictionary in French. Compiler: Dr. Seuss. Collins. 18s. 6d.

BOOK CORNER

Andy Rockles and the Lion 8s 6d net

f.c.e. edition 7s 6d

Gog finds a Dog 7s 6d net

f.c.e. edition 5s 6d
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Two books in a series rapidly gaining popularity, each one an amusing story with especially original illustrations.

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BY ANY OTHER NAME

Is there such a thing as a literary critic? Now that there are one or two moves on foot to organize the critics it may be apposite to recall how evasive it really is. Literary criticism, yes: we are all willing enough to talk about that, or to classify books and articles under that heading (as themselves do in our contents table for two weeks). But remarkably few writers in this country care to label themselves critics. Where dramatic, music, art and film critics are prepared to stand up and be counted when it comes to dinner and be counted, maybe), most literary critics are shy.

There are good enough reasons. It is not at all easy, to start with, to decide who does and who does not qualify for the label. A distinction is often drawn between "critics" and "reviewers", but these categories can hardly be called mutually exclusive: while if there are also two rather simpler contrasts to be drawn within the amorphous critical body they are not much more helpful. Thus although it may not be so difficult on the one hand to distinguish between the academic or university critic-reviewer and the rest, and on the other to draw a line between the criticizing of literature (including, of course, works of criticism) and that of other types of book, these lines cut confusingly across one another. Nor is book reviewing anything like such a specialized craft as the four other kinds of criticism mentioned. It applies specialized knowledge, of course, but of such widely varying sorts that the only common factor is the knack of applying it: something that may be found in some specialists, and is itself hardly more specialized than the ability to write.

The fact is that for most of us criticism is a side-line, subsidiary in one way to other pursuits, literary or otherwise. And as soon as we confer to the title of critic we seem to be admitting failure in the activity we really care about: imagining ourselves with Sainte-Beuve rather than with Zola and Baudelaire or, to take local examples, Eliot and Virginia Woolf. It is a saving grace in English critics that they recognize this: even the most prolific of them would rather be known for his Interludes of original creativity than for his whole mound of critical studies and essays. English critics, did we say? But, with a handful of exceptions, we do not have critics: we have dons, novelists, civil servants, librarians, soldiers, schoolmasters, journalists, publishers, poets, ad-men, who find themselves writing, *faute de mieux*, about books.

Excellent as it is in one way that they should have this sense of criticism's inferiority, it does at the same time make it difficult to deal with their problems and interests as the more self-conscious critics of other countries. This becomes very clear as soon as one looks at the list of a committee which has just met in Paris to debate the question of an Association Internationale des Critiques Littéraires. The years ago there was a similar meeting of international critics' delegates in that city under the auspices of the French Syndicat de la Critique Littéraire; its proceedings, published two years later, are discussed in these columns on June 13, 1924, and March 26, 1925. Much the same group, meeting in Warsaw last year, decided to form the permanent Association whose activities have now been taken up by the committee for subscriptions printed, as yet unfixed for all their encounters with the French and Norwegian critics' organizations, were authoritatively represented, as were some of the East European Writers' Unions. But the only British participant to date was a somewhat fortuitously invited member of our staff.

The greater keenness of these continental critics also has very understandable reasons. To the East Europeans in particular all such formalizing of cultural contacts is of immense value, both to the individual and to the literary community, simply because if contacts are not formalized they cannot be made at all: a regrettable fact, but true. To the French, whose initiative started the operation, there is an obvious point in any international culturel organization which has its headquarters in Paris. To almost all other countries literary discussion is a positive pleasure. But what is the chance of the proposed association interesting the Anglo-Saxons? In this country at least we are reluctant critics, reluctant joiners, reluctant talkers on the kind of generalized theme endemic to such international meetings. Nor is there any kind of professional body here representing the interests of critics and/or reviewers, though the Society of Authors has lately begun to concern itself somewhat with their problems. Of course there are individuals who may be anxious to help the East Europeans to look outwards, or may appreciate a high French standard of discussion, or may quite simply enjoy meeting new people and seeing their own concerns illuminated from a fresh angle. But a critics' international would hardly strike most of us as the British cup of tea.

Possibly it is not (not that cups of tea have got us very far lately). But the question is not whether to form one at all; it is what to make of the Paris scheme. For the machinery is slowly turning over; and as and when another "colloque" is held such an international is going to be set up. It is unlikely to be very large or very lavish; it is difficult, for instance, to envisage the free transatlantic trips that some international bodies have been known to give. On the other hand the first "colloque" did seem to show that there are problems of common critical or professional relevance which can be discussed effectively within a fairly modest framework. Under the circumstances the association will surely be a less useful, as well as a less influential, body if the main literary countries and the main literary languages are not represented in some proportion to their importance.

This is not the kind of question that any official or collective organization in this country can deal with: it depends entirely on the interest shown by individuals. Would it perhaps be more acceptable to the individual if it catered for book critics rather than "literary" ones, or should it be an association "de la Critique" rather than "des Critiques"? Silly as such refinements may seem, it is not unimportant that the association, when it comes, should start off on the best possible foot.

Letters to the Editor

CANDID FRIENDS

Sir,—Your reviewer of my biography of Lytton Strachey (November 9), in exemplifying Strachey's tendency to exaggerate, was perhaps himself guilty of some exaggeration. The severe abridgment he made of Strachey's letter describing Lady Mary Wortley Montagu credits her with two tastes—intellect and lust—and with nothing more. It is apparently on the basis of this truncated quotation that Mr. Robert Halsband (November 23) finds a discrepancy between Strachey's published interpretation and private judgment of Lady Mary.

The full passage, in fact, explains something of Strachey's personal enthusiasm and motive for writing his long essay-review in *The Albany Review*. In the letter to Mr. Duncan Grant he described her as "a magnificent eighteenth-century lady, who wrote letters, and introduced inoculation into Europe. She was sublime, and no one knows it nowadays. I shall try and show that she was and how. She had only two tastes—intellect and lust. Imagine her pessimism! But her honesty and courage were equal to every emergency, and she never gave into anything or anybody, and died fighting. Great Lady Mary!"

MICHAEL HOLROYD.
8 Stanwick Road, West Kensington, London, W.14.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—I was comparing Strachey's comment about Lady Mary Wortley Montagu with what was written by Mr. Halsband (and interpreted by me) as a general observation about the misunderstanding of her by earlier writers. Had I known—as Mr. Halsband explains in his letter to you—that the remark carried hidden undertones against Edith Sitwell I should certainly not have used it.

ARTHUR WALEY

Sir,—The incredible story about Arthur Waley's papers disgusts and angers me. Without knowing any more facts, one can only ask at this stage why there was no official inquiry about this disgraceful affair. Is our public sense of values in England so diminished?

A. C. SCOTT,
Director, Asian Theatre Program,
The University of Wisconsin, 2201 University Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin 53706.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Sir,—While fully appreciating the judicious and finely balanced review of my book *William Morris: His Life, Work and Friends* of November 23, may I be allowed to correct two minor errors of fact in its concluding paragraph? The Morris family *did* virtually move to Kelmscott Manor in 1871. "I have been looking about for a house for the wife and kids", Morris wrote to Faulkner on May 17 of that year, "and whither do you guess my eye is turned now? Kelmscott, a little village about two miles above Radcott Bridge—a heaven on earth; an old stone Elizabethan house like Water Eaton. . . ." Morris was at that time still living in Bloomsbury, over his workshop, and did not take the house at Hammersmith until seven years later. Kelmscott was used at first principally as a summer residence for "the wife and kids" (and Rossetti). Morris himself only going down there on short visits.

On the other hand, the caption to plate 81 in my book should, of course, read "William Morris died at Kelmscott House"—not Kelmscott Manor. This is the only "careless error" that I have been able to discover among the captions to the eighty-two black-and-white illustrations.

PHILIP HENDERSON.
25 Christchurch Hill, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—For a family to "move" surely implies the removal of the home, not the acquisition of an additional, supplementary house. The impression given by the misleading caption is that the Morris family left London in 1871 and went to live at Kelmscott. This is not so. Mackail, quoted by Mr. Henderson, says that the family "removed from Queen Square" only towards the end of 1872. On November 25 Morris wrote, "I am going with Jenny tomorrow to look at a house in Hammersmith". The house they took—that remark carried hidden undertones against Edith Sitwell I should certainly not have used it.

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PHILIP HENDERSON.
25 Christchurch Hill, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—For a family to "move" surely implies the removal of the home, not the acquisition of an additional, supplementary house. The impression given by the misleading caption is that the Morris family left London in 1871 and went to live at Kelmscott. This is not so. Mackail, quoted by Mr. Henderson, says that the family "removed from Queen Square" only towards the end of 1872. On November 25 Morris wrote, "I am going with Jenny tomorrow to look at a house in Hammersmith". The house they took—that remark carried hidden undertones against Edith Sitwell I should certainly not have used it.

LORD READING

Sir,—With the greatest respect for Mr. Montgomery Hyde—several of whose books I have read with pleasure and profit—peer's sons are commoners; and Curzon was certainly born a commoner, even if he did have the courtesy style of "the Hon."

However, accepting Mr. Montgomery Hyde's non-legal definition of commoners as excluding one born heir to a peerage, perhaps he will accept the Marquess of Crewe as having been a commoner born, who reached the rank of marquess before Reading, or Curzon.

The late first, and last, Marquess of Crewe was born "plain Mr." Robert Milnes in 1858, five years before his father, Richard Monckton Milnes, M.P., was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton in 1863. Succeeding as second Lord Houghton in 1885, he became a marquess in 1911, antedating Curzon's marquessate by ten years and Reading's by fifteen.

K. GRAHAM THOMSON.
14 The Green, Bexleyheath, Kent.

VOTES FOR VICTORIANS

Sir,—In commenting upon my contribution to the Kitson Clark Festschrift your reviewer asks (October 26), "Can we really believe . . . that the 'primary concern' of Lord John Russell and those framing the Reform Bill of 1832 was 'to perpetuate the political preeminence of the landed interest and the hierarchical structure of English society'?" While he grants that such may have been the consequence he denies that such was the motive.

This is scarcely the place to try to resolve his confusions about the English class system, to try to explain how historical myths are created, or to discuss the specific provisions of the Bill which these myths and confusions have helped to obscure. But one quotation from Lord John Russell deserves another. In 1837 he said this to say:

> . . . at the time the Reform Bill passed, I stated my belief that it must necessarily give a preponderance to the landed interest; and, although it may be deemed that such a preponderance has been somewhat unduly given, I still think that a preponderance in favour of that interest tends to the stability of the general institutions of the country. It is my opinion that to frame a plan of reform which should give weight only to the large towns, to the exclusion of the great body of the landed interest, meaning by the term not merely the landlords, but the farmers and the tenants of the country, would be to introduce the elements of general disorder; and I cannot suppose but that those who would be thus unjustly deprived of their franchise would never rest quiet under that plan of government until they had, by every means, endeavoured to reinstate themselves in their due position in the country. (*Hansard*, 3rd ser., XXXIX, November 21, 1837, 107.)

D. C. MOORE.
Department of History, University of California, Los Angeles, California 90024.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—I do not think that this quotation used by Professor Moore deals with the point of difference between me and Russell's motive in pressing for franchise reform in 1832 was partly to enhance the dignity and responsibility of those possessing the vote. Indeed this is perfectly clear from Professor Moore's quotation. He was not interested in perpetuating any class system but he was interested in maintaining the independent point-of-view of the county elector. The "deferential behaviour" of the voter described in Professor Moore's chapter is precisely what he disliked and he would not have distinguished between a county or urban voter who was influenced by such a motive. Many years later he made this abundantly clear. Writing to John Bright about the general extension of the borough franchise (July 10, 1867) he said that this would introduce voters "of the most unfit class" who would be "dependent on their landlords and employers" and "open to the temptations of bribes and beer".

(*Other letters are on page 1172*)

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Reference Books

THE HARVEY ROUND REVISED

The Oxford Companion to English Literature. Edited by Sir Paul Harvey. Fourth Edition, revised by Dorothy Eagle. 961pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2 10s.

What do we know of Sir Paul Harvey? He is not in *D.N.B. 1941-50*. The preface to the latest edition of *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* tells us little more than that the book, first published in 1932, is now familiarly known to many readers simply as *Harvey*. The preface to *The Oxford Companion to French Literature* (1959), which he did not live to complete, speaks of his characteristic diffidence, the neat docketing of his material, and his fine graceful hand. From *Who Was Who* we learn that he was born in 1869 and christened Henry Paul; that he got a first in Greats at Oxford, was a civil servant and financial adviser to the Egyptian government, and became a K.C.M.G.; that, besides the original *Harvey*, he compiled *The Oxford Companion to Classical Literature* (1937); and that he died in 1948. There is nothing, beyond the fact of his companions, to suggest that he was peculiarly qualified to become, as an encyclopedist, a household word. What *The Times* thought of him was only revealed to purchasers of early copies: his obituary notice was crowded out of the London editions.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase of "encyclopedia" was "the round of learning". If Harvey wore his round with diffidence, it was nevertheless as all-embracing as that of an eighteenth-century encyclopedist. The equipment with which he started out was his classical education and a breadth of intellectual curiosity that would have seemed less exceptional in the eighteenth century than it does today.

"This volume", he wrote in 1932, "will serve its purpose if it proves a useful companion to ordinary everyday readers of English literature." The ordinary everyday reader is as elusive as the common man. Harvey belonged to a generation, perhaps the last, in which the average educated gentleman, though failing memory might send him to reference books, had a mind stored with English and classical literature, and with the histories, philosophies, mythologies and arts of many countries and many ages. Harvey wrote for a generation and a posterity whose horizon of knowledge progressively expands with the sciences but is contracted, not least in the arts and humanities, by specialization. What was familiar to the common reader, even as lately as 1932, is less widely familiar in 1967.

The English literature companion was the first of a series to come out of Oxford. It differs from its successors—French, American, classical—in the width of its horizons. The later companions confine themselves to the cultures named in their titles. *Harvey* takes in French, American, classical and all other cultures to which the everyday English reader may find allusions as he explores his own literature. Uncle Toby rubs shoulders with Uncle Tom, the Montagues and Capulets with Montaigne, the Greek Calends with the Grecian Urn, the fecund Ops with the fecund Mrs. Opie, while Boanerges and Boccaccio, Vedi and Vega, Zadig and Zeno, all mingle in the Harvey round.

This catholicism, this true encyclopedism, is of immeasurable benefit, but carries one disadvantage. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the compilers of more narrowly horizoned companions have had one distinct advantage over Harvey and his reviser, Mrs. Dorothy Eagle—the advantage of greater elbow-room. It is easier to find space for individual works of Whittier or Poe when none at all need be reserved for Pope or Wither, or for Werther or La Pompadour.

In any encyclopedia, inclusion and exclusion must be matters of personal judgment. So must be the assessment, or reassessment, of the length of entry appropriate to a given author or work, a length as often determined by the author's reputation as by the number of his works. And assessment of reputation cannot but contain some element of subjective criticism. Harvey set out to record "facts—especially dates", "Original literary appreciation is not attempted", he wrote, "and comments verging on aesthetic criticism are intended to give rather a conventional view. . . . Contemporary judgment is notoriously fickle and tends to be impassioned."

He never showed himself impassioned, and if his sympathies were sometimes less than perfect they were appropriate to a conventional sexagenarian between the wars. He could be mildly disapproving or admonitory. He disliked what he took to be social or intellectual pretentiousness, finding in Osbert Sitwell, "even" outside his satires, "a faint suggestion of the superior intellect observing the inferior". Of *Ulysses* he wrote:

> The work is marked in parts by . . . a realism that spares the reader neither the sordid nor the obscene. It has, however, been regarded by some intellectuals as the most important novel of modern times.

These assertions are incontrovertible, but in context somewhat loaded. The only modification Harvey lived to make was the replacement of "obscene" by "indecent", and that was some time after a United States judge had ruled that *Ulysses* was not obscene, and after the book had become fully available and more or less respectable in Britain.

Harvey also maintained to the end, with similarly loaded accuracy, that "many readers may be repelled by the studies of homosexuality in which [Proust's] work abounds". Nor, besides his brief entries on Proust and Joyce, did he devote separate analytical entries to *A la recherche* and *Ulysses*, as Mrs. Eagle, with enlarged sympathies, now feels able to do. (Mrs. Eagle even spares two lines to Joyce's Garryowen in the list of "Dogs famous in History, Myth and Fiction"). *Aproposito*, John Cleland now makes his first bow in *Harvey*, though there is no separate entry analysing or criticizing the adventures of Fanny Hill.

Mrs. Eagle's task has been to bring *Harvey*, last revised by Harvey himself in his seventy-eighth year (1946), up to date. The greater part of the book she has, as she says, revised with a very light hand. It is a tribute to a great encyclopedist that so little has called for change. Some revisions have been necessary to catch up with modern scholarship—Shakespeare, for example, and Stonehenge—and here and there references have been added to recent biographies or editions, though a little arbitrarily: Cecil Y. Lang's six volumes of Swinburne's letters, 1959-62, are noted, but not Gordon S. Haight's seven volumes of George Eliot's letters, 1954-56. Dates as recent as the death of John Masefield are recorded. A few wrong or doubtful dates have slipped by—was Sean O'Casey born in 1884 (*Harvey*) or in 1880 (the Clarendon Press's *Annals of English Literature*)? Some questionable assertions are repeated from earlier editions, such as that Byron's first published book, *Hours of Idleness*, was "at first named *Juvenilia*"; *Hours of Idleness* was an enlargement of two collections of poems already privately printed as *Fugitive Pieces* and *Poems on Various Occasions*. The sonnet Shelley named simply "Ozymandias" is given its *Golden Treasury* title, "Ozymandias of Egypt". *October and Other Poems* was not the title of the privately printed Robert Bridges volume of 1914. But slips like this are rare.

The principal changes since the 1946 edition are designed to bring into fresh focus the elderly and the lately dead, and to introduce newcomers. Osbert Sitwell is treated with more respect, Proust and Joyce, Gide and Croce, with greater understanding. T. S. Eliot is promoted from half a dozen lines of booklist in 1946 to a column-length appreciation in which he is hailed as "a major figure in English literature since the 1920s" and as "the Arnold of the twentieth century". With all these writers it may be that Harvey distrusted as fickle the reputations they had achieved among readers younger than he was. And the same applies to some surprisingly late comers: only now, under Mrs. Eagle's *Imprimatur*, have been admitted Kierkegaard, Bertrand Russell and Ezra Pound.

With yet younger reputations the reviser has had to risk her contemporary judgment. It were invidious to speculate what names she may have considered only to reject, but among her new entrants are Graham Greene and C. P. Snow, Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell, Hugh MacDiarmid and Archibald Macleish, Benjamin Britten and John Betjeman, Edmund Wilson and F. R. Leavis, Nehru and Ngaio Marsh, Existentialism finds recognition, and so does the Arts Council.

All this new growth has necessarily increased the bulk of *Harvey*, but there have been partially compensating cuts. Drink plays a part in English literature, as in English life.

> O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsop, Bass!

Names that should be on every infant's tongue

The original *Harvey* quoted these lines, familiar to all the compiler's generation. Under which of Mrs. Eagle's guiding principles did Harvey himself later drop them?—either the subject matter [the beer?] had become too well known, or if [the quotation?] had gone out of currency". Now the brief entries for Bass and Guinness, Sherry and Port Wine, Claret and Curaçao, have been filtered out, though Falstaff's Sack and Horace's Falernian, long out of circulation except in the cultured memory, have slipped through Mrs. Eagle's strainer. Other names and other notions, only marginal to English literature, will be missed (Nosey Parker and the Doldrums), as well as currently disvalued reputations (Paul Morand and Edna Ferber).

There may be a lesson to be learnt from Mrs. Eagle's weedings and prunings. Is *Harvey* the less valuable for the disappearance of the Doldrums and Nosey Parker? Are these not to be found in the book of the phrases and fables of the estimable Brewer? Are not Morand and Miss Ferber adequately celebrated in the Oxford companions to French and American literature? Now that we have called the more narrowly horizoned companions are well on the way to becoming household words, even household necessities, and the other alien cultures could be similarly served, there might be something to be said for a more insular companion, with more British writers and writings, and fewer marginal notions comprehended in the Harvey round. Meanwhile Mrs. Eagle deserves the highest credit for the skill, judgment and scholarship with which she has modernized a classic.

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LARGE, WIDE AND USEFUL

The Random House Dictionary of the English Language. 2,059pp. Collins. £10 10s.

The Random House Dictionary weighs approximately 4.3 kilograms as against the 3.7 kilograms of the *Shorter Oxford* and the 1.4 kilograms of *Webster's Collegiate*. What it contains is: on the end papers a family tree of Indo-European languages; conversion tables and foreign alphabets; inside, signs and symbols of various disciplines and ploys, including music and religion; a directory of colleges and universities throughout the world, including mainland China; minimal dictionaries of English-French, Spanish, Italian, German and vice-versa; a brief guide to punctuation and manuscript preparation; forms of address for the United States; a bibliography of major reference works (unavoidably arbitrary in some respects but the basic stuff is there); major dates in world history (correspondence between this and the main dictionary is not absolute, even in forms of names); then through constitutions, charters, states, to an atlas and gazetteer. In addition, and indeed, principally, there is a list of words in alphabetical order.

This list includes, the ordinary matter of a modern popular dictionary. It has its prejudices: the classic four-letter words are omitted, but some surprising longer ones are there. It is well up to date with *laser* and *maser* and *gluon* and *Strop system*, but wouldn't be enough help in reading Chaucer, let alone Shakespeare. The pronunciation system, a simple and adequate. The occasional pictures and diagrams are helpful and so may be the synonyms and antonyms. There are neat minimal etymologies but no dates.

Even with the encyclopedia material this list obviously doesn't account for the weight, and how it is made up is by the inclusion of words and phrases not generally found in dictionaries proper. Some random selections will give the idea: After from, *prep.*, comes Froma, a girl's given name, *fromage*, French for cheese, Fromentin, Eugene, fromenty, *From Here to Eternity*, and Fromm, Erich. gotten, a p.p. of get, is followed by Göttingen, Gütterdämmerung, Gottlieb, Adolphe and *Gott mit uns*. After Maenad comes Maenalus, Maeon, Maera, M.Aer.E., and *Maesta Altar*, a polyptych by Duccio in Siena. Thus this list of words is not only what we normally call a dictionary but also a gazetteer, a list of abbreviations, a companion to art, literature, history, mythology—in short, a dictionary and encyclopedia combined.

Obviously in so massive a compilation some sections are better and more useful than others, and among the least useful sections are likely to be the foreign dictionaries. They are necessarily too short to facilitate reading or translation of any but the simplest texts. They are obviously embedded in this huge volume, unavailable for handy reference when travelling. With respect one might suggest that these pages could have been more profitably used, perhaps by a brief dictionary of quotations or by a special list of older words or an extended list of the common foreign phrases, of which the main dictionary is undeniably short. Then English readers are unlikely to find much purpose in the global list of universities, though something of the kind seems to be obligatory in American reference books. The table of Indo-European languages is an excellent inclusion (though "Yiddish" under High Germanic perhaps demands a footnote), and so is the list of signs and symbols: this omits, however, road signs, Morse and semaphore alphabets (but in the big Larousse) and mathematical symbols.

Taking the volume as a whole, what it provides is an adequate, if necessarily simplified explanation of almost everything an intelligent and curious English-language reader is probably secondary but not tertiary education is likely to find on a printed page. For those prepared to add a Random House Dictionary Reading Desk to their furniture, it might well prove to be the most useful single-volume reference book at present available, and, indeed, better ones at comparable prices. It could, incidentally, to be the first dictionary prepared with the help of computers.

History

THE COMMERCIAL REVOLUTION

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This thesis, erected on a strongly-drawn contrast between pre and post-Revolution economic policy, is repeatedly underlined by reference to the changes which took place between 1641 and 1688. In agrarian relations "the Middle Ages were brought to an end in 1646 by the abolition of feudal tenures and the Court of Wards"; the Long Parliament was "a turning point" in the history of enclosures; and the strict settlement of landed property, essential to the recovery of aristocratic families, evolved during the Interregnum. In external trade, colonial and foreign policy, "the end of the Middle Ages in England came in 1650-51"; 1641 marked the end of the Middle Ages in internal trade; between 1640 and 1675 the City of London "came to know the three essential features of the banks . . . to take deposits, to discount bills, and to issue notes"; and the joint-stock companies enjoyed "full freedom" only after 1688 when governments accepted the principle of non-intervention with private property. The Interregnum saw equally crucial changes in manufactures. The central government lost its power to grant monopolies; the increase in lower class purchasing power "meant a break-through"; the emergence of the poor "as a class" dates from the revolutionary decades. In the field of government finance the changes were no less striking: the excise and the land tax "end the Middle Ages" in finance; "modern history in the sphere of government borrowing begins in 1694". Aristocratic privileges are eroded, protestant dissenters are firmly established, public education goes downhill after the brief glory of the 1650s, the history of the press as a fourth estate begins—all between 1641 and 1688.

Besides this vigorously argued interpretation Mr. Hill's readers will find many useful examples and summaries. He quotes P. Mathias's point that manufactures may be seen more significantly as processing the harvest than as something divorced from it. The relation of employer to employee was more often that of debtor to creditor than one expressed by wage payments. After 1660 the state had a dual function: "war and order". Drake's excommunication of his chaplain "out of the church and from all the graces and benefits thereof" is worth many paragraphs on the subordination of clergy to gentry in Elizabethan England.

But while Mr. Hill's gift for apt quotation is as striking as ever, it can lead to problems. When is the quotation intended as illustration, when as proof? Historians should take account of what contemporaries said was happening, but they should also ask why they wrote thus. Assertions that "the mean and beggarly", having little to lose, naturally joined the Independents, or nostalgic comparisons between the unhappy (Restoration) present, and the glorious (Interregnum) past, may not be passionless documentary. It may indeed be argued whether the 1650s were quite as revolutionary as Mr. Hill argues. The Navigation Acts were foreshadowed in much earlier legislation, particularly the 1622 attempt to make the Baltic an English trading preserve. Manufacturers enjoyed freer growth in the revolutionary decades, but this was only partly because the government had then lost its capacity and will to regulate: industrial growth in the countryside and in the non-corporate towns was as important. And even granted the intention of pre-1641 governments to restrict and regulate economic growth, their effectiveness depended upon an unpaid and wilful executive, the Justices of the Peace, as the history of enclosure had shown well before the symbolic 1656 Bill.

Other objections could be made. Did eighteenth-century Justices "naturally" share the outlook of the employing class in industrial disputes? Was "a hatred of cruelty" a noticeable by-product of the sixteenth-century protestant national myth? The impressively proletarian roll-call of Marian martyrs would be considerably diluted if one included the gentry who alone had the means to flee abroad in the 1550s. The treatment of witchcraft suffers from its lack of reference to recent work on this subject; though a footnote warns that Margaret Murray's *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe* should "be used with caution", the text draws heavily upon it.

This work is clearly intended for the sixth form and undergraduate audience, and Mr. Hill's intention is clearly to provoke them into argument. "The destruction of the royal bureaucracy in 1640-41 can be regarded as the most decisive single event in the whole of British history"; "the civil war which began with a revolt of the nobles ended with a struggle between opposed social classes"; the various dates given for the end of the Middle Ages in its several aspects; the whole interpretation of the relationship between early modern, and modern English history—there is clearly no lack of controversial matter here; Mr. Hill has fulfilled an important function of a good general history.

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Robert Maxwell

THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION

ROGER FULFORD: *The Trial of Queen Caroline.* 255pp. Batsford. £2 2s.
LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL: *Caroline, the Unhappy Queen.* 173pp. Robert Hale. 30s.

It is a great tribute to Queen Victoria that she was able to recover the respectability of the British monarchy after the hammering it received from the events described in these two books. Indeed, it is perhaps to the loose behaviour of the royal family in George IV's generation that we owe Victoria's reaction into rectitude. Such rectitude was certainly not universal among other European sovereigns in what we call the Victorian age.

Mr. Roger Fulford's book is the first in a series of historic trials placed in their context, and as such it concentrates for some two-thirds of its length on a blow by blow account of the proceedings before the House of Lords in 1820: as a forensic parade they have few equals in English history. Of the four leading counsel two were future Lord Chancellors, one was to be Master of the Rolls, and another Lord Chief Justice. The two first mentioned appeared for Queen Caroline, which suggests the view that the importance of the proceedings as a platform for furthering the careers of learned counsel engaged was greater than their usefulness in arriving at the truth. The sittings were presided over by one of the most distinguished Lord Chancellors, Eldon, who perhaps comes better than anyone else out of this miserable affair.

For despite its grand setting, miserable affair it was. The exalted rank of the parties makes the actual matters discussed—the key-hole stories of servants, the fickle mob, the Turkish belly-dancer, the whiskery baron of doubtful provenance who was alleged to be Caroline's lover—even more seamy than they otherwise would be. The whole business went on for no fewer than forty-three days.

Lord Russell of Liverpool's account is in one sense—and one sense only—more balanced than Mr. Fulford's, in that its object is to describe the whole of Caroline's career, incidentally, to be the first dispassionate—and not only to Caroline—were unpardonable, and the sobriquet of "First Gentleman" was, surely, never so ill-deserved. The picture of him as "a man of taste and intellect", and "kind-hearted", is a very incomplete account of his character. He was deeply self-centred and the trial on which both these books concentrate is a monument to his selfish lack of judgment. As for kindness, no man who behaved as he did to Caroline or Mrs. Fitzherbert could be called kind-hearted.

Mr. Fulford gives us the plumage and the period; Lord Russell rather too much of the dying bird. Mr. Fulford's is the better book, but (as is unusual in these sad cases of literary twins) Lord Russell's is a useful corrective to Mr. Fulford's love of courtliness.

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Slavery

HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY: *Sins of the Fathers.* A Study of the Atlantic Slave Traders, 1441-1807. 296pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2 2s.

The modern African slave trade can be said to have begun in the middle of the fifteenth century when the Portuguese (who discovered the West coast of Africa) first began shipping Africans back to Portugal and domestic slavery. It was, however, the discovery of the Americas that boosted the trade and gave it its transatlantic character. In the lowland agricultural areas of the New World the available Amerindian labour force was singularly ill-equipped for work on plantations and the Amerindian was in any case soon to be afforded some measure of protection by both Church and State against indiscriminate exploitation. From the beginning of the sixteenth century, therefore, Africans were forcibly removed to Spain's Caribbean islands and, on a much bigger scale, to the Portuguese colony of Brazil, where they were primarily engaged in the cultivation of sugar, over the centuries the crop most responsible for the death and suffering of Africans in an alien continent. From the middle of the seventeenth century, when the British, the French and the Dutch acquired colonies in the American tropics, the trade progressively expanded until tens of thousands of African men, women and children—as many as 75,000 at the end of the eighteenth century—were being transported annually across the Atlantic under the most appalling conditions. Estimates vary wildly, but over 350 years—the period of the transatlantic slave trade—perhaps as many as 15 million Africans were delivered into slavery and several million more died in transit. It was one of the greatest movements of population in history. It was also one of the greatest crimes (although it is important to remember that until the nineteenth century the slave trade was perfectly legal). Certainly, as Mr. Pope-Hennessy, a travel writer and biographer of high reputation and the author of this new book on the trade and the traders, asserts, the buying, selling and shipping of negroes was "the cruellest form the business of making money has yet found".

Mr. Pope-Hennessy is not much concerned with the exact size of the slave trade, nor the precise tribal origins of the African slaves, nor even the significance of the trade in the economic history of West Africa, western Europe or the Americas: for him statistics are "resolutely unevocative", ethnology is "a dullish subject", and he finds ships' books of lading "unilluminating". Nor does he offer more than superficial observations on such vexed questions as whether the traders of some nations treated slaves better than others (the Dutch the worst ? the Portuguese the best ?) and how far slavery as it was known in Africa differed from chattel slavery as it developed in America (in writing of the "happy, limited life of the African villages", of "people made for happiness and leisure", and "the warm hearts and happy minds of the West African negro communities", he is surely expressing an overromantic view of West African societies before they were totally disrupted by the slave trade). He does raise, although on the whole he fails to answer, the central problem of how a society—even the enlightened members of that society—justified and managed to live for so long with an evil of such dimensions as the transatlantic slave trade. His main purpose, however, is a more straightforward one: to recreate the realities of slave trading on the West African coast and on the Atlantic, both for the trader and for the slave. In this he succeeds admirably. His accounts of how slaves were captured, taken to the coast, herded in barracoons (human warehouses), branded, sold and eventually embarked, are both vivid and harrowing. The horrors of the "middle passage"—the overcrowding, the stench, the bestial punishments and sexual assaults, the sickness and death—are no less vividly described. Nor did arrival in an American port bring much relief for the wretched Africans. As Captain (later the Reverend) John Newton wrote: "the conditions of the unhappy slaves is a continual progress from bad to worse." Handled and inspected like cattle, they were now auctioned or subjected to the disgusting practice known as "sale by scramble". Of the slaves then transferred to the sugar, cotton and tobacco plantations—the majority—those who survived what was euphemistically called "acclimatisation" could look forward to a life of hard labour and in most cases an early death.

In compiling this "catalogue of horrors", Mr. Pope-Hennessy has drawn heavily upon what he calls "the more vibrant sources" (all of them well known and frequently used by historians): the memoirs and journals of European slave traders and ex-traders such as Willem Bosman, John and James Barbot, Nicholas Owen and John Newton, the information gathered by early abolitionists like Anthony Benezet and Thomas Clarkson, and evidence submitted to the Select Committee of the House of Commons looking into the slave trade in 1790-91. He also makes good use of two accounts by ex-slaves—Ottobah Cugoano and Olaudah Equiano (Gustavus Vassa)—both published at the end of the eighteenth century, and the diary of Antera Duke, an African slave trader of Bonny. Despite his feeling of outrage at the way in which Africans were treated, Mr. Pope-Hennessy makes no attempt to avoid the unpleasant truth that throughout the history of the slave trade the European slave traders were aided and abetted by African middlemen in return for firearms, spirits and cheap, shoddy merchandise. In attempting to assess the extent of African "guilt", however, he rightly observes that "it was the European traders who assiduously taught Africans to sell other Africans" and that had there been no buyers neither would there have been sellers.

This is, of course, by no means the first popular history of the slave trade. Only four years ago there appeared *Black Cargoes: A History of the Atlantic Slave Trade, 1518-1865* by Daniel Mannix and Malcolm Cowley, in many ways a more satisfactory history, better organized, more comprehensive and, indeed, more informative. What puts Mr. Pope-Hennessy's book in a different league from *Black Cargoes*, however, is, first, the quality of the writing and, second, the personal involvement of the author. It is more than a history of the Atlantic slave trade: it is as much an account of how exposure to the history of the trade affected the author. Mr. Pope-Hennessy not only steeped himself in the contemporary literature of the trade, but he also visited the scenes of the crimes he describes—the Deep South, the West Indian islands and, most evocative of the trade, the old West African slave centres such as Cape Coast Castle, Bonny, Old Calabar and Elmina (the latter was Portuguese until 1637 and Dutch until 1872 when it was handed over to the author's grandfather, then Administrator of the British West African Settlements).

One comment that should be made is that the book deals almost exclusively with the trade carried on by English and American traders from the Guinea Coast to the British West Indies and the American South, which is already the best known aspect of the trade. There is little to be learnt here about its French, Spanish or Portuguese branches. The Portuguese slave trade, for example, from the Congo, Angola and the East African coast to Brazil (which alone imported between a quarter and a third of all slaves transported across the Atlantic) is almost totally neglected. Moreover, the author ends with Britain's abolition of the slave trade at the beginning of the nineteenth century (and without going too deeply into the complex question of why Britain took such a course of action). However, abolition by Britain, even though half the trade was by that time in British hands, by no means brought the transatlantic slave trade to an end. On the contrary, it reached an all-time peak during the late 1840s and two of its branches, the Cuban and the Brazilian, continued into the second half of the nineteenth century. It is even possible that more slaves were transported across the Atlantic—illegally for the most part—during the nineteenth than during the eighteenth century. And it is frequently argued that the character of the trade actually worsened once it became illegal. This nineteenth-century slave trade Mr. Pope-Hennessy has decided to ignore.

A final comment is called for on the book's title and the quotation from which it is taken: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. . . ." There is no doubt that current interest in slavery and the slave trade derives to some extent from a desire to understand the historical origins of modern racial violence. The author claims that such violence is "our direct, our sullen legacy from the Atlantic slave trade". But this statement leaves unanswered too many questions and, in particular, the fundamental one of why race relations in some former slave societies are so much worse than in others. It certainly seems unjust that those most under attack from the descendants of African slaves should be not the descendants of slave traders and slave owners and those who connived at slavery and the slave trade, whether in Europe, the Caribbean, the American South or Brazil, but whites in Northern American cities whose ancestors for the most part either fought to abolish slavery or who, as late nineteenth-century immigrants, had nothing whatsoever to do with it.

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THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION

ARTHUR ZILVERSMIT: *The First Emancipation: The Abolition of Slavery in the North.* 262pp. University of Chicago Press. £2 12s.

ELBERT B. SMITH: *The Death of Slavery.* The United States, 1837-65. The Chicago History of American Civilization series. Edited by Daniel J. Boorstin. 225pp. University of Chicago Press. 37s. 6d.

HERBERT S. KLEIN: *Slavery in the Americas.* A Comparative Study of Virginia and Cuba. 270pp. Published for the Institute of Race Relations by Oxford University Press. £2 8s.

It is understandable that the development of Black Power as a political force in the United States should run parallel to a vigorous interest in the preceding centuries of Negro impotence: past experience can explain the origins of present attitudes. The barbarities committed by slaveholders and defenders of the system provide an inexhaustible source of illustrations of man's inhumanity, so that one can only share in the "anger and shame" expressed by Richard Pares, at the close of a life devoted to the study of slave societies, in the contemplation of white achievements made possible by black suffering. Only too often, both in Europe and America, an enlightened civilization was sustained by slave quarters and plantation profits, giving rise to a moral contradiction which historians cannot ignore.

Slavery is indefensible, but it is not therefore more easily explicable. To assume that morality distinguished abolitionists from slaveholders is to project the simple fervour of Garrison and Weld into the twentieth century, to overlook the influence of economic and social considerations, and to ignore the willingness of those committed to the destruction of slavery to maintain an equally firm belief in Negro inferiority. We know that Professor Zilversmit's account of the elimination of slavery in the Northern States is a prelude not to the establishment of liberty and equality but to the restrictions and prejudice described in Professor Litwack's *North of Slavery*. This did not, however, provide the first emancipators with an easy and unopposed task. In New York and New Jersey powerful interests resisted abolition, and, as Professor Zilversmit makes clear, insistence that freed Negroes should not become a social or economic burden on the community formed a major impediment to manumission. To an extent this may have represented a tactical move on the part of pro-slavery elements, but more probably it indicated a genuine fear of the consequences of dismantling a system of racial control.

Professor Zilversmit has examined in detail a relatively limited aspect of slavery. His task, though well executed, was simple in comparison with that undertaken by Professor Smith. Attempting to write a history of the United States between 1837 and 1865 in the space of 200 pages for that elusive audience "the general reader" is to court disaster. Professor Smith can be said to have suffered a near escape. Towards the end of his period the narrative of events virtually collapses, so that matters of some importance, such as the presidential election of 1864, pass unmentioned. As a biographer of Thomas Hart Benton, Professor Smith recognizes the significance of Missouri politicians: Benton and the Blairs possess more index entries than does Lincoln. In other fields his touch is less certain, but British readers may discern the presence of Cornewall Lewis and Captain Charles Elliot under variant spellings. The need for selection and compression obviously renders this kind of book open to easy criticism. Let it be said, therefore, that Professor Smith gives a much better account of the consequences of the Mexican War than of the causes of the conflict between the North and the South.

In an American context Southern slavery was "the peculiar institution" but the system also flourished in the possessions of Britain, France, Spain and Portugal. It has been suggested in recent years that the lot of the slave differed widely according to the nationality of the taskmasters, and that Anglo-American practice contrasted most unfavourably with the humane regulations of Latin America. Professor Klein has attempted to demonstrate the force of this argument by undertaking a comparative study of conditions in Virginia and Cuba. He finds that the presence of the Spanish Crown and the Catholic Church provided institutional restraints on the treatment of Cuban slaves that were almost totally absent in Virginia. In consequence, Anglo-American bondage reduced the Negro to a condition of potentially hostile property, while Hispanic policies accorded recognition and protection to the slave's rights as a human being.

The theory of Iberian slavery would seem preferable to that of the South, and it may be that it proved more tolerable in practice. Unfortunately Professor Klein bases his comparison on such wild generalizations that confidence in the reliability of his judgment is largely destroyed. He believes that "with little exaggeration it has been claimed that the colonial history of Virginia is merely the story of tobacco", and is entranced by the good fortune of the Cubans. "Life was indeed rich and varied for the urban slaves", "the African Negro slave lived in a rich world of economic opportunity which "left them with a rich industrial heritage". This is the language of advertising, not of scholarship.

Objections to Professor Klein's study cannot be confined to these verbal excesses. Both his acceptance and employment of basic assumptions must be questioned. Agreement with Professor Stanley M. Elkins's argument that Virginia slave codes were created by "pure" capitalists, requires the demolition of Professor Eugene D. Genovese's diagnosis of Southern problems as those of a pre-capitalistic society. The relationship of institutional restraints and the treatment accorded slaves is far from established. Professor Elsa Govein, in commenting upon an article by Professor Klein which compared Anglican and Catholic attitudes to slaves, rejected the notion of an autonomous religious influence. Her criticism has been unwisely ignored. *Slavery in the Americas* is inadequate in its methodology, use of the findings of other historians, employment of language, and proof. Its conclusions are unsatisfactory, and its differing systems of slavery still awaits accurate assessment, if it be possible to select from a choice of evils.

An entirely new edition of *The Times Atlas of the World* has just been published. It is a comprehensive edition in one volume based on the maps of the five-volume Mid-Century edition. The maps have been redrawn to take account of political changes and the latest geographical information. Among new features are preliminary sections on space and space exploration, star charts and a double-page map of the moon; world maps of energy, food and strategic mineral resources; geographical and demographical statistics.

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COMMENTARY

Last Exit to Brooklyn case result in the end of another chapter in the never-ending conflict over literary censorship in Britain. Since the Obscene Publications Act, 1959, and its use in 1960, when the Public Prosecutor lost over *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, there has been a counter-reformation, a special campaign run by those who succeeded that the Act opened the floodgates wider to the dissemination of pornography. *Lolita* and one or two other publicized works were allowed through; but with *Fanny Hill* in 1964 the authorities used the alternative method of bookshop seizure and the Director of Public Prosecutions' procedure designed to deal with the very real menace of organized pornographic pulp "literature" from America. This effectively forced a full-dress attack on the publishers in a jury case. It disturbed the book world, for it reduced the liberal gains of the 1959 Act, by which author or publisher could bring expert witnesses to testify to a book's merits, as Penguin Books had done with *Lady Chatterley*.

Meanwhile a private committee, with some clerical support, had been formed to strengthen the law against obscenity, and in 1964 the Conservative Government passed an amending Act. This made it an offence to publish an obscene book on sale, even if it had not been sold, and—alarming to publishers—a book was deemed to be published if in the possession of someone who might reasonably be expected to issue it. An unpublished manuscript could be found in a publisher's office. An attempt by the Society of Authors and others to insert a clause in the Act making compulsory the prosecution of the publisher and not a bookseller was unsuccessful.

Another generally unexpected use by the "counter-reformers" of the 1959 Act was Sir Cyril Black's private prosecution of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* under the forfeiture procedure, following the refusal of the Attorney General, after obtaining advice, to take action. The success of the private prosecution led to the official one, but clearly Mr. Roy Jenkins, the Home Secretary, who as an Opposition backbencher had been primarily responsible for piloting through the 1959 Act, did not approve of this form of attack. The recent Criminal Justice Act now contains a clause, which he inserted last spring, making a private prosecution possible only against the publisher (or author).

This is how the law stands now, but the *Last Exit* condemnation does mark a shift in the climate of opinion. It has now been shown that a jury may convict in the face of a procession of expert defence witnesses, although the fact that it took five and a half hours to reach its verdict indicates its difficulty. Further, both in the magistrate's court and at the Old Bailey, for the first time the book world was openly divided, though the weight of opinion was clearly against conviction.

Possibly many who share the jury's view that the effect of *Last Exit* was not only to disgust—evident enough to anyone who has read the book—but also likely to "deprave and corrupt" will have an uneasy feeling that the verdict may encourage vigilante-ism and lengthen the shadow of literary censorship; a shadow no less real for often being invisible. The publisher with a "doubtful" manuscript is now more likely to play for safety and turn it down. The recent case provides no guide to the uncertain transition from disgust to depravity, and no publisher will equably risk a scale of penalties and costs as imposed on Calder and Boyars, whom prosecuting counsel went out of his way to describe as "publishers of the highest repute". The *Last Exit* case settles nothing, and leaves an uncomfortable taste in the mouth not less than the nasty one first incurred by Sir Cyril Black and his backers.

* * *

Anyone both literate and low-paid, a common enough condition, will have been noticing for some time that even the thinner paperbacks are no longer the easy impulse buy they once were, while the big fat ones have long been as inaccessible as hardbacks. This is sad for people who like books to line their walls as well as their minds, since the paperback is presumably the trade's last word in cheapness—or is there a Backless revolution yet to come ?

As prices go up more readers will find that it is a library or nothing, which makes it important that the impatient, the remote and the lazy should know about the Paperback Postal Library, a bright derivative of The Armchair Book Service, run from the seaside by Michael Hosking (46-47 The Strand, Deal). Subscribers to this cheerful, other-directed service can pay four, five or seven guineas according to their appetite for paperbacks; at the top rate, which can be stepped up by private arrangement, they get four books a fortnight, post free.

They are also entitled to ask for any paperback in print, which means, according to the figures given in Whitaker's latest edition of *Paperbacks in Print*, published a few days ago, that they can choose from 28,125 titles—this works out at a little over 300 years' reading for seven-guinea subscribers. But no one's reading rate will ever catch up with the increase in the total number of available paperbacks, which has gone up by 3,000 in the past six months and by nearly 6,000 in a year. Like other revolutions this one seems to have turned from a qualitative into a quantitative phenomenon, with less and less discussion of who is being helped to read what.

* * *

Scholars who have nightmares about other scholars will probably give a guarded welcome to *Shakespearean Research Opportunities*—its second issue has recently appeared from the University of California at Riverside. The journal aims to list what everyone is up to in the field of Shakespeare studies, and thus forestall the agonies of duplicated effort. It invites "summaries of progress, or diagnostic or prognostic surveys . . . in short, any material, not necessarily in finished or fully-documented form, of a heuristic or research-stimulating kind". Many Shakespearians, though fascinated to hear what their colleagues have been brewing all these years, may well be somewhat nervous at the prospect of their "summaries of progress" stimulating someone else's doctorate; it is no surprise that the list published in SRO's current number contains some fairly gnomic synopses.

There are reports from 196 scholars; 127 are from the United States and the rest come from fourteen different countries including the Philippines and Israel. The most popular texts for study are *Hamlet* and *King Lear*; the least popular *Timon of Athens* and *Two Gentlemen from Verona*. The actual work in progress ranges from the ambitious and obvious to the frankly marginal: "The Dearth of Corn in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*" sounds fairly desperate and so does a promised "Examination of prompt books of Victorian actresses of Shakespeare, with a view to determining how their (and Victorian) attitudes towards life coloured their conceptions of Shakespeare's women characters". It is too early to scoff, of course—who knows what nuggets might emerge ? All the same, we cannot help feeling grateful that, thanks to SRO, only one excited head is likely to be buried in those prompt books, that only one keen student is pursuing parallels between *Othello* and *Volpone* (sic) on the grounds that "a comparative analysis of character, theme and staging shows similarities which suggest some sort of cooperative interaction between Shakespeare and Jonson".

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from a review published anonymously in the TLS on November 29, 1917

JOHN KEATS: His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After Fame. By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN.

It is just thirty years since Sir Sidney Colvin contributed to the already famous series of "English Men of Letters" his biography of Keats, a most delightful little book worthy of its place beside the Johnson and Pope of Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mark Pattison's Milton, and his own Landor. Since the publication the student, the critic, and the editor have probably devoted as much attention to Keats in any of our nineteenth-century poets; interesting additions have been made to the body of his poetry and to our knowledge, both of the sources of his inspiration and of his growth as an artist, and to the general development of his mind and art; and it was clear that this fresh material would be taken into account, and Sir Sidney Colvin was obviously of all men most qualified for the task. His work is written with the precision, thoroughness and enthusiasm of a ripe scholar, and it is a striking proof of the thoroughness and accuracy with which he did his work years ago that he has now so little to correct or to unsay. The new matter adds light and shade to the already vivid portrait of the poet and his friends, enriches his art more closely, and in its relation to the development of English poetry as a whole. In its pages the life and character of Keats stand out clear and full of noble and tragic beauty. It is difficult to single out passages for special comment. No part is more valuable, as surely no part is more brilliant, than the series of sketches in which are presented the different members of the circle of friends—Leigh Hunt, Haydon, Brown, Severn and others. The portrait of Leigh Hunt in particular, that genial, sunny, but most irresponsible and vain man, is a masterpiece of delicate yet searching criticism. The misconceptions of Keats's character, his weaknesses, his affectations, his suggestive commentary on the question of knowing your friends before you croak him, are all here. Not to Sir Sidney less successful is the attempt to trace the complex influences which went to the making of Keats's mental and spiritual character. Here, as in his private letters, the material for the study of a poet's development is infinite; than Wordsworth, Coleridge, and possibly Shelley, there is no poet of whom it is more necessary to have a full record of the precise order in which he wrote his poems, and of the exact dates of their publication. Keats's development was extraordinarily rapid, and the difference between his first and his last work is enormous. Sir Sidney Colvin has had the great advantage of being able to use the manuscript books in which Keats wrote many of his poems, and which contain not only the first drafts of the poems, but also many alternative readings and corrections. Of these books the most important is that which contains the first draft of the "Hyperion", and which has been in the possession of Lord Houghton's family since Keats gave it to Monckton Milnes. Lord Houghton's wholly unnecessary emendation of lines 234, 5 of "Sleep and Poetry", "The present writer had once the satisfaction of wringing from that almost impeccable textual critic, Mr. Buxton Forman, a confession of regret for the same offence.

The student of Keats will turn naturally first of all to those passages in the book which correct or add to our knowledge of the poet's life. The most important of these deals with Keats's early history. It has hitherto been held that Keats left school at the end of 1810, when he was just fifteen, that he was then apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, an Edmonton surgeon, and remained with him till 1814, when he quarrelled with him and went to London to study medicine. But the discovery of a school prize dated 1811 and of an entry of his name in the Guy's Hospital books under the date October, 1815, has established the fact that Keats stayed at school till he was nearly sixteen, and that his study of medicine lasted not two and a half but one and a half years. And the story of a violent quarrel with Hammond seems to be apocryphal; for, as Sir Sidney observes: "Keats was able to put in the necessary testimonial from Mr. Hammond when he presented himself in due course for examination before the Court of Apothecaries." The date of Keats's migration to London is of more than biographical interest, for it involves the date of the composition of Keats's most famous sonnet. "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." This sonnet was first published in the *Examiner* of December, 1816, and signed "John Keats, October, 1816", and under the same date it was entered in a copy-book kept by the poet's brother Tom. But circumstantial evidence from Charles Cowden Clarke, who stated that the poem was written after an evening spent by him in what are known to have been Keats's first London lodgings, led the majority of critics to reject the date given in the *Examiner* as a printer's error, and to regard it as the work of the spring of the previous year. Sir Sidney himself accepted this view, and only two years ago gave in his support by printing the poem under the date 1815. But we are all proved to be wrong. Keats was not in London at all at the time. Clarke's memory, never very strong where dates were concerned, had evidently played him false. And external evidence entirely corroborates this correction. It has always seemed well-nigh incredible that the Chapman sonnet should be contemporary with the other verses written early in 1815,—such trifles as the weak imitations of Moore or the conventional stanzas to Hope—and that, after having written it, more than a year should elapse before its author could again show any real poetic talent. Even in October, 1816, the sonnet stands out far above all his poems contemporary with it, but at that time he was at least immersed in poetry and already giving sure signs of the genius that was soon to establish itself. The fixing of this date, together with the discovery that Keats's last sonnet, "Bright Star"—formerly supposed to have been written on board ship in September, 1820, on his way to Italy—was really composed at some time during the spring or summer of 1819 and only copied and revised at the later date, has the effect of bringing within three crowded years all the work by which Keats is worthily remembered. . . .

At the close of his volume (Sir Sidney) raises a question as to the permanence of Keats's fame: will the conditions of life so change that the poetry of Keats will lose its appeal ? To this query he gives the only possible answer; for through all revolutions of outward circumstance the essential attributes of humanity endure. We turn to poetry not for its strangeness or its novelty, but because we are conscious within ourselves of a craving for beauty which can find no personal utterance. Poetry, as Keats himself said, "should strike us as a wording of our own highest thoughts, and appear almost as a remembrance." Keats, with his perfect felicity of expression, gives voice to emotions that are as eternal as the human heart. His yearning passion for the beautiful, which men will always share with him in so far as they truly care for poetry, is, as Arnold has told us, "no sensuous or sentimental passion, it is an intellectual and spiritual passion". It sprang from a life as troubled as our own, and Keats faced its sorrows and its responsibilities with a courage and an unselfish devotion that the most practical of us may envy. As little as any of us did he mistake the relation of beauty to the sterner issues of daily life. No prophet could denounce more fiercely than he the idle visionary, "housed in a dream at distance from the Kind". He had "a deeper feeling for uprightness than for any marks of genius however splendid", but in the contemplation of ideal beauty he found that rest and consolation which made it possible for him to live; and when in his art he allowed us to partake in his vision he surely achieved what was to him "the only worthy pursuit, the idea of doing some good in the world". No one who has realized, in these days of tragic stress, the supreme value of poetry can doubt the truth of Keats's early intuition.

And they shall be accounted poet-kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.

From the heat and storm of this world's passions we turn for refuge to the perfect and tranquil loveliness of Keats's greater poems, and find in them that healing power which is the gift to us of all "serene creators of immortal things".

(ERNEST DE SELINCOURT.)

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Bibliography

HOUGHTON LIBRARIAN

Records of a Bibliographer. Selected Papers of William Alexander Jackson. Edited with an introduction and bibliography by William H. Bond. 236pp. Harvard University Press. £3 4s.

William A. Jackson died in October, 1964, leaving unfinished his monumental revision (in collaboration with the late Dr. F. S. Ferguson) of the *Short-title Catalogue of English Books, 1475-1640*. When it is completed by Miss Katherine Panzer, that and the *Pforzheimer Catalogue* of 1940 will stand as the record of Jackson's arduous and devoted service to bibliography, though posterity may yet see his services to Harvard in the development of the Houghton Library as an even more valuable gift. By comparison, this selection of his papers edited with a most sensitive biographical introduction by his colleague and successor, Dr. W. H. Bond, will give an inadequate idea of his greatness as a bibliographer to those who were not privileged to know him and his work.

There are, perhaps, several reasons for this. In the first place a man, engaged as Jackson was in the strenuous collection and ordering of an enormous mass of material for his catalogues, must resist the temptation to write separately about his many discoveries if he is ever to complete the task he has set himself. His post as librarian must have meant the writing of reports for internal use as well as the annual *Houghton Library Report of Accessions* (some extracts from which are reprinted here) which cost him much effort. His position both as a librarian and as a bibliographer led to a constant stream of bibliographical investigation and correspondence; and it is not surprising if these duties satisfied any need he might have felt for literary composition. Most of the papers collected here reveal Jackson's encyclopedic knowledge and bibliographical penetration; but they fail to capture the delight of discovery and communication which was so vital a part of Jackson in the flesh.

It seems clear that this collection has been compiled rather to illustrate Jackson's development and interests than to make available all his important bibliographical articles. Those who are interested in English publishers' bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in English "title-labels" of the seventeenth century, or in printed quire and sheet numbers will not find Jackson's contributions here. Indeed, of the eighteen papers printed, only three are devoted to this sort of detailed study, while three general papers ("The revised S.T.C.: a progress report", "Bibliography and literary studies", "The importance of rare books and manuscripts in a university library") distil the breadth of Jackson's experience. At least half the book is devoted to the study of collectors and of provenance, a field in which Jackson was (since De Ricci) the acknowledged master, but which would not at once be suggested by the word "bibliographer" in the title.

One is indeed led to ask whether Jackson was not a collector first and a bibliographer second; one who, for lack of the resources necessary for the acquisition of the books he admired, had to collect them by proxy, whether by cataloguing the Chapin collection at Amherst, by his years of advisory work with Carl H. Pforzheimer and the cataloguing of his main collection, by tracing unknown books of the S.T.C. period, by his friendship with eminent collectors, and in his position as Houghton Librarian. Certainly for him knowledge was power, and many books found their way to Houghton because collectors recognized that Jackson knew more about their treasures than they did themselves. Jackson's own collections of Dibdin and of reference works were very distinguished indeed, but they were no substitute for the great and rare books on which his interest centred.

It is perhaps no accident that the paper here which most successfully communicates Jackson's enthusiasm is his description of the remarkable collection of his old friend and colleague Mr. Philip Hofer. Since Mr. Hofer's books have been housed in the Houghton Library, Jackson was unusually well placed to share the collector's excitement as this most magnificent and varied collection grew; and this shared excitement inspires the litany of titles and provenances. One may be distressed by the unrelenting labour Jackson undertook and the comparatively early death it brought him to, but this continued enthusiasm must be put on the other side of the scale when one considers his most distinguished career as scholar and librarian.

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BENJAMIN CONSTANT

Lausanne has been celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of one of its most distinguished sons. During September and October there was to be seen on the top floor of the charming Musée Historique de l'Evêché a commemorative exhibition organized by the Association Suisse des Amis de Benjamin Constant in conjuction with the Bibliothèque Cantonale et Universitaire de Lausanne from which the very useful catalogue, compiled, in the main, by M. Pierre Gavin, a member of its staff, can still be obtained. There are descriptions of nearly 400 exhibits, including manuscripts, books, paintings, engravings and medals, among which two groups are of specific interest to the United Kingdom.

Juste Constant de Rebecque, whose wife died less than three weeks after giving birth to Benjamin, decided very early that his only son was a genius and that he should have an international education. In 1780 he took him to London and thence to Oxford, in the vain hope of enrolling him as a member of the university, but he had to settle for an English tutor, Nathaniel May, who returned to Lausanne with his pupil and accompanied him to Holland in the following year. After spending part of 1782 at Erlangen, Benjamin was taken by his father, in July, 1783, to Edinburgh where they had better luck than at Oxford, for he became a member not only of the university but also of the Speculative Society; as the catalogue puts it, "Le séjour d'Edimbourg sera décisif. Constant y prend le goût de l'étude et des libres débats". Among exhibits from this period were an interesting letter from May to his sister about his pupil, the cash-book kept by the Speculative Society recording Constant's payment of dues amounting to £2 4s. 6d. and an engraved portrait after Sir Thomas Lawrence of Sir James Mackintosh, who had been a Edinburgh condisciple and became a lifelong friend.

The other group concerns the year 1816 most of which Constant spent in London with his second wife Charlotte, *née* von Hardenberg, whom he had finally married in 1808, having divorced Minna von Cramm, after six years of marriage, in 1795. Charlotte, the real love of his life, despite Madame de Staël *e tutte quante*, was the Eléonore of *Adolphe*, first printed by Schulze and Dean, 13 Poland Street, London, and published by Colburn in conjunction with Tröttel (sic) and Wurtz at about the end of May, 1816. That this was the first edition was shown by Gustave Rudler in 1912 and confirmed by Professor J. Sezneo in 1952, the chauvinistic efforts of, among others, the egregious Vandérem, to give priority to the Paris edition of the same year having been unsuccessful. It was a pity that the letter from Constant to his friend La Fayette, written on November 14, 1816, which turned up in the 1920s and supported Rudler's thesis, was not available for exhibition, but the showcases did contain, *inter alia*: two manuscripts, one of them a preliminary draft of *Adolphe*, written some time between 1806 and 1810, and the other, parts of the preface to the "second edition", as well as copies of the first edition (a very rare book kindly lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris); of the second, printed in Paris by Crapelet; of what is described on its title page as the second edition but is really the third; of an English translation by Alexander Walker, all of 1816; and of the "troisième edition", really the fourth, of 1824.

All his life Constant was a philhellene and there was much evidence of this in the exhibition, from his French translation, made during a rapid visit to London in 1787, of the second chapter of *The History of Ancient Greece* by John Gillies, to his own *Appel aux Nations chrétiennes en faveur des Grecs*, published in Paris in September, 1825, six months after he had returned to the Chamber as deputy for the fourth *arrondissement*, in 1828 to spoke there (his notes for the speech were in the exhibition) on another subject which means much to us today, the censorship of the press, and after he died in Paris on December 12, 1830, and was given a state funeral, *Le Constitutionnel*, in its obituary, wrote of that great Vaudois: "Il élève l'école libérale à la hauteur d'une liberté française".

Poem to the Editor

RUSSIAN WRITING

Sir,—The attached verses were in part inspired by reviews in the Russian Writing number, and other issues, of the *TLS*.

GARLAND FOR A PROPAGANDIST

Air: The Vicar of Bray

In good old Stalin's early days
When terror little harm meant
A zealous commissar I was
And so I got preferment.
I grabbed each peasant and I said
"Can there be something *you* lack?"
And if he dared to answer "bread"
I shot him for a kulak.
Ch. For on this rule I will insist
Because I've got the knack, Sir;
Whichever way its line may twist
I'll be a Party hack, Sir!

Then Stalin took the Secret Police
And gave it to Yagoda.
Many a Party purge might cease
But I stayed in good odour.
At all the cases that he brought
I welcomed each confession,
And when he too turned up in court
I attended every session.

When Yezhov took the vacant place
And blood poured out in gallons
Thousands fell in dark disgrace
But I still kept my balance.
I studied, as the Chekists pounced,
The best way to survival
And almost every day denounced
A colleague or a rival.

When Yezhov got it in the neck
(In highly literal fashion)
Berin came at Stalin's beck
To lay a lesser lash on;
I swore our labour camps were few,
And places folk grew fat in;
I guessed that Trotsky died of flu
And colic raged at Katyn.

And when things once again grew hot
From Western war-psychosis,
I damned the "cosmopolitan" lot
Because of their hook noses.
The Doctors should be shot, I cursed,
As filthy spy-recruiters.
But Stalin chanced to kick off first
—So I cursed their persecutors.

Malenkov, now our Party's head,
Tried out a tack quite new, Sir,
Saying what had never been said
—And so I said it too, Sir:
I boldly cried that clobber and scoff
Should go to the consumer
—But his overthrow soon tipped me off
This was a Right-wing bloomer.

When Khrushchev next came boldly on
Denouncing Stalin's terror,
I saw that what we'd so far done
Had mostly been an error.
My rivals all lay falsely flumed
Under the Russian humus
And their innocence I now proclaimed
—Because it was posthumous.

But Khrushchev guessed his chances wrong
And the present list took over.
And I saw that though we'd suffered long
At last we were in clover;
Now Stalin's name I freely blessed,
A bonny, bonny fighter.
—And I told the intellectual West
When it's right to jug a writer.

Now the Collective Leadership
Of Brezhnev and Kosygin
I'll back until some rivals slip
By intricate intrigue in;
And, if the worst comes to the worst
And they're scragged in the Lubyanka,
I'll see they get as foully cursed
As any Wall Street banker.
Ch. And on this rule I will insist
Because I have the knack, Sir!
Whichever way its line may twist
I'll be a Party hack, Sir!

Yours faithfully,
TED PAUKER
28 Shawfield St., London, S.W.3.

Letters to the Editor (*continued*)

FACES OF THE RENAISSANCE

Sir,—In your review (October 19) of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's *Portrait in the Renaissance* which naturally had the Phaidon Press edition as its basis, the reviewer observed that "the production of this book fully maintains those high standards associated with the Phaidon Press". Those distinguished standards are widely known and respected on both sides of the Atlantic. However, the Pope-Hennessy book was in fact, like other volumes in the A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts given at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, manufactured entirely in the United States, being an original publication of Bollingen Foundation. The blocks were made by various American firms and the book was printed by Clarke and Way, Inc., of New York. A portion of the run carrying the Phaidon imprint was exported to London.

The index, which your reviewer properly calls "everything an index ought to be", was the inspiration of the author, whose careful directions were executed by the Bollingen editorial staff.

Bollingen Series is now published by Princeton University Press. Many of these books are also published in the United Kingdom under various imprints.

WILLIAM McGUIRE
Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

GREEK FOR EAR-STUDENTS

Sir,—Surely the anecdote in Plutarch quoted by Mary Renault (November 23) requires emphasis rather than to be reading *aloud*; how otherwise could he be divulging to bystanders the terms of the confidential letter? This is the point of Alexander applying a ring to his *lips* by way of rebuke.

V. SCHOLDERER
6a Wetherby Mansions, London, S.W.5.

Religion and Psychology

FATHER OF THE AFRICAN CHURCH

...m BROWN: *Augustine of Hippo.* 463pp. Faber and Faber. £3 10s.

...new large-scale book on St. Augustine is a bold venture, especially when it is written with an eye both to the background of late antiquity and to the general reader who wants primarily to understand a great personality. In a-dozen-dozen pages, however, suffice those high hopes which are not disappointed: it is a very good book.

Mr. Brown calls it a biography, and it could be judged as one. It is not an exhaustive, and possibly exhausting, *Life and Times*, like, for example, Pierre Dudden's valuable *St. Ambrose* with its long background chapters, detailed analyses of particular texts, and systematic survey of its hero's teaching. Not that Mr. Brown fails to place Augustine firmly in his environment of thought and event. Quite the contrary; but he proposes to do it through short, pregnant chapters and scores of perceptive asides, deftly placed as occasion demands. Nor is it a textbook of Augustinian theology. There are theological matters concerning which he has studied Augustine deeply, and others on which he passes over more or less completely. "I found myself" he tells us, "far below the height of his speculation on the Trinity". To repeat, it cannot be judged as a biography, and Mr. Augustine's case that means the history of his mind and will and spirit in the light of his environment and of the ideals to which he believed himself called.

Part I gives a sensitive account of his early life: his mother's influence, his Manichean period, his early success as a teacher of rhetoric, his move to Milan as protégé of Symmachus. Part II comments on his relations with Ambrose, then Bishop of Milan, and on the excellent chapter which brings out the significance of the Latin and Christian Platonists there and the amount of hard reading Augustine had to have done about this time. Only explains how Neoplatonism led him from Manichaeanism and prepared for his conversion. A good point is the contrast drawn between the essentially passive notion of the power of the Good in Manichaeism and Plotinus's sense of the initiative maintained by the soul, so central in Augustine's later thinking about God's prevenience, however much that was deepened by study of the Bible.

In considering the conversion itself (386) and the Cassiciacum dialogues which followed it immediately, Mr. Brown is struck by Augustine's sense of purpose and continuity at that time. His life "in Philosophy" was now shot through with St. Paul, but could still be communicated in classical terms; he is attempting a tranquil synthesis of great traditions. Although a deep change, a true conversion, had already taken place, its full meaning was to be worked out in the practical service of the Church at Hippo and becomes explicit to Augustine himself, and so to us, in the *Confessions* (397). Though still the high water mark of his absorption of the *Enneads*, the book would have been altogether different had he written it ten years earlier. Now he analyses feeling and will with a ferocious—and modern—honesty, aware of the limitations of human freedom, scrutinizing human motivation and exploring the psychology of delight, probing into the divine initiative, and reconsidering his ideals and purposes in the light of this analysis. Hence the chapter on the *Confessions* is preceded by one strikingly entitled "The Lost Future". He cannot now expect what Christian Platonism had seemed to offer, the victory of mind over body; he is no longer certain of his future task, as at Cassiciacum when his books were all programmes. He must remain incomplete, with tensions unresolved. This will not entail passivity or despair, for such wisdom and healing as this world allows (fullness comes afterwards) will be given through utter dependence upon God, a dependence which demands "Confession" in all its senses.

These first two parts may contain challengeable statements and interpretations; they would not be so good if they did not. But how fascinating they are! One can hardly help reading them too fast, and they will repay frequent re-reading.

What then of Parts III-V? "I found myself above the plains of Augustine's routine duties as a bishop." There are in fact many good touches and pictures: Augustine as preacher, as arbitrator (very good), as bishop disciplining his flock. For more detail we can turn happily to Van der Meer's *Augustine as Bishop*. Mr. Brown concentrates on the great issues raised by the Donatist and Pelagian controversies, always with the intent to discover not only what Augustine thought or did, but also why his mind moved that way. Here sadness creeps in, for he is not happy about Augustine's handling of Donatism and is, most understandably, grieved by his conversion to coercion, while in the Pelagian affair, though he appreciates and accepts some of Augustine's basic convictions, he seems to distrust a "mentality of dependence" and a certain acquiescence in the extent and power of evil which his teaching might, if unintentionally, promote in "men who had hardly liberated themselves from the utter passivity engendered by astrological beliefs"; and in the debate with Julian of Eclanum, where fresh ideas of the human situation might have been fruitfully discussed, he finds rather "the cold competence of an old, tired man, who knew only too well how to set about the harsh business of ecclesiastical controversy". And so to the autumn chill of his final works on predestination and the gift of perseverance.

One can detest coercion in religion and yet feel that Mr. Brown is not wholly fair to Augustine. Perhaps he presses too hard the bishop's adjustment to a life of authority, and might allow more to his earlier resistance to the principle of coercion, already widely accepted by the Church in East and West, and to the limits which he always set to it in practice. This would need lengthy discussion. More categorically it may be said that he does not quite see the Donatist controversy in the round, for while he properly rejects any interpretation of it—social, economic, racial, nationalist—which disregards the reality and toughness of the theological and ecclesiastical problems, he passes over some of the very issues which remain important to the theologian, and obscures others by a strange insistence on what is "African", strange when his wide and deep knowledge of other parts of the Church is so often evident.

Again and again we are referred to the narrow African conception of the Church, to the isolated African Church, even to the "claustrophobic world of African writings on the nature of the Church". But it is not a specifically African characteristic to think of the Church as "a clearly distinguished group in society, marked out as the sole possessor of a body of saving rites". To Irenaeus the Church was the unique sphere of the Spirit and the sole repository of truth. Hippolytus regarded it as "a holy society of those who live in righteousness", with no room for sinners or heretics. Even at Alexandria one strand of teaching insisted that the Church is a gathering of the elect (Clement) and the assembly of the saints, all who have attained perfection (Origen). And to call the Church the Ark of salvation is a commonplace.

Conversely, Africa itself had developed the idea of the Church as a *corpus permixtum* (so Cyprian), had rejected Novatianism, and, at the Council of Arles, had accepted the validity of heretical baptism, so that Donatist "rebaptism" was now shocking. Optatus had drawn many of the theological conclusions. In contrast to the narrow tradition which lay behind Donatism, Augustine drew upon these African developments in a manner which precludes one from saying justly that he conducted his campaign with "little trace of oecumenical moderation". Practically, this depends on the sincerity of his many invitations to discussion, which Mr. Brown discounts; theologically, he was ecumenical in the concessions which he made in advance of other western churches (the East remained confused on these issues). It was the Africans who determined, against the wishes of Rome and Milan, to accept for ordination men who had been baptized within Donatism, it was the Africans who offered, against the weight of tradition, to take Donatist bishops back *cum honoribus* and to recognize their orders as valid, and it was Augustine who, in order to do that, made the most of the crucial ecumenical doctrine that it is Christ, not man, who is the true minister of the sacraments. Where Mr. Brown is right is in his recognition that over against the static character of Donatism, Augustine's teaching was "a field of dynamic tensions always threatening to explode". That is precisely how ecumenism advances.

All that Mr. Brown writes on Pelagianism deserves careful consideration. He has one outstanding point to make: Pelagius demanded not only moral independence and responsibility, but also perfection. In a mentally confused world he offered the individual absolute certainty through absolute obedience. In baptism the (preferably adult) Christian is freed from past sin and the habits which produce it; and accepts the complete law of Christ as an inescapable obligation. Therefore, Mr. Brown concludes, Pelagianism is for an elite only, and cannot build up a Christian civilization. Augustine, however, besides thinking always in terms of solidarities rather than individuals, knew that fallen human nature cannot bear so great a weight. Though, or because, redeemed, it remains dependent on God's grace. Since for him this is true of Christians within a Church which always has room for sinners and remedies for sin, that Church can meet all men, be truly catholic and permeate the whole of society.

True as it may be fundamentally, this thesis may need some restatement. Granted that Pelagius thought sinlessness possible and demanded perfection, has Mr. Brown considered his attitude to postbaptismal sin? For he did not reject the possibility of forgiveness through the penitential system. Augustine's case, too, might be put better in terms of forgiveness than of moral tolerance. To reject a certain type of perfectionism is not "to settle back into the moral torpor of a confirmed invalid". Augustine is never satisfied with "the sort of man that he had found a place for in the Catholic church". Forgiveness takes risks. A few pages later Mr. Brown is himself showing very clearly that dependence is not passivity.

If criticism is offered on one more point, let it be on the understanding that this rich and perceptive and learned book makes one think. Mr. Brown is justified in presenting no technical doctrine of Atonement and Incarnation. But should he not tell us what Christ meant to Augustine? "The Word became flesh" sundered him from pure Platonism, and he went on to discover its meaning. True, the *Confessions* are addressed to God, and it has been doubted whether Augustine's faith is Christocentric through and through. Must not this be explored in the biography of such a man? Whether or not it is true that "the Christ of popular imagination was not a suffering Saviour", in Africa they were taught about the Cross. To Tertullian, *totum pondus nominis Christiani, mors Christi*. Look at Book II of Cyprian's *Testimonia*. Look at page after page of Augustine's sermons, where it is not generally true that Christ is "a pale, impassive figure or his crucifixion a solemn, measured act of power". Mr. Brown comes nearer the truth when he reminds us how Augustine, expounding the Psalms devotionally, "draws from them an immensely rich deposit of human emotions: for here was Christ speaking directly." But he does not follow his clue up. And it is so important for Augustine's doctrine of grace, which he explicitly founds upon the mediatorial work of Christ. What, in the last resort is grace? Not a stuff (though Augustine sometimes, like most of us, talks like that) but a personal relationship between God and man in Christ. Is this, or is it not, the root of Augustine's spiritual life?

"Christ has conquered for you, and Christ has conquered in you." "In Christ you have all. Do you want to love God? You have him in Christ. The Word was God. Do you want to love your neighbour? You have him in Christ. The Word was made flesh."

GOD AND FREUD

GREGORY ZILBOORG: *Psychoanalysis and Religion.* Edited with an introduction by Margaret Stone Zilboorg. 243pp. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

The psychoanalyst Gregory Zilboorg is unusual in that he was born a Russian Jew, became a Quaker and finally, six years before his death, was converted to Roman Catholicism. He is best known for his history of *Medical Psychology*, which is still a useful work of reference for the period up to the last war. This book, distinguished by many infelicitous passages, is a collection of his papers, edited by his widow, upon the topic which chiefly preoccupied his later years: the possibility of reconciling psychoanalysis with the Catholic faith. It cannot be said that his attempt to do so is convincing.

A collection of papers delivered or written on various occasions throughout a number of years is likely to be repetitive, and *Psychoanalysis and Religion* is no exception. Zilboorg was particularly anxious to convince us that Freud's attitude to religion was based upon misunderstandings in himself, and if guilty he had had more insight would have taken a different line. In this endeavour he cites Freud's Catholic friends who cared for him until he was bedridden and who persuaded him to ask for Catholic services before he was dismissed for senility. But Freud as a child was in his former only to be disappointed, and his faith shattered by the death of eternal disappointment may be so; it is impossible to tell, and especially unfair to attempt Dr. Zilboorg's task of convincing us that Freud's attitude objectively was due to religion in general rather than to Catholicism, but to the "weakness" of those which he had to overcome in himself.

Zilboorg's own attitude to psychoanalysis is that of the psychoanalytic interpretation of religion is comparable to the inadequacy of the psychoanalytic view of art. The analysis of works of art reveals their psychopathological content and their origin in the mists of infantile emotional vicissitudes. What such analysis fails to do is to explain or pay tribute to the integrative, healing effect of the creative process. Psychoanalysis can detect the conflicts of the artist in what he produces, but does scant justice to the fact that the work of art is in part a solution to those conflicts, and, in so far as the audience shares the same conflicts, points the way to resolution.

In the same way, religious belief can be analysed as Freud analysed it, in terms of man's persistent infantile need to believe in an omnipotent father; and religious ritual can be justifiably compared with the compulsive ceremonials of the obsessional neurotic. Yet such analysis does not give sufficient value to the fact that a genuine religious faith has a healing and enlivening effect upon the individual who professes it; and that ritual is not only a way of warding off unadmitted emotions, but also a means of putting a man in touch with the emotional substratum of his being.

Freud believed that reason would ultimately replace religion: "No, science is no illusion. But it would be an illusion to suppose that we could get anywhere else what it could not give us." It is possible to attack Freud's statement on the ground that his belief in science and reason was itself irrational. Dr. Zilboorg, instead of trying to persuade us that Freud was a crypto-Catholic would have done better to criticize Freud along some such line.

UNINHIBITED

EDWARD DE BONO: *The Use of Lateral Thinking.* 157pp. Cape. 18s.

It is well known that the best ideas come unexpectedly and that the answer to a puzzling problem is often arrived at by some other process than concentrated logical reasoning. In this short and extremely well-written book, Dr. de Bono, who is a medical research worker and a successful inventor, attempts to describe the nature of this other, creative form of thinking and describes ways in which the capacity for it can be developed. It is his contention that inventiveness and originality need not be a gift which is granted only to the few, and even to them only occasionally, but that it is a function which can be cultivated by means of putting a man in touch with the emotional substratum of his being.

For some reason which he does not explain, Dr. de Bono insists on calling logical thinking "vertical" and the spontaneous, unconscious kind "lateral", though the difference between the two is surely not that the former moves upwards (or downwards) and the latter sideways, but that one is deliberate, calculus, verbal, rational and discursive (to Suzanne Langer's sense) and the other spontaneous, daring, visual, imaginative and non-discursive.

However, despite inventing a new name, Dr. de Bono makes no claim to have discovered lateral thinking himself. His aim is to popularize it and he has deliberately refrained from relating his own account of its nature to the work of others who have written on the psychology of creative thinking. He has also confined himself to technical inventiveness, excluding "creative thinking in the true artistic sense" on the ground that its value is "a matter of taste and fashion". His aim is, indeed, the purely practical one of describing devices by which this elusive faculty can be evoked for the solution of technical problems encountered in research and industry.

Ideas, in Dr. de Bono's view, have to be seduced not raped and he is concerned to teach people how to create the mental climate in which their latent capacity for lateral thinking will flower freely. Vertical thinking, he argues, suffers from the grave and inhibiting defect that it seeks to will what cannot be willed, that it attempts to force the issue, and, furthermore, that its habit of formulating problems clearly and logically tend to prejudge the kind of solution that is being sought. He therefore recommends a playful attitude towards problems, a preparedness to entertain apparently absurd and ridiculous solutions, and advocates a lively scepticism towards "sensible" arguments which suggest that a problem is insoluble. And if these manoeuvres fail to overcome the resistances imposed by logical habits of thought, the reluctant muse—if that is what she is—may still be won over by deliberate distraction, using stimuli which are apparently irrelevant to the matter in hand.

Dr. de Bono's book is in fact itself an essay in technical inventiveness. He is not fundamentally concerned with *why* creative activity is so readily and frequently inhibited by self-conscious thought, or why the human mind is so constructed that it tends to resist the emergence of new ideas, but with *how* the resistances can be circumvented. As a result of this purely technological approach, he fails to consider that it might be possible to arrange a true marriage between reason and creativity. However, a further volume is promised in which the two modes of thinking will be explained in terms of the functional organization of the brain.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Anthology

HADFIELD, JOHN (Editor). *The Saturday Book. 27.* 256pp. Hutchinson. £2.

A little more than half of this year's *Saturday Book* is devoted to the Middle and Far East. This might seem disproportionate but it can hardly be regarded as a breach of this annual's tradition to give its readers so much of the sunshine of Ind and Cathay in the depth of an English winter. The writers, led triumphantly by Mr. James Laver, revel in the romantic aspects of an East that knew not oil-wells or Marxism. Mr. Raymund Fitzsimons's article on George Chinnery's Macao paintings is particularly attractive. Oriental gorgeousness is balanced by a "Western Nights Entertainment", to which Mr. Fred Bason, a Cockney Haroun al Raschid, contributes an account of an evening divided between the bunnies at the Playboy Club and a very odd card school at the Elephant and Castle. There is also a "Cabinet of Curiosities", which includes a plea for dialect and slang by Mr. Frank Shaw, who is preaching to more of the converted than he seems to think. The variety of subjects and the high standard of illustrations and production qualify the twenty-seventh *Saturday Book* for a high place among Christmas presents.

Arts and Crafts

JOY, EDWARD T. *The Country Life Book of Chairs.* 96pp. Country Life. 35s.

The chair began as a symbol of authority. Top people sat on stools and others stood. Time passed: top people had thrones and others backless seats. Domestic furniture made its biggest advance at the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and culminated in the full glory of the Georgian period, when Chippendale (c.1750-1765), Adam and Hepplewhite (c.1765-1790) and Sheraton (c.1790-1800) shed their lustre on the scene. The Regency period (c.1800-1830) added its own distinctive note. Mr. Joy moves in this world with the ease of the expert and provides 105 fine illustrations. He withholds his opinion of the 1925 Bauhaus cantilever chair in tubular steel.

Biography and Memoirs

HOOVER, HELEN. *The Gift of the Deer.* Drawings by Adrian Hoover. 228pp. Heinemann. 25s.

Helen Hoover and her husband live in a snug log cabin in northern Minnesota. The winters are long and sharp, and it is not surprising that animals take a little refreshment in passing her front door, which would be ever open but for the weather. Deer are her favourite callers, particularly Peter Whitetail and his wife and family—this is the story of their life through the changing seasons of four years.

STRACEY, P. D. *Reade, Elephant Hunter.* 173pp. Robert Hale. 25s.

One elephant hunter pays tribute to another. Lovel L. Reade, a Eurasian who spent his working life as an agricultural officer in Assam, has been a prodigious scourge of marauding tuskers. Mr. Stracey probes his attitude to the elephants, describes some of his exploits with the rifle and generally puts together an admiring account of his career.

Cinema

HERDIG, WALTER (Editor). *Film and TV Graphics.* Text by John Halas. 199pp. 1,079 plates. Zurich: Graphics Press. London: Studio Vista. £5 5s.

Primarily this is a large and informative picture-book, presenting a conspectus of work in the animated film during the past ten years, with the accent placed fairly and squarely on the design side. The old familiar figures occur: Disney (with *The Sword in the Stone*), Trnka (with stills from several of his puppet films), Halas and Batchelor—though not, curiously, Norman McLaren, pioneer of many of the more abstract-inclined styles illustrated. Along with these are more of the important new designers to appear recently: Lenica and Borowczyk (though not Richard Williams), Saul Bass (very extensively) but not Maurice Binder. But of course all selections are open to argument, and this book seems about as fair and catholic as one could imagine. It also does very fairly by the fast-expanding field of television graphics in credit sequences and the like (over-expanding, perhaps, considering the endlessly self-indulgent preludes we have been seeing of late on our small screens). John Halas's introductions to the various sections of pictures are brief—too brief to be of much use—and curiously dated in their terms of reference.

Gardening

BARTRUM, DOUGLAS. *Evergreens for Your Garden.* 187pp. John Gifford. 25s.

In these days when most people are trying to keep costs of garden labour down, the evergreens are coming into their own. Mr. Bartrum's book covers the subject adequately, laying emphasis on the value of ground-covering plants, also grey, silver and golden foliage. There is a wealth of cultural information in the book and the selection of species and varieties is well done. One suspects however that the author was not shown a proof of the captions for the illustrations as these contain too many errors in spelling or style.

FIELD, XENIA. *Town and Roof Gardens.* 191pp. Collins. 30s.

It is not often the country-dweller wishes he had the chance of gardening in London or some other city. That—extravagant as it may seem—is the kind of passing madness Miss Field's book is likely to inspire. Forgetful of experience, forgetful of all the lamentable makeshift that gardening in London did mean, one contemplates with envy this parade of small courtyards and patios into which the old areas and backyards are being turned. One even accepts, with no more than a flicker of disbelief, the possibility that there really are roof gardens sheltered from the wind. Miss Field's vast persuasiveness is based, of course, on knowledge and good sense. She deals in first things—all the pretty containers and clever effects will be wasted unless you provide good growing soil, which you must drain (and also prevent from drying out) and remember to feed. Her repertoire of plants is wide without having to resort to rarities, unless, perhaps, inadvertently: the beautiful Chinaman *Corydalis cheilanthifolia*, which is one thing she recommends, is not common even in botanic gardens. Anyhow, there is more than enough in this book to keep the town gardener busy and contented.

History

HANSCOMB, C. E. *Common Blood.* 190pp. Queen Anne Press. £2 2s.

The Hanscomb family, here traced back for more than 700 years, have been established in the Bedfordshire hamlet of Hanscombe End for all that time: a record rare in any family. Mr. Hanscomb deftly arranges his ancestral narrative within the context of wider social history; there is a gap in his family annals between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries, here filled up with a general picture of the common life of the period. After the latter date parish records, notebooks and other sources provide the historian with more material. With its illustrations of old buildings and documents, and its preliminary conducted tour of the "Hanscombe country", this is a sensible and attractive approach to the usually rather restrictive subject of family history.

LIPSCOMB, F. W. *Heritage of Sea Power: The Story of Portsmouth.* 256pp. Hutchinson. £2 10s.

Commander Lipscomb's assertion that "there has been no co-ordinated account of the history of Portsmouth from the maritime aspect" remains true. His book is a mixture of anecdotal local history and superficial naval chronicle superimposed on a background reminiscent of an old-fashioned children's history of England. The illustrations are mediocre and the narrative completely lacking in continuity and unity. No indication is given of the origins of the copious quotations and there is not even a general survey of the sources used. The fascinating and important history of the town and dockyard deserves better treatment than this.

Language

JACKSON, EUGENE, and GORDON, ELIZABETH BARTLETT. *Russian Made Simple.* 299pp. W. H. Allen. 10s.

Russian Made Simple is intended for complete beginners who want to teach themselves, and it takes them up to a pre-"O" level stage. There is a vocabulary but, unfortunately, no index. Welcome importance is given to pronunciation, and the text justifies the title.

Literature and Literary Criticism

SAMELSON, WILLIAM. *Gerhard Herrmann Mostar.* 274pp. The Hague: Mouton. 32 guilders.

G. H. Mostar was the pseudonym under which, in the immediate postwar period, there appeared in the German press court reports which attracted attention by their reasoned humanity in the face of all manner of aberrations. Since in this time of unprecedented upheaval judges were called upon to sort out so much flotsam and jetsam, some of these reports, however ephemeral, were eventually collected in book form as a reminder of the aftermath of war. They may indeed be unearthed one day by a stray historian seeking to recreate those twilight years before the "economic miracle" smothered the high hopes of a saner world, but what induced Professor Samelson, of San Antonio College, to subject them and other work by the author (some of it unpublished) to a full-scale critical study as literature will remain a mystery for ever.

WILSON, EDWARD M. *Some Aspects of Spanish Literary History.* 47pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

This is the printed version of the Taylorian Lecture delivered at Oxford in 1966, and published by the Clarendon Press. Professor Wilson, who holds the Chair of Spanish in the University of Cambridge, drew attention to what has been called "Sub-literary literature" as a means of determining the literary canon of Spain, and as a source of more formal literary works. The study of chapbooks has yielded a good deal of interesting fruit, often very acceptable by more sophisticated standards, as well as revealing considerable taste on the part of plebeian readers, whose constant appreciation of good poetry, although a little surprising, might find a parallel in the popular interest in television classics today. The study of this interchange provides a variation on the usual kind of comparative literature which is of no less interest than the sort which brings together authors of different nationalities. This printed version of the lecture has two useful appendixes and full bibliographical notes.

Medicine

Salisbury 200. 162pp. Salisbury General Hospital. 12s. 6d.

There is an interesting similarity about the voluntary hospitals of Britain, the predominant feature being a continuing battle against bankruptcy. The story of voluntary effort is by no means one of unadulterated service to the community. Each hospital, however, has its own distinctive features and is therefore entitled to have its history recorded sooner or later.

The Salisbury Infirmary, which celebrated its bicentenary in 1966, is a case in point, and this record of its services to the sick, written by members of the staff, will have an appeal beyond the precincts of the cathedral city which it has served so well. Not the least of its attractions is its admirable lay-out, of which both authors and printers have every reason to be proud.

Natural History

CHRISTIAN, GARTH. *Ashdown Forest.* 89pp. Friends of Ashdown Forest. 21s.

Some good photographs, a folding map, and Mr. Christian's excellent text in which he is concerned both with the history and the natural history of the forest make this a book to be commended both to visitors and inhabitants of the Ashdown Forest region. This "finest stretch of open heathland within seventy miles of the capital" is in danger, like all others, from urban encroachments, and the book ends with some thoughts on what may yet be done to protect it without "a mass of fussy, irritating restrictions". The Society of the Friends of Ashdown Forest, under whose auspices the book is published, was formed in 1961.

Politics

HINGLEY, RONALD. *Nihilists.* 128pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

What is a nihilist? Mr. Hingley's book gives at least one answer: a nihilist is a bomb-throwing hippy who has been expelled from his university (usually St. Petersburg), insists that his wife take a lover, parades his atheism, crusades futilely amongst the peasants and indulges a light-hearted taste for terrorism, assassination and agitation.

Mr. Hingley affixes to his book an epitaph from Conrad (reading in part): "The ferocity and imbecility of an autocratic rule rejecting all legality and in fact basing itself upon complete moral anarchism provokes the no less imbecile and atrocious answer of a purely Utopian revolutionism. . . ." This sets a note that Mr. Hingley's determined frivolity, tempered by macabre details of the execution of the tsaricides of 1881, can by no means rival. It is not necessary to be serious all the time—but the fixed condescending grin of Mr. Hingley is no less wearisome. Yet, if you want a quick-fire parade of personality, anecdote, high-life-low-life laced with violence—here is your book. You will certainly find the illustrations evocative.

HODGSON, JOHN H. *Communism in Finland.* 261pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 8s.

The complex story of the Communist Party in Finland, including origins which date back well before that civil war of 1918 which ensured the development of the country as a democracy, western style, is followed in this study in all its ramifications. It is fully documented, objective, and up to date. The author rarely speculates, and he is right to refrain from so doing, Finnish politics being as involved as they are. It is of its nature a specialist work. It badly needed doing, and it has been carried through with skill.

Science

MACKAY, DONALD M. *Freedom of Action in a Mechanistic Universe.* 40pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

In this Eddington Memorial Lecture Professor MacKay makes an original contribution to an age-old theme. Noting that information can be absorbed only at the cost of changes in the brain, he deduces that even if the brain were as mechanical as clockwork, no completely detailed present or future description of a man's brain can be equally accurate whether a man believes or disbelieves. He calls this principle "logical indeterminacy" and works out the consequences with great subtlety. The parallel with the physical principle that observation alters an experiment will be noticed. Both the choice of theme and the handling of it would have pleased Eddington.

Travel and Topography

MUMFORD, CLIVE. *Portrait of the Isles of Scilly.* 236pp. 30s. WHITE, PETER A. Portrait of County Durham. 208pp. 25s. Hale.

The Prime Minister writes a foreword to the first of these two additions to Robert Hale's regional series, in which a dozen volumes have now appeared. Each author follows his own method. Mr. Mumford adopts the historical approach before setting sail to explore each larger island of the Scillys, and ends with a warning, tempered by optimism, of the dangers inherent in the islands' new-found popularity as a tourist playground. Mr. White, on the contrary, starts straight out from Teesdale on his pilgrimage through County Durham, in which as much attention is paid both in text and pictures to the modern and industrial aspects as to the county's scenic or architectural attractions for the visitor. Each of these warmly enthusiastic books forms a good introduction to its region.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The following have recently appeared in new editions:—*Georgian Grace: A Social History of Design from 1660-1830*, by John Gloag (426pp. Spring Books, Paul Hamlyn, 35s.), which was first published in 1956 by A. and C. Black; *Take me to Spain* by Colin Simpson (232pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £2 2s.), which first appeared in 1960; *Industrial Biography: Iron Workers and Tool Makers*, by Samuel Smiles (342pp. David and Charles. £2 10s.), a reprint of the 1863 edition published by John Murray, with additional illustrations and a new introduction by L. T. C. Rolt; *Lebanon in History* by Philip K. Hitti (550pp. Macmillan, £4 4s.), which first appeared in 1957; *Ideology, Politics and Government in the Soviet Union* by John A. Armstrong (173pp. Pall Mall Press. £2), which is a revised and expanded edition of the original which appeared in 1962; *African Economic Development* by William A. Hance (326pp. Pall Mall Press. £2 14s.), which first came out in 1958 from Harper and Row, and has now been extensively revised; *Ben Jonson on the English Stage, 1660-1776* by Robert Gale Noyes (351pp. New York: Benjamin Blom. Distributed in London by Anthony Blond. £4 10s.); it was originally published in 1935 by Harvard University Press; *Griffiths' Guide to the Iron Trade of Great Britain* (400pp. David and Charles. £3 15s.), a new edition of the version first published in 1873, with an introduction by W. K. V. Gale.

THE WEEK'S PAPERBACKS

Titles in bold denote original publications.

Biography.—*Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave.* Edited by Benjamin Quarles. Harvard University Press. 12s.

Drama.—BRIAN FRIEL: *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. JOHN WILLETT: *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht.* University Paperbacks. 25s.

Fiction.—*The Essential Faulkner.* Edited by Malcolm Cowley. Chatto and Windus. 21s. MARCEL PROUST: *The Guermantes Way.* Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Parts One and Two. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. each.

History.—WALTER HUGINS: *Jacksonian Democracy and the Working Class.* Stanford University Press. 22s. 6d. NELSON REED: *The Caste War of Yucatan.* Stanford University Press. 22s. 6d.

Linguistics.—PAUL ZIFF: *Semantic Analysis.* Cornell University Press. 20s.

Literature and Literary Criticism.—ROBERT WYSE JACKSON (Editor): *The Best of Swift.* Mercier Press. 6s. D. H. LAWRENCE: *Selected Literary Criticism.* Edited by Anthony Beal. Heinemann. 16s. PROINSIAS MAC AONGHUSA and LIAM O REAGAIN (Editors): *The Best of Pearse.* Mercier Press. 10s. VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Collected Essays.* Volume II. Edited by Leonard Woolf. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Music.—ANTHONY HOPKINS: *Talking about Symphonies.* Heinemann. [illegible]

Politics.—HENRY S. KARIEL: *The Decline of American Pluralism.* Stanford University Press. 22s. 6d.

Religion.—*Christians and the Common Market.* Published for the British Council of Churches and the Conference of British Missionary Societies. S.C.M. Press. 6s. NEVILLE C[illegible]: *Parishes with a Purpose.* [illegible] 8s. 6d. RICHARD EGENTER: *The Desecration of Christ.* Translated [illegible] Edited by Nicolete Gray. Compass Books. 18s. S. G. [illegible] LUFF: The Christian's Guide to [illegible] Burns and Oates. 21s.

Social Studies.—JAMES HEMMING: *Problems of Adolescent Girls.* Heinemann. 16s. GEOFFREY MARSHALL: *Police and Government.* University Paperbacks. 10s. 6d.

List of Publishers and Distributors: Compass Books (Burns and Oates); Cornell University Press [illegible] University Press, Stanford University Press (Oxford University Press); University Paperbacks (Methuen).

ASTROLOGY & PALMISTRY

What the Stars Foretell (Hindu Predictive Astrology), by Jupiter, Rs. 6.50; Everyday Astrology, by V. A. K. Ayer, Rs. 4.95; Directional Astrology of the Hindus, by Dr. Rele (with aid for quick calculations), Rs. 3.50; Ilm-Ul-Kaff (Science of Hand Reading), by M. M. Ganfar, Famous Egyptian Palmist (302 illus.), Rs. 7.90; Hast Samudrika Shastra (The Science of Indian Palmistry), by K. C. Sen (82 illus.), Rs. 9.00; Sarirakа Sastra (Hindu Classic on Hand Reading), by V. A. K. Ayer (155 illus.), Rs. 6.00; Palmistry for Pleasure and Profit, by V. A. K. Ayer (115 illus.), Rs. 4.50; Published by M/S. D. B. TARAPOREVALA SONS & CO. PT. LTD., 210, Dr. D. Naoroji Rd., Bombay-1 (BR), India.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

APPOINTMENTS: Librarians

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE Cataloguing and [illegible] Section County Central Library within A.P. IV (£1,415 to [illegible] per annum); in addition to his normal [illegible] the successful candidate will be [illegible] with the change over to computer [illegible]. Approved removal expenses [illegible]. Accommodation may be [illegible].
Particulars and application forms from [illegible] Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford [illegible] 18th December, 1967.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BARNSLEY
BRANCH LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post on [illegible] scale A.P. III, £1,220 to £1,435 [illegible] N.J.C. conditions of service. Applications giving details of experience, qualifications together with the names of [illegible] should reach the Borough [illegible] Eldon Street, Barnsley, by the [illegible] December, 1967.
[illegible] a new Branch Library with stock [illegible] books due to open April, 1968. [illegible] Town Clerk.

APPLICATIONS are invited for [illegible] of
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT
(Ref. LIB/SLA/2/HD)
to be employed in the Cataloguing [illegible]. Applicants should preferably have passed either two parts of the Library Association Registration [illegible] or the Part I Examination, and for such candidates the salary scale will be £830 to £1,220 per annum.
Further particulars and application forms (please quote reference) from the [illegible].
UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD
BRADFORD, 7

ROYAL COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE
LIBRARIAN required for Central Berkshire Library, based on Reading. Salary scale £830 to £1,435. Further particulars and application forms, which can be obtained from the County Librarian, [illegible] House, Abbey Square, Reading, to be returned by 11th December.

CAMBORNE-REDRUTH URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
APPLICATIONS are invited for the [illegible] LENDING LIBRARIAN.
[illegible] will be within the Librarian's Scale (£830 to £1,435), commencing according to qualifications and [illegible]. Further details and form of [illegible] may be obtained from the [illegible] to whom applications should [illegible] by first post on 18th December.
[illegible] WILSON, Clerk.
Council Offices, Camborne, Cornwall.
[illegible] November 1967.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CARDIFF
LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from honours graduates, preferably with professional qualifications and experience in an academic library, for a POST as an ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the College [illegible].
The salary will be either within the [illegible] £1,050 or £1,105 by £80 to [illegible] according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian, University College, [illegible], to whom applications, [illegible] details of age, education, [illegible] and experience, and including the names of two referees, should be [illegible] November, 1967.

CHELTENHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES
INTERMEDIATE ASSISTANT (Central Library) required. Minimum qualifications Library Association Part 1 Examination. Salary within Librarians' Scale £820 to £1,435 according to qualifications and experience.
Particulars from, and applications to, Borough Librarian, Central Library, Clarence Street, Cheltenham.
A. A. CRABTREE, Town Clerk.

DORSET COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT (Branch Relief) (Special Scale, £820 to £1,220 per annum). Applicants must have passed the Part I Examination, or one part of the former Registration Examination of the Library Association Examination and hold a current driving licence.
Application forms from the Clerk, County Hall, Dorchester, to be returned by December 14.

DORSET COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT (Mobile Librarian), Bridport Library Service (Special Scale: £820 to £1,220 per annum). The post includes the responsibility of second in charge of the combined branch and mobile unit. Applicants must have passed the Part I Examination, or one part of the former Registration Examination of the Library Association Examination.
Application forms from the Clerk, County Hall, Dorchester, to be returned by December 14.

BOROUGH OF EPSOM AND EWELL
NEW BOURNE HALL LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
A.P. IV
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the appointment of Senior Assistant Librarian at the new Bourne Hall Library. Building began on 13th November, 1967, and it is anticipated that this £430,000 circular multi-purpose building will be ready for use by the summer of 1969.
The Senior Assistant Librarian will be responsible for the book-stock acquisition processes, in collaboration with the Librarian-in-Charge of Book Supply for the borough library system. After opening, duties will be those of deputy to the Librarian-in-Charge at Bourne Hall, and will include supervision of the Information Library (lending and reference).
London Weighting is payable.
Further details may be obtained from the Borough Librarian Stoneway House, Cheam Road, Ewell, Epsom, Surrey, to whom applications, including the names of two referees, must be sent to arrive not later than 7th December, 1967.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE of the branch library in Chemistry. Candidates should be graduates (a degree in Chemistry would be particularly suitable) or Chartered Librarians and should, preferably, have had some experience in a science library.
The vacancy is in the grade of Senior Assistant, on a salary scale rising to £1,315 per annum, with initial placing determined according to qualifications and experience. There is prospect of later promotion.
Applications, with the names of not more than three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the University Librarian, University of Glasgow, Glasgow, W.2, to arrive not later than Saturday, 16th December.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
Cinderford, Gloucestershire
APPLICATIONS are invited immediately for the POST of TUTOR LIBRARIAN to take charge of the developing College Library. Applicants should be chartered librarians.
Application forms from the Principal, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible.
Salary, Burnham Scale for Grade "B" Lecturers, £955 to £1,625 (at present under review).

BOROUGH OF GILLINGHAM
APPOINTMENT OF CENTRAL LIBRARY LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for this post within Grade A.P. 4 (£1,435 to £1,665 per annum) salary dependent upon present salary, qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Superannuation; removal expenses; housing accommodation available if appropriate. Gillingham has the advantages of close proximity to London without the high cost of living.
Applications giving age, present salary, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Borough Librarian, Central Library, High Street, Gillingham, Kent.
GLYN C. JONES, Town Clerk
Municipal Buildings, Gillingham, Kent.

HALESOWEN PUBLIC LIBRARIES
DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
(Regraded Post)
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post at a salary within Grade A.P. 4 (£1,435 to £1,665 per annum), and subject to the N.J.C.'s Scheme of Conditions of Service. Housing accommodation would be available if required.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Halesowen, Worcestershire.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
HATFIELD COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Vacancies exist for LIBRARY ASSISTANTS on the staff of one of the largest College Libraries, destined for further expansion to serve the needs of the proposed Polytechnic. This offers an opportunity to gain experience in a library serving both College and Industry, and using the latest techniques. Previous library experience is desirable, but school leavers with appropriate G.C.E. qualifications would be considered for training as future librarians. Salaries are on the Local Government Trainee or Clerical Grades, rising to £735.
Applications, quoting two referees, should be sent as soon as possible to:
The Academic Registrar, Hatfield College of Technology, Hatfield, Herts.

LIVERPOOL CITY LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited for APPOINTMENT as:—
SENIOR ASSISTANT (HORNBY LIBRARY)
A.P. Grade V (£1,665 to £1,865)
Applicants must be Graduate or Chartered Librarians with experience of collections of rare books, literary manuscripts and fine printings, illustrations and bindings.
Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.
In appropriate cases the Corporation will reimburse approved removal expenses in full up to a maximum of £60 together with the 2nd class rail fares of the person appointed and his family. A lodging allowance of £3 per week for up to 3 months will also be paid where appropriate.
Application forms, returnable by Friday, 15th December, 1967, are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Libraries, William Brown Street, Liverpool, 3.
THOMAS ALKER, Town Clerk.

HUCKNALL URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
DEPUTY LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above post in this rapidly expanding library service. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians or have passed part 2 of the Professional Examination, but those awaiting examination results would be considered. The appointment is subject to the N.C.J. Conditions of Service, and the salary offered is A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,435).
Details of the post may be obtained from: The Librarian, Public Library, Market Place, Hucknall, Nottingham, NG15 7HS, and applications should be sent to: The Clerk of the Council, Council Offices, Watnall Road, Hucknall, Nottingham, NG15 7LA, by Friday, 29th December, 1967.

LINCOLNSHIRE
(LINDSEY AND HOLLAND)
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. North Lindsey District.
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. South Holland District.
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN. Northern Area (Car allowance).
Salary scale for Chartered Librarians: A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,435).
BRANCH LIBRARIAN, Immingham. Salary within Librarians' Special Scale (£820 to £1,220).
Commencing salary for all posts according to qualifications and experience. Assistance with removal expenses; lodging allowance for up to six months in approved cases. Application forms and further particulars from County Librarian, 45 Newland, Lincoln.
Closing date 20th December, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW
LIBRARY ASSISTANT
required at the Isleworth Polytechnic, London Road, Isleworth. Duties will include the ordering, cataloguing, and issuing of books for two College Libraries under the direction of the Librarian. Experience in a College or Public Library is essential.
38 hours a week, including some evening duties during term time only.
Salary: Clerical 2 scale: £910-£1,095 per annum.
Application forms may be obtained from the Borough Establishment Officer (RT/192), Hounslow House, 724/734 London Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, to be returned by 7th December, 1967.

TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN
(Female aged 20-25)
required by
IBM UNITED KINGDOM LIMITED
for the Data Processing Sales Administration Department of their LEEDS Branch.
Applications are invited from candidates of good education, preferably up to "A" level standard. Previous experience of librarianship will be useful but is not essential. A knowledge of secretarial skills also useful. This is a responsible post, requiring a lively intelligence and a flair for dealing with people. It is varied in content and offers ample scope for initiative. Where necessary, training will be given.
Excellent starting salary offered plus luncheon vouchers. Five-day week. Hours 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Monday to Thursday, and 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Friday.
Please write to Mr. J. C. Hall, Administration Manager, 1 Eastgate, Leeds 2, quoting reference GA/TS/449.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN
Principal: Meredith W. Hawes, A.R.C.A., A.R.W.S., F.R.S.A., N.R.D., A.S.I.A.(Ed.).
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Deputy Librarian in the College Library.
Salary will be in accordance with the provisions of the Scales of Salaries for Assistants Grade 'A'—£630 to £1,250 per annum (under review).
Further particulars and forms of application (which should be returned not later than two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement) may be obtained from the Principal, College of Art and Design, New Corporation Street, Birmingham 4.
K. R. PILLING,
Clerk to the Governors.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT (A.P.4.)
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Senior Assistant (A.P.4.) at Chigwell Branch Library.
Letters of application, stating age, education, qualifications, etc. to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Goldlay Gardens, Chelmsford.

DUNDEE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians, preferably with experience in a technical or academic library, for two posts of Assistant Librarian.
These appointments provide an opportunity to assist in the expansion of library services in an advanced college of technology.
Salary £1,095—£1,840 with placing according to qualifications and experience.
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